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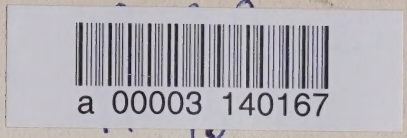
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OF THE

Courts of Europe

FROM THE

16TH TO THE 19TH CENTURY

VOLUME I

Imperial Edition

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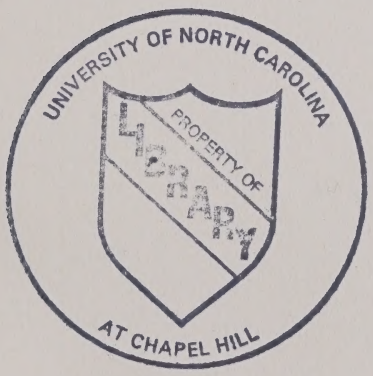
SECRET MEMOIRS

The Court of Marie Antoinette

VOLUME I



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MARIE ANTOINETTE

After the engraving by Jean-François Janinet

SECRET MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURTS OF EUROPE

Marie Antoinette

BY

MADAME CAMPAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

ILLUSTRATED

Philadelphia

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS, PUBLISHERS

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE

BY

M. DE LAMARTINE

The first of the characters of the Heroic Women of the French Revolution is Marie Antoinette—entitled to this pre-eminence, whether in reference to the elevation of her rank, the great influence she had on the Revolution or the immensity of her misfortunes. The daughter of kings, the wife and mother of kings, the cynosure of all eyes in the most elegant and polished capital of the world; profuse amid profusion, the envied and admired of all beholders for station, personal charms and all the accessories which power, a throne and youth can bring to happiness; she saw that power annihilated, her throne overturned, her husband murdered, her friends and adherents massacred and exiled, her son handed over to a profligate and debased ruffian (worse than death), her sister and daughter in prison, herself in a dungeon and in rags, deprived of the common necessaries and debarred from all the sympathies that make life dear, even in the hovel; the scoff of the indigent and outcast wretches whose existence is a

disgrace to civilisation. Who can measure such a depth of woe? What pen can do justice to such a fall? What imagination ever invented so fearful a contrast of light and darkness? The lyre that created a Hecuba, a Medea, or a Lear were needed to tell the tale and thrill the souls of men by the deep, touching cadences of a mother's lamentations for her first-born and her lord, her sorrows for her fallen state and dignity, herself the sport of circumstance and foot-ball of fortune; or else appalling them by their chorus, revealing the tremendous fulfilments of the retributive decrees of Providence on the iniquities of a race, in the crash of empire, and the downfall of a line of despots, consummated in the least offending and most harmless of all.

Marie Antoinette seemed to have been created by Nature to contrast with the King, and to entail the eternal interest and pity of posterity on one of those State dramas which are imperfect unless the misfortunes of a woman complete them. Daughter of Maria Theresa, she had begun life in the storms of the Austrian monarchy, being one of the children the Empress held by the hand when she presented herself as a suppliant before the faithful Hungarians, and those troops shouted, "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!" Her daughter, too, had the heart of a king. On her arrival in France her beauty had dazzled the kingdom; that beauty was now in its full splendour.[1] She was of a tall and flexible figure—a true daughter of the Tyrol. The two children she had given the throne, far from injuring, added to the impression of her person that

1 After the return of the King from Versailles to Paris.

character of maternal majesty which sits well on the mother of a nation. The presentiment of her misfortunes, the remembrance of the tragic scenes of Versailles, the inquietudes of each day, had rather paled her early bloom at the time we are describing her. The natural majesty of her person took nothing from the grace of her movements: her neck, well detached from her shoulders, had those magnificent inflections which give so much expression to the attitude. The woman was perceptible beneath the queen, and the tenderness of her heart under the majesty of her condition. Her auburn hair was long and silky; her lofty and rather projecting forehead joined the temples in those fine curves which impart so much delicacy and sensibility to that seat of thought or soul in woman; her eyes of that clear blue which recalls the sky of the North, or the waters of the Danube; the aquiline nose—a sign of courage; a large mouth, brilliant teeth and Austrian, that is pouting, lips; the contour of her face was oval, the physiognomy versatile in expression and impassioned—in the whole of her features that splendour which cannot be described, which darts from the look, the shades, the reflections of the countenance, enveloping the whole in a halo resembling the warm and coloured vapour in which objects touched by the sun float; the last expression of beauty which invests it with the ideal, renders it charming and changes its attractions. With all these charms, she possessed a soul thirsting for attachment, a heart easily moved, and asking only to be at peace; a smile pensive and intelligent, which had nothing vulgar in its intimacies and preferences, because she felt herself worthy of friendship. This was Marie Antoinette as a woman.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

MADAME CAMPAN

The private history of royal personages is a subject of general interest. Their public actions are too much disguised by formality, and restricted by ceremony, to afford any insight into their inclinations or personal character. In order to reach these elevated mortals, we must strip them of the lustre which dazzles us, and of the pomp in which they are enveloped. To such an eminence does fortune raise them, that, but for the indiscretions of those who surround them, they would almost be regarded as beings of a superior race. Our curiosity is also frequently stimulated by a jealous feeling. The envy excited by the greatness of princes is allayed by the contemplation of the appetites, passions and caprices in which they resemble the rest of mankind; the self-love which their glory offends is appeased by their weaknesses.

The Memoirs of Marie Antoinette will excite neither malignity nor envy. Can there yet exist a feeling adverse to her, which the recollection of her misfortunes does not convert into pity? Scarcely has her brilliant

appearance fixed our admiration, when her woes claim our compassion. Whilst the heart is still yielding to the fascination of her charms, it is wrung by her sorrows; her happy hours are fled before we have time to sympathise in her short-lived felicity. Amidst the rejoicings with which France hails her appearance, the courtly throngs who pay homage to her, the gardens in which her simple taste delights, our imagination is impressed with the fate that awaits her. From the saloons of Versailles, or the groves of Trianon, we seem to descry the towers of the Temple. Were it possible for the most rigid severity to conceive the slightest reproach against her, it would die on the lips, amidst the sighs of regret, and the accents of grief.

Madame Campan's work will leave similar impressions. She had numerous enemies. At Court, where favour is closely followed by envy, her success created jealousies; she was punished, at the time of the Revolution, for the kindness with which she had been honoured by the Queen. Those who never felt, as she did, the point of the sword on their bosoms, on the memorable 10th of August, reproached her with timidity; those who never threw themselves, like her, at the feet of Petion, entreating permission to share the dangerous captivity of Marie Antoinette, have called her fidelity in question. After having calumniated her conduct, they endeavoured to raise a prejudice against the spirit in which her Memoirs are written, even before their appearance. These Memoirs are now published, and I have the gratification of witnessing the confusion of disappointed

malevolence. Madame Campan has taken care not to furnish a triumph to her enemies. A fragment of her manuscripts contains the following passage:

"I shall relate what I have seen. I shall make known the character of Marie Antoinette, her domestic habits, the way in which she spent her time, her maternal affection, her constancy in friendship, her dignity in misfortune. I shall, in some degree, throw open her private apartments, where I have passed so many hours with her, both in the happiest and the most sorrowful years of her life."

She afterwards adds, in another inedited passage:

"I have lived long; fortune has afforded me opportunities of seeing and forming an opinion of the celebrated women of several periods. I have been intimate with young persons, whose elegance and amiable disposition will be remembered long after they have ceased to exist; but never have I found, in any class or age, a woman of so fascinating a character as Marie Antoinette; one who, notwithstanding the dazzling splendour of royalty, retained such tenderness of heart; who, under the pressure of her own misfortunes, showed more sensibility to the woes of others. I never saw one so heroic in danger, so eloquent when occasion required, so unreservedly gay in prosperity."

These words are sufficient to make known the character of the work, the lively interest which animates it and the sentiments in which it originated. They almost induce me to pity the enemies of Madame Campan, whose hatred and hopes will be equally disappointed by these Memoirs, which are piquant

without the aid of scandal, and in which the simple truth excites our deepest sympathy.[1]

Let us now take a brief survey of her family and her early years.

Jeanne Louise Henriette Genet was born at Paris on the 6th of October, 1752. M. Genet, her father, had obtained, through his own merit and the protection of the Duke de Choiseul, the place of the first clerk in the office of the minister for foreign affairs. Literature, which he had cultivated in his youth, was now the solace of his leisure hours.

Surrounded by a numerous family, he made the instruction of his children his chief recreation, and omitted nothing which was necessary to render them highly accomplished. The progress of the youthful Henriette, in the study of music and of foreign languages, was such as to surprise the first masters; the celebrated Albanèze instructed her in singing, and Goldoni taught her the Italian language. Tasso, Milton, Dante, and even Shakespeare, soon became familiar to her. But her exercises were particularly directed to the acquisition of a fine style of reading. From prose to verse, from an ode to an epistle, a comedy or a sermon, she was instructed to pass, with

1 A brief explanation, relative to the ensuing Notice, appears necessary. None of the passages or anecdotes which it contains will be found in the Memoirs. For the anecdotes, I am indebted to the recollection of the relations, friends and pupils of Madame Campan. In the perusal of her manuscripts, correspondence and other papers, I have collected interesting fragments, of which I have not hesitated to make use. They give a tone of truth, both to the minutest particulars and most important facts, which cannot fail to be attractive and gratifying. These fragments are the more valuable from their being entirely in Madame Campan's handwriting; they will be distinguished accordingly whenever quoted in the following pages.

the requisite variations of modulation and delivery. Rochon de Chabannes, Duclos, Barthe, Marmontel and Thomas took pleasure in hearing her recite the finest scenes of Racine. Her memory and genius, at the age of fourteen, charmed them; they talked of her talents in society, and, perhaps, applauded them too highly. A young female is always sure to pay dearly for the celebrity she acquires; if she is beautiful, all the women become her rivals; if she has talents, there are many of the other sex weak enough to be jealous of them.

Mademoiselle Genet was spoken of at Court. Some ladies of high rank, who took an interest in the welfare of her family, obtained for her the place of reader to the Princesses, and a week afterwards she left her father's house. To be at Court, to wear a long train, a hoop, and, perhaps, even rouge—here was a change! here was joy! Her presentation, and the circumstances which preceded it, left a strong impression on her mind. "I was then fifteen," she says in a memorandum which she did not intend for the press; "my father felt some regret at yielding me up, at so early an age, to the malignity of courtiers. When I put on my Court dress for the first time, and went to embrace him in his study, tears filled his eyes and mingled with the expression of his pleasure. I possessed some agreeable talents, in addition to the instruction which it had been his delight to bestow on me. He enumerated all my little accomplishments, to convince me of the vexations they would not fail to draw upon me. 'The Princesses,' said he, 'will take pleasure in exercising

your talents; the great have the art of applauding gracefully, and always to excess. Be not too much elated with these compliments, rather let them put you on your guard. Every time you receive such flattering marks of approbation, the number of your enemies will increase. I am warning you, my love, of the inevitable troubles attached to the course of life on which you are entering; and I protest to you, even now, whilst you are thus transported with your good fortune, that could I have provided for you otherwise, I would never have abandoned my dear girl to the anxieties and dangers of a Court.'"

"This language," adds Madame Campan, who wrote these lines at St. Germain, in 1796, under the government of the Directory, "might lead one to imagine that my father had a principle of Republicanism in his heart; but this would be an error. He was a Royalist in his political opinions, but he knew and dreaded the abode of royalty. One may be a Royalist and yet a philosopher; just as a Republican may sometimes be an intriguing, ambitious character."

Mademoiselle Genet, at fifteen, was somewhat less of a philosopher than her father was at forty. Her eyes were dazzled by the splendour which glittered at Versailles. "The Queen, Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV., died," she says, "just before I was presented at Court. The grand apartments hung with black, the great chairs of state raised on several steps, and surmounted by a canopy adorned with plumes; the caparisoned horses, the immense retinue in Court mourning, the enormous shoulder-knots, embroidered with gold and silver spangles, which decorated the

coats of the pages and footmen—all this magnificence had such an effect on my senses that I could scarcely support myself when introduced to the Princesses. On the first day of my reading in the inner apartment of the Princess Victoire, I found it impossible to pronounce more than two sentences; my heart palpitated, my voice faltered, and my sight failed. How well was the potent magic of the grandeur and dignity which ought to surround sovereigns understood at Versailles! Marie Antoinette, dressed in white, with a plain straw hat and a little switch in her hand, walking on foot, followed by a single servant, through the walks leading to the Petit Trianon, would never have thus disconcerted me; and I believe this extreme simplicity was the first and only real fault of all those with which she is reproached."

When once her awe and confusion had subsided, Mademoiselle Genet was enabled to form a more accurate judgment of her situation; it was by no means attractive; the Court of the Princesses, far removed from the revels and licentious pleasures to which Louis XV. was addicted, was grave, methodical and dull. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of the Princesses, lived secluded in the interior of her apartments; Madame Sophie was haughty; Madame Louise, a devotee. The gloomy pleasures of pride, and the exercises of scrupulous devotion, have few charms for youth. Mademoiselle Genet, however, never quitted the Princesses' apartments, but she attached herself most particularly to Madame Victoire. This Princess had possessed beauty; her countenance bore an expression of benevolence, and her conversa-

tion was kind, free and unaffected. Mademoiselle Genet excited in her that feeling which a woman in years, of an affectionate disposition, readily extends to young people who are growing up in her sight, and who already possess some useful talents. Whole days were passed in reading to the Princess, as she sat at work in her apartment. Mademoiselle Genet often saw Louis XV. there. In the circle of her intimate friends she would sometimes relate the following anecdote:

"One day, at the castle of Compiègne, the King came in whilst I was reading to Madame. I rose and went into another room. Alone, in an apartment to which there was no outlet—with no book but a Massillon, which I had been reading to the Princess—happy in all the lightness and gaiety of fifteen, I amused myself with turning swiftly round, with my Court hoop, and suddenly kneeling down to see my rose-coloured silk petticoat swelled around me by the wind. In the midst of this grave employment enters His Majesty, followed by the Princess. I attempt to rise; my feet stumble, and down I fall in the midst of my robes, puffed out by the wind. "Daughter," said Louis XV., laughing heartily, "I advise you to send a reader that makes cheeses back to school."

There was nothing very severe in this lesson. But the railleries of Louis XV. were often much more poignant, as Mademoiselle Genet had already experienced on another occasion, which, thirty years afterwards, she could not relate without an emotion of surprise and fear, which it seemed as if she had never overcome. "Louis XV.," she said, "had the most

imposing presence. His eyes remained fixed upon you all the time he was speaking; and notwithstanding the beauty of his features, he inspired a sort of fear. I was very young, it is true, when he first spoke to me; you shall judge whether it was in a very gracious manner. I was fifteen. The King was going out to hunt; a numerous retinue followed him; he stopped opposite me. 'Mademoiselle Genet,' said he, 'I am assured you are very learned, and understand four or five foreign languages.' 'I know only two, Sire,' I answered, trembling. 'Which are they?' 'English and Italian.' 'Do you speak them fluently?' 'Yes, Sire, very fluently.' 'That is quite enough to drive a husband mad.' After this pretty compliment the King went on; the retinue saluted me, laughing; and for my part, I remained motionless with surprise and confusion for some moments on the spot."

It would, however, have been well if Louis XV. had never indulged in more cutting repartees. Kings have no right to be scoffers: raillery is a warfare that requires equal arms; and one can never banter to advantage with a wit who commands twenty millions of men. Justice, however, demands the acknowledgment that, although this monarch was often the aggressor, he endured the smartest retorts without losing his temper. Even the unexpected familiarity of attacks of this kind might be a pungent novelty to a King, so long wearied by the burthen of greatness. With an easy temper, a melancholy turn, a satirical genius, this Prince, majestic in his Court, irresolute in council, agreeable (it is said) at an evening party, could not escape from *ennui* without the aid of intemperance or

debauchery. A woman, whose youth and beauty were sullied by prostitution, astonished Versailles at this time by the disgraceful influence she had acquired. Madame du Barry was effecting the dismissal of the minister who had just negotiated the marriage of the Dauphin with the Archduchess Marie Antoinette of Austria. The intrigues of the favourite, the rivalship between the Dukes de Choiseul and d'Aiguillon, the disgrace of the one, and the shameful elevation of the other, occupied the last moments of the reign of Louis XV.

The Duke de Choiseul, fickle, haughty and violent, but agreeable, brilliant and generous, had an active mind, great talents and vast ideas. By means of alterations which had become necessary in the army, new establishments in the navy, new institutions and alliances, he wished to raise France from the abasement into which she had sunk through a long series of reverses. He sought the support of public opinion, was a friend to parliaments, an enemy to the Jesuits, and wielded power with a light and easy hand. Resistance, provided it was open and honourable, did not exasperate him; he had faith in the docility of a nation, whose government wished to render it happy at home, powerful and respected abroad. His pride, a natural failing, became a virtue when it taught him never to stoop to flatter shameful caprices. He was beloved whilst in power; sought—I had almost said flattered—when in exile; and he even inspired courtiers with courage to remain faithful to the unfortunate—a virtue they had never known before.

D'Aiguillon, with much address, boldness and perseverance, was obdurate, despotic and tyrannical; in his command, as well as in the ministry, his authority was only evinced by his severities. He gained credit for talents, because he possessed the spirit of intrigue, and much ambition; but the division of Poland, effected, as it were, in his sight, has for ever blasted his reputation as a politician and a man. As a subtle courtier, a bad man and an unskilful minister, he became obnoxious to public hatred, which, though he defied it, overwhelmed him at last.

The Duke d'Aiguillon did not understand that force is but one of the least springs of power, when power is not supported by the confidence created by extensive information, great services performed, and, above all, by striking successes. He was deceived by the example of his grandfather. Richelieu, while he oppressed the great, rendered essential services to France; his genius induced the nation to overlook his despotism. The abasement of Austria; the humiliation of Spain; the violent restoration of order in the State; the honours of literature; the encouragement of commerce, redeemed, in a great degree, the tyrannical acts of which he is justly accused. He imparted to the measures of government something of the loftiness of his own character. Undoubtedly he was feared, but he commanded admiration; and nothing induces people to forgive attacks made upon their rights, except the glory which dazzles them, or the happiness they enjoy.

The Duke de Choiseul has been reproached with having abandoned the system of foreign policy conceived by Cardinal Richelieu; it seems to me that it

would be more just to accuse the Duke d'Aiguillon of having endeavoured, at a later period, to follow that system without understanding it. Since the time of Louis XIII., France and Austria had changed places; the one still rising, the other sinking. Under Louis XV. the House of Bourbon reigned at Naples and Madrid, as well as at Versailles. The triumphs of the arms of France, or the wisdom of her treaties, had successively acquired Alsace, Franche-Comté, Flanders and Lorraine. The magnanimous Maria Theresa had just replaced a mutilated crown on her head; the pride of the heiress of Rodolph of Hapsburgh had stooped so low as to flatter the vanity of Jeanne Poisson, Marchioness of Pompadour, by calling her her friend. A warlike Power suddenly arising close to Austria, excited her jealousy and occupied her attention and her forces. The Duke de Choiseul, being minister, was at liberty to direct his attention to a greater distance.

After the battle of Pultowa, Russia, long confined to the frozen regions of the North, began to be reckoned as one of the European powers. Four women, successively placed on the throne of the Czars, had completed the work of a great man. A persevering system of aggrandizement, and, what is more extraordinary, a system openly declared, was rapidly carrying into effect. Now that Russia has adopted only so much of the arts and civilisation of Europe as may increase her military power without enervating her soldiers; now that these people, born on a barren soil, in a severe climate, have breathed the sweet, pure air of our countries, if that powerful colossus,

which already presses the centre of Europe, should, with its extended arms, succeed in reaching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, what refuge, what rampart would remain for the independence of the threatened nations? They could find no security but in the coalition of the Southern States; which is precisely the object of the family compact, prudently conceived and effected with address by the Duke de Choiseul, which strengthened the alliance with Austria. Instead, therefore, of accusing the shallowness of the minister, it appears to me that it would now be more just to do honour to his foresight. Nevertheless, the alliance with Austria was then the customary pretext for the attacks directed against him.

I would willingly have avoided these details, had not the rivalship of the two ministers been intimately connected with the history of the times respecting which Madame Campan is about to speak. The Duke de Choiseul had the parliaments, the philosophers and public opinion on his side. On that of the Duke d'Aiguillon were the devotees and Madame du Barry. The two factions disputed the last wishes of the dying Louis XV.; they disturbed the first years of Louis XVI.; and the fatal influence which the anti-Austrian party exercised over the fate of the youthful Marie Antoinette will presently appear.

The idea of uniting the daughter of Maria Theresa with the grandson of Louis XV. had been conceived by the Duke de Choiseul before his disgrace. By this marriage he cemented the alliance of the two States, and thought he was securing for himself the favour of a new reign. Thus was explained the sense of that

distich, according to which Austria was to expect more from marriage than from war or treaties.[1]

The youth, beauty and disposition of the Princess were everywhere the subjects of conversation. Who that had seen her quit her family, to take a place on the first steps of the most splendid throne in Europe, would have ventured to form the slightest doubt of her future happiness? Maria Theresa, happy, though afflicted, had no other uneasiness, on her dear daughter's account, than that which arose from their separation; and yet prophetic voices seemed already to threaten the future evils which awaited her.

Madame Campan often related an anecdote which she had heard from the governor of the children of Prince Kaunitz. There was at that time at Vienna a doctor named Gassner, who had fled thither to seek an asylum against the persecutions of his sovereign, one of the ecclesiastical electors. Gassner, gifted with an extraordinary warmth of imagination, imagined that he received inspirations. The Empress protected him; saw him occasionally; rallied him on his visions, and, nevertheless, listened to them with a degree of interest. "Tell me," said she to him one day, "whether my Antoinette will be happy." Gassner turned pale, and remained silent. Being still pressed by the Empress, and wishing to give a general kind of expression to

1 I do not believe that the Turks are remarkable for saying good things; but they are, perhaps, better informed than is generally imagined as to the interests of the Christian Powers, and the views, means and resources of their cabinets. It is said that the Grand Signor, on receiving the decree of the Convention, which ordained the abolition of Royalty in France, could not help saying, "At least the Republic will not marry an archduchess." This saying is rather too French to be Turkish; but it is smart, which is quite enough to make people quote it.

the idea with which he seemed deeply occupied; "Madam," he replied, "there are crosses for all shoulders."[1]

These words were sufficient to make an impression on the imagination of the Germans. Traditions preserved in their country, and repeated to them in infancy; a mind directed towards research, and to a belief in all that is vague and mysterious; a natural inclination to melancholy, seemed to prepare them for receiving more vividly these awful impressions and secret warnings. Marie Antoinette, as will be seen in these Memoirs, was far from being able to repel and overcome the emotions of involuntary terror. Goethe, her countryman, the celebrated author of "Werter," abandoned himself, more than anyone, to the influence of these presentiments, which it is often difficult for reason to triumph over. An unfavourable omen had occurred to him on the young Princess's arrival in France.

Goethe, who was then young, was completing his studies at Strasburg. In an isle in the middle of the Rhine a pavilion had been erected, intended to receive Marie Antoinette and her suite. "I was admitted into it," says Goethe, in his Memoirs. "On my entrance I was struck with the subject depicted in the tapestry with which the principal pavilion was hung, in which were seen Jason, Creusa and Medea; that is to say, a representation of the most fatal union commemorated in history. On the left of the throne,

1 Jean Joseph Gassner, born at Bratz, on the frontiers of the Tyrol, was a celebrated pretender to miraculous powers, and actually believed himself endowed with the faculty of curing a multitude of disorders by the mere imposition of his hands.

the bride, surrounded by friends and distracted attendants, was struggling with a dreadful death. Jason, on the other side, was starting back, struck with horror at the sight of his murdered children; and the Fury was soaring into the air, in her chariot drawn by dragons." Superstition apart, this strange coincidence was really striking. The husband, the bride and the children were victims in both cases; the fatal omen seemed accomplished in every point. Maria Theresa might have repeated the fine verses which the father of Creusa addresses to his expiring daughter, in the "Medea" of Corneille:

> "This, then, my child, the hymeneal day,
> The royal union anxiously expected!
> Stern Fate extinguishes the bridal torch,
> And for thy marriage-bed the tomb awaits thee."

But if we seek fatal omens, those which attended the marriage festivites at Paris may well suffice. The occurrences at the Place Louis XV. are generally known, and it is unnecessary to state how the conflagration of the scaffolds intended for the fireworks, the magistrates' want of foresight, the avidity of robbers, the murderous career of the coaches, brought on and aggravated the disasters of the day; or how the young Dauphiness, coming from Versailles, by the Cours la Reine, elated with joy, brilliantly decorated, and eager to witness the rejoicings of the whole people, fled, struck with consternation and drowned in tears, whilst the dreadful scene and the cries of the dying pursued her distracted imagination.

Having been led to notice this calamitous event, I will briefly notice one of the scenes it presented.

Amidst this distracted multitude, pressed on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his mistress, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails—I can go no farther." "There is yet a way," cried the lover, in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardour and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round—it was a different person! Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation—his beloved was no more!

The sensibility and benevolence of Marie Antoinette mitigated calamities which she had not power to remedy. Madame Campan, from that time, was placed sufficiently near her to estimate all the emotions of her generous heart. The marriage of the Dauphin had been celebrated in the month of May, 1770. None of the Princes, his brothers, were yet married;

the Dauphiness had, at first, no intimate society but that of the Princesses. Of these the most affable was Madame Victoire; and it was to her that Marie Antoinette paid her most constant visits. There she almost always met Mademoiselle Genet, whose talents and similar age to her own attracted her notice. Mademoiselle Genet often accompanied her on the harp or piano when she amused herself with singing the airs of Gretry. The Dauphiness was also frequently present at the readings which took place at the Princess's; she already appreciated the unction of the *petit-carême*, and the brilliant imagination of a poet who afterwards mourned her misfortunes in affecting verses.

At Court, where favour leads to fortune, the regard with which the Princesses and the Dauphiness honoured Mademoiselle Genet, was soon observed. Her establishment was talked of, and she soon afterwards married M. Campan, whose father was secretary of the Queen's closet.[1] Louis XV. bestowed on her a

1 The family of Campan, originally from the valley of Campan, in Berne, had adopted the name of that place, as their own surname. Their true name was Berthollet. The celebrated chemist, whom the sciences have lately lost (in 1822), was related to this family. I find in the manuscripts before me a trait highly honourable to his character.

"On the side of the Berthollets," said Madame Campan to her son, in a paper intended for his information, "one of the most distinguished members of the Institute must be of the same family; but from a sense of dignity, and a repugnance for those who frequented the Court and were in favour, he said to several persons at Paris, in 1788, that he was related to a Berthollet Campan, who had a place about the Queen, at Versailles, but that he felt no inclination to go and explain his relationship to that gentleman, feeling apprehensive of passing for a worshipper of influence and fortune. My advice," adds Madame Campan, "would have been, to seek a man who evinced a character so different from that which is usually met with in persons in the situation to which fate had destined us.

pension of 5,000 livres, and the Dauphiness secured her a place as *femme de chambre*, allowing her, at the same time, to continue her duties as reader to the Princesses.

It is here that the Memoirs of Madame Campan may truly be said to begin; the first chapter, descriptive of the Court of Louis XV. being only a lively introduction. During a period of twenty years, from the marriage festivities to the attack of the 10th of August, Madame Campan never quitted Marie Antoinette. On the Queen's side all was goodness and unreserved confidence; it will be seen whether Madame Campan did not return the favour of her patroness by gratitude, faith and devotedness, proof against all calamity and superior to all danger. In speaking of Marie Antoinette, she has depicted the hatred of her enemies, the avidity of her flatterers, and the disinterestedness of the real friends whom she possessed, although seated on the throne. But, as she generally confines herself to the domestic circle in which Marie Antoinette delighted, it is indispensably necessary to take a survey of the spirit of that period, and particularly the manners of society.

I shall not recall the scandalous years of the Regency, a period when the Court, escaping from the constraint of a long course of hypocrisy, combined the excesses of debauchery with sarcasms of the most audacious impiety. But it is necessary to notice particularly the reign of Louis XV.; because, during that reign, corruption presented two distinct periods. Of the first of these, Richelieu was the model and the hero. To love without pleasure; to yield with-

out resistance; to part without regret; to call duty a weakness, honour a prejudice, delicacy an affectation—such were the manners of the times; seduction had its code, and immorality was reduced to principles. Even these rapid successes soon tired those who obtained them; perhaps, because the facility with which triumphs were gained, diminished their value. Courtiers and rich financiers maintained, at enormous expense, beauties with whom they were not expected even to be acquainted; vice became a mere luxury of vanity; and the condition of a courtesan led rapidly to fortune—I had almost said to honour.

In the years preceding the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne and those immediately following, society presented a new spectacle. Manners were not improved but altered. By a strange abuse, apologies were found for depravity in the philosophical ideas which daily grew more fashionable. The new partisans of these principles promulgated such noble maxims, thought and discoursed so well, that they were not obliged to act with propriety. Men might be inconstant husbands, and women faithless wives, so that they spoke with respect, with enthusiasm, of the sacred duties of marriage. The love of virtue and of mankind was sufficient, without practical morality. Women, surrounded by their lovers, discussed the means of regenerating social order. There was not a philosopher admitted into one of the fashionable circles who did not modestly compare himself to Socrates with Aspasia; and Diderot, the daring author of "Pensées Philosophiques," the licentious writer of the "Bijoux Indiscrets," though he aspired to the glory of Plato, did not blush to imitate Petronius.

Let it not, however, be supposed that it is my intention to censure the philosophers; if their conduct was irregular, most of their doctrines were pure, and have passed from their writings into our morals. If the ties of kindred have been drawn closer; if we are better husbands, fathers and citizens; if vice is despised; if young people, intent on serious studies, reject disdainfully the licentious works which the libertinism of their fathers encouraged, we owe these advantages to a new order of things. In morality, as well as in politics, legislation and finances, the philosophers have led the way to useful reforms. Their writings, ill understood at that period, but read with avidity, gave them a great influence over public opinion. The Court, long accustomed to the influence which wit, polished manners, and the habit of filling great offices, secured to it, was astonished to see this new power springing up by its side. Instead of opposing, it flattered this competitor. Enthusiasm gained on every mind; it was at the tables and in the drawing-rooms of the first nobles that the distinctions of rank were boldly treated as prejudices. These principles of equality often found partisans amongst the nobility, who were the more zealous in defending them because this conduct appeared a proof of their generosity. It became almost an acknowledged truth that merit was superior to birth; and it is fair to add that there was amongst the nobility at that time, as there is now, a great number of men who were disinterested in protesting against this new doctrine.

Thus, whilst the middle classes were rising, proud of their knowledge, their talents, their attainments,

the higher ranks seemed to meet them half-way, through sentiments of curiosity and benevolence; the Court was still a slave to the laws of etiquette, whilst the distinctions of rank were banished from social life. Hence, in my opinion, an accusation which inconsiderate vanity has often repeated against Marie Antoinette falls to the ground of itself. When she appeared at Versailles, she found everyone inclined to a change which the state of manners rendered inevitable; and her beauty, wit, grace and majestic carriage gave her so many real advantages as entitled her to despise the childish importance of etiquette.

After all, what is etiquette? Nothing but a symbol of the involuntary respect which mankind pay to courage, genius, glory and virtue. True politeness disdains ceremony; and true greatness may dispense with it. The noble familiarity of Henry IV. was applauded; he had, however, performed great actions enough to allow of affability and plainness in his manners. The memory of his achievements dignified him still more than his rank; in seeing the King, men recollected the knight; by his side still hung the sword he had worn at Courtras; and the French unanimously acknowledged the generous hand that had fed Paris during its rebellion. The illusions of etiquette were necessary to Louis XV.; Louis XIV. might have dispensed with them; his throne, resplendent with the triumph of arms, literature and the fine arts, was glorious enough without them. But he was ambitious to be more than a great King; and this demi-god, reduced by misfortunes and infirmities to his original place in the first ranks of human life,

endeavoured to conceal the ravages of disease, calamity and age under the vain pomp of ceremony. Princes may be excused for being the regulators of etiquette, since they are its principal slaves.

From the cradle to the tomb, in sickness and in health, at table, at council, in the chase, in the army, in the midst of their Court, in their private apartments, princes in France were governed by ceremonial rules. The injudicious laws of etiquette pursued them, even to the mysteries of the nuptial bed. Judge how impatiently a young princess, lively, affectionate and free, bred in the simplicity of the German Courts, must have endured the tyrannical customs which never suffered her for a single instant to be a wife, mother or friend, but reduced her to the dignified *ennui* of being always a Queen. The respectable lady who was placed near her as a vigilant minister of the laws of etiquette, instead of alleviating their weight, rendered their yoke intolerable to her. The evil was not, however, so serious when it only affected the attendants, because in these cases the Queen used merely to laugh at it. Let Madame Campan herself relate an anecdote on this subject, in which she was concerned.

"Madame de Noailles," she says in a manuscript fragment, "abounded in virtues; I cannot pretend to deny it. Her piety, charity, and irreproachable morals rendered her worthy of praise; but etiquette was to her a sort of atmosphere. At the slightest derangement of the consecrated order, one would have thought she would have been stifled, and that life would forsake her frame.

"One day I unintentionally threw this poor lady into a terrible agony. The Queen was receiving, I know not whom—some persons just presented, I believe; the lady of honour, the Queen's tire-woman, and the ladies of the bed-chamber, were behind the Queen. I was near the throne, with the two women on duty. All was right; at least I thought so. Suddenly, I perceived the eyes of Madame de Noailles fixed on mine. She made a sign with her head, and then raised her eyebrows to the top of her forehead, lowered them, raised them again; then began to make little signs with her hand. From all this pantomime, I could easily perceive that something was not as it should be; and as I looked about on all sides to find out what it was, the agitation of the Countess kept increasing. The Queen, who perceived all this, looked at me with a smile; I found means to approach Her Majesty, who said to me in a whisper, 'Let down your lappets, or the Countess will expire.' All this bustle arose from two unlucky pins which fastened up my lappets, whilst the etiquette of costume said, 'Lappets hanging down.'"

Nevertheless, this contempt of the solemn vanities of etiquette became the pretext for the first reproaches levelled at the Queen. In fact, what misconduct might not be dreaded from a princess who could absolutely go out without a hoop! and who, in the saloons of Trianon, instead of discussing the important rights to chairs and stools, good-naturedly invited everybody to be seated.[1]

1 Even for the suppression of the most ridiculous customs, the Queen was never forgiven. The respectable dowagers, who had passed their innocent youth in the Court of Louis XV., and even under the Regency, considered the abolition of the hoop as a violation of morals. Madame Campan herself says, in some part

The anti-Austrian party, ever discontented and vindictive, became spies upon her conduct, exaggerated her slightest errors, and calumniated her most innocent proceedings. "What seems unaccountable at the first glance," says Montjoie, whose opinions must certainly be considered genuine, "and what overwhelms me with grief, is, that the first attacks on the reputation of the Queen proceeded from the bosom of the Court. What interest could the courtiers have in seeking her destruction, which involved that of the King? Was it not drying up the source of all the advantages they enjoyed, or could hope for?"

But these advantages and favours were no longer the exclusive inheritance of a few powerful families. In distributing benefits, the Queen sometimes thought proper to consult her affections, and other rights besides those of an ancient origin. "Judge," says Montjoie, "of the spite and fury of the great of that class when they

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of her Memoirs, almost with regret, that the great ruffs and farthingales worn in the Court of the last of the Valois, were not adopted without a motive; that those appendages, indifferent in appearance, actually had the effect of banishing every idea of gallantry.

Although such a precaution may appear, at least, a little singular in the dissolute Court of Henry III., I shall not pretend to deny the efficacy of the farthingale. I will only add a little anecdote quoted by Laplace.

"M. de Fresne Forget, being one day in company with Queen Marguerite, told her he was astonished how men and women with such great ruffs could eat soup without spoiling them; and still more, how the ladies could be gallant with their great farthingales. The Queen made no answer at that time, but, a few days after, having a very large ruff on and some *bouilli* to eat, she ordered a very long spoon to be brought, and ate her *bouilli* with it without soiling her ruff; upon which, addressing herself to M. de Fresne, she said, laughing, 'There now, you see, with a little ingenuity one may manage anything.' 'Yes, faith, madam,' said he, with simplicity, 'as far as regards the soup, I am satisfied.'" *(Vol. II., page 350, of Laplace's Collection.)*

saw the Queen dispense to others those favours which they wished to be considered as due to them alone; it will then be easy to understand how she came to have implacable enemies amongst those who were nearest her person." It was not long before hatred and calumny found another pretext.

That obscure and scandalous plot, which was to compromise the most august name, and to dishonour that of a cardinal, was already in preparation. It was conceived by an intriguing female; its principal agent was a forger of writings; it was seconded by a courtesan, unravelled by a minim, and related by a Jesuit. As if the most singular coincidences were to appear in this famous suit, together with the most odious contrasts, the name of Valois, which had so long ago relapsed into oblivion, now figured along with those of Rohan, Austria and Bourbon; and, when everything conspired to accuse a libertine and credulous priest, a great lord, who with 800,000 livres per annum was nevertheless ruined, an ecclesiastical prince at once the dupe of a swindler, a woman of intrigue, and a quack; yet it was the Queen whom his credulity, as well, perhaps, as his guilty hopes, injured; it was Marie Antoinette to whom suspicion was daringly attached. The Court, the clergy and the parliaments leagued together to humble the Throne and the Princess who sat on it. Instead of pitying, they blamed her; they did not even pardon her indulgence of the grief and indignation of an injured woman, wife and Queen.

The issue of this famous suit is known. The Cardinal was acquitted. Madame de Lamotte, being condemned and exposed, fled, and hastened to publish

a pamphlet of the most odious description against the Queen. From that moment, fatal for Marie Antoinette, until her death, attacks of this species were incessantly renewed against her. The spirit of party quickly undertook the direction of them; the press and the graver became equally subservient to the fury of her enemies. Obscene prints, licentious verses, infamous libels, atrocious accusations—*I have seen all*, *I have read all*, and I wish I could add (like that unfortunate Princess, on one of the most honourable occasions of her life), *I have forgotten all.* The perusal and view of these monuments of implacable hatred, leave an impression of sadness and disgust difficult to overcome, and increased by the idea of the woes accumulated by calumny on the head of the hapless Marie Antoinette.

Let us not anticipate events: it is not here that the picture of the Queen's last misfortunes is to be found. Her imprisonment, her chains, her destitute condition, the outrages which overwhelmed, the strength of mind which supported her, the maternal affection which still attached her to life, the religious sentiments from which she derived consolation—all these affecting and sublime particulars of a scene, concluded by so tragical a catastrophe, belong to other memoirs; but there is one reflection which that fatal catastrophe irresistibly excites.

When the terrible Danton exclaimed, "The Kings of Europe menace us; it behoves us to defy them; let us throw down to them, as our gage, the head of a King!" these detestable words, followed by so cruel so lamentable an effect, belonged, however, to a

formidable piece of policy. But the Queen! What horrible reasons of State could Danton, Collot d'Herbois and Robespierre allege against her? Where did they find that those Greeks and Romans, whose military virtues our soldiers recalled, used to murder weak and defenceless beings? What savage greatness did they discover, in stirring up a whole nation to avenge their quarrel on a woman? What remained of her former power? Had not the 10th of August torn the diadem from her brow? She was a captive, a widow, trembling for her children! In those judges, who at once outraged modesty and nature; in that people, whose vilest scoffs pursued her to the scaffold, who could have recognised the affable, affectionate, sensitive, generous people of France? No, of all the crimes which so shockingly disgraced the Revolution, none is more calculated to show to what a pitch the spirit of party, when it has fermented in the most corrupt hearts, can deprave the character of a nation.

The news of this dreadful event reached Madame Campan, who was weeping over the misfortunes of her benefactress, in her obscure retreat. She had not succeeded in her endeavours to share the Queen's captivity; and she expected, every moment, a similar fate. After escaping, almost miraculously, from the murdering fury of the Marseillais; after being repulsed by Petion, when she implored the favour of being confined in the Temple, denounced and pursued by Robespierre, and entrusted, through the entire confidence of the King and Queen, with papers of the utmost importance, Madame Campan went to conceal her charge and indulge her grief at Coubertin, in the valley of Chevreuse. Madame

Auguié, her sister, had just committed suicide, at the very moment of her arrest.[1] The scaffold awaited Madame Campan when the 9th of Thermidor restored her to life, but did not restore to her the most constant object of her thoughts, her zeal and her devotion.

A new career now opened to Madame Campan. The information and talents she possessed were about to become useful to her. At Coubertin, surrounded by her nieces, she was fond of directing their studies, as much to divert her mind for a time from her troubles as to form their disposition and judgment. This maternal occupation had caused her ideas to revert to the subject of education, and awakened once more the earliest inclinations of her youth.

Our taste and character develop themselves early in childhood. I remember that, in writing an account of the life of Madame Roland, it appeared to me a most interesting spectacle to contemplate the first emotions of her intrepid soul, warmed, even at the most tender age, with enthusiasm for the virtues of antiquity. It was not without surprise that I considered a young girl—at a period of life when pleasure and dress are usually the chief occupations of her sex—fancying herself, in solitude, Clelia stemming the waves of Tiber, or Cornelia exhibiting her Gracchi, as her ornaments, to the Roman ladies.

Rising inclinations are suddenly developed and revealed by circumstances. Many a general owes his

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1 Maternal affection prevailed over her religious sentiments; she wished to preserve the wreck of her fortune for her children. Had she deferred this fatal act for one day, she would have been saved; the cart which conveyed Robespierre to execution stopped her funeral procession!

epaulettes to the sight of a review; and, in our times, the ceremony and pomp of processions will, no doubt, make many a bishop. At the age of twelve years, Mademoiselle Genet could never meet a school of young ladies, walking out for an airing, or passing through the streets, without feeling ambitious of the situation, title and authority of their mistress. Her abode at Court had diverted, but not altered, her ideas and inclinations. At a more advanced age, when able to enlarge the circle of her schemes, she envied Madame de Maintenon, in the height of absolute power, not the success of her ambitious hypocrisy, not the mysterious honour of a royal and clandestine union, but the glory of having founded St. Cyr.

It will presently be seen that Madame Campan had neither the treasures nor the authority of Louis XIV. at her disposal for the realisation of her plans. "A month after the fall of Robespierre," she says in a most interesting document, "I considered of the means of providing for myself, for a mother seventy years of age, my sick husband, my child nine years old, and part of my ruined family. I now possessed nothing in the world but an assignat of five hundred francs. I had become responsible for my husband's debts to the amount of thirty thousand francs. I chose St. Germain to set up a boarding-school; that town did not remind me, as Versailles did, both of the happy times and the first misfortunes of France, while it was at some distance from Paris, where our dreadful disasters had occurred, and where people resided with whom I did not wish to be acquainted. I took with me a nun of l'Enfant-Jesus to give an unquestionable pledge of my religious

principles.[1] I had not the means of printing my prospectus. I wrote a hundred copies of it, and sent them to those persons of my acquaintance who had survived our dreadful commotions.

"At the year's end I had sixty pupils; soon afterwards a hundred. I bought furniture and paid my debts. I rejoiced in having met with this resource so remote from all intrigue."

The brilliant and rapid success of the establishment at St. Germain was, undoubtedly, owing to the talents, experience, and excellent principles of Madame Campan. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that she was wonderfully seconded by public opinion. To court, cherish, and show attention to any person who had been at Court was to defy and humble the reigning power; and everyone knows that people never denied themselves that pleasure in France. I was then very young, but I did not fail to observe that disposition in those about me. All property had changed hands; all ranks found themselves confusedly jumbled by the shocks of the Revolution; society resembled a library in which the books have been replaced at random, after tearing off the titles. The great lord dined at the table of the opulent contractor; and the marchioness, all brilliancy, wit and elegance, sat at the ball by the side of the clumsy peasant grown rich. In the absence of the ancient distinctions and denominations, which had been proscribed by the Directory, elegant manners and polished language now formed an extraordinary

1 The school of St. Germain was the first in which the opening of an oratory was ventured on. The Directory was displeased at it, and ordered it to be immediately shut up.

kind of aristocracy. The house of St. Germain, conducted by a lady who possessed the style, deportment, habits and conversation of the best society, was not only a school of knowledge, but a school of the world.

"A literary man, a friend of Madame de Beauharnais," continued Madame Campan, in the manuscript now before me, "mentioned my establishment to her. She brought me her daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais, and her niece, Emilie de Beauharnais. Six months afterwards, she came to inform me of her marriage with a Corsican gentleman, who had been brought up in the Military School, and was then a general. I was requested to communicate this intelligence to her daughter, who long lamented her mother's change of name.

"I was also desired to watch over the education of little Eugene de Beauharnais, who was placed at St. Germain, in the same school with my son.

"My nieces, Mesdemoiselles Auguié, were with me, and slept in the same room as the Mesdemoiselles Beauharnais. A great intimacy took place between these young people. Madame de Beauharnais set out for Italy, and left her children with me. On her return, after the conquests of Bonaparte, that General was much pleased with the improvement of his stepdaughter; he invited me to dine at Malmaison, and attended two representations of *Esther* at my school."

One of these representations is connected with an anecdote which is almost historical. The Duchess of St. Leu played Esther, the part of Elise was supported by the interesting and unfortunate Madame de Broc. They were united by the same uniformity

of age and inclinations, the same mutual friendship, as are attributed to the characters in Racine's drama. Napoleon, who was then Consul, his generals, ministers, and other principal persons in the State, attended the representation. The Prince of Orange was also observed there, whom the hope of seeing Holland once more, and of re-establishing the rights of his house, had at this period brought to France. The tragedy of *Esther* was performed by the pupils, with the choruses in music. Everyone knows that in the chorus at the end of the third act, the young Israelites rejoice in the hope of one day returning to their native land. A young female says:

"I shall see once more those dear fields."[1]

Another adds:

"I shall weep over the sepulchre of my forefathers."[2]

At these words, loud sobs were heard; every eye was turned towards a particular part of the room; the representation was interrupted for a moment. Napoleon, who sat in the first row, leaned towards Madame Campan, who was behind him, and asked her the cause of this agitation. "The Prince of Orange is here," said she; "he perceived something in the verses which have just been sung applicable to his wishes and situation, and could not restrain his tears." The Consul had already different views. "What is said about returning home does not apply to him, however," said he.

Previously to commencing this Notice on the Life

1 "Je reverrai ces campagnes si chères."
2 "J'irai pleurer au tombeau de mes pères."

of Madame Campan, I went over that house at St. Germain which once attracted such a splendid concourse.

I saw that garden, those long covered walks, which served for promenades; those rooms in which Plantade gave instructions in singing, and where Mademoiselle Godefroy, the best pupil of a great master, taught painting. I saw that little closet which many a giddy girl has entered in apprehension of a severe reprimand, and from which she was sure to come out impressed and affected by good and kind admonitions. The appearance of those places is still the same, but how different is their present use! To that lyceum which letters, science and accomplishments formerly embellished, the rigours and austerity of a cloister have succeeded. Those scenes, in which the sounds of innocent mirth, or the lessons of pleasing arts were alternately heard, are become the asylum of fasting, prayer and silence. The hall of exercises, which served for a theatre, has been converted into a chapel; the catechism is taught under the roof which echoed the harmonious verses of Racine; and a few verses of the Psalms, or passages from the Fathers, will soon be substituted for that inscription, which is still half legible on the whitened walls: "Talents are the ornament of the rich and the wealth of the poor."

In 1802 and 1803, the period destined to produce this change was still far distant. Never had the establishment at St. Germain been in a more flourishing condition. What more could Madame Campan wish for? Her fortune was very respectable; her occupation and duties were agreeable to her taste. She

saw around her nothing but attachment and gratitude; abroad, she met with nothing but esteem, kindness and respect. Absolute in her own house, she seemed equally safe from the favours and caprices of power. But the man who then disposed of the fate of France at his pleasure, and regulated that of Europe with the sword, was soon to determine otherwise.

By a decree, dated, as it were, from the field of battle, new rewards and encouragements were secured and proposed to the brave victors of Austerlitz. The State undertook to bring up, at the public expense, the sisters, daughters, or nieces of those who were decorated with the Cross of Honour. The children of the warriors killed or wounded in glorious battle were to find paternal care in the ancient abodes of the Montmorencys and the Condés; nor could those heroes themselves have devoted them to a nobler purpose. Accustomed to concentrate around him all superior talents, fearless himself of superiority, Napoleon sought for a person qualified by experience, name and abilities to conduct the institution of Ecouen; he selected Madame Campan.

She was now to reap the fruits of ten years' experience at St. Germain. The establishment of Ecouen was wholly to create; Madame Campan, therefore, commenced this great undertaking. Count Lacepède, the pupil, friend and rival of Buffon, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, assisted her with his enlightened advice. The watchful attention which the health, instruction, and even the recreations of three hundred young persons required; the religious duties which formed the basis of their education; the distribu-

tion of their time; the methodical and graduated exercise of the powers of their understanding; the harmony of their principles and attainments with their fortune, and the rank in society they were destined to occupy; the difficult art of seizing the principal features of a character, discriminating good from bad qualities, destroying the germ of the one, and encouraging the others; and of maintaining order and promoting emulation amongst so many pupils of different ages, inclinations and tempers, without exciting pride: all these cares of a complicated administration, all these details of so delicate an employment appeared simple, easy and natural when Madame Campan was seen to fulfil them. This praise even her enemies could not deny her. At all hours she was accessible to everyone; hearing all questions submitted to her with the greatest equality of temper, and deciding them with extraordinary presence of mind, never addressing admonition, reproach or encouragement, but opportunely. Napoleon, who could descend with ease from the highest political subjects to the examination of the most minute details; who was as much at home in inspecting a boarding-school for young ladies as in reviewing the grenadiers of his guard; to whom every species of knowledge, every occupation, seemed familiar; whom it was impossible to deceive, and who was not unwilling to find fault—Napoleon, when he visited the establishment at Ecouen, was forced to say, "It is all right."[1]

1 Napoleon had wished to be informed of every particular of the furniture, government, and order of the house, the instruction and education of the pupils. The internal regulations were submitted to him. One of the intended rules, drawn up by Madame Campan, proposed that the children should hear Mass on Sundays and Thursdays. Napoleon himself wrote in the margin, "Every day."

A second house was formed at St. Denis, on the model of that of Ecouen. Perhaps Madame Campan might have hoped for a title, to which her long labours gave her a right; perhaps the superintendence of the two houses would have been but the fair recompense of her services; but her fortunate years had elapsed—her fate was now to depend on the most important events. Napoleon had accumulated such a mass of power, as no one but himself in Europe could overturn. The conqueror seemed to take inward pleasure in destroying the work of the statesman. France, content with thirty years of victories, in vain asked for peace and repose. The army which had triumphed in the sands of Egypt, on the summits of the Alps, and in the marshes of Holland, was to perish, although victorious, amidst the snows of Russia. Kings and nations combined against a single man. The territory of France was invaded. The orphans of Ecouen, from the windows of the mansion which served as their asylum, saw, in the distant plain, the fires of the Russian bivouacs, and once more wept the deaths of their fathers. Paris capitulated. France hailed the return of the descendants of Henry IV.; they re-ascended the throne so long filled by their ancestors, which the wisdom of an enlightened prince established on the empire of the laws.

This moment, which diffused joy amongst the faithful servants of the Royal Family, and brought them the rewards of their devotion, proved to Madame Campan a period of bitter vexation. The hatred of her enemies had revived. The suppression of the house of Ecouen had deprived her of her place; the most absurd calum-

nies followed her into her retreat; her attachment to the Queen was suspected; she was accused, not only of ingratitude, but of perfidy: "And the object of these slanders," said a noble writer, who seemed to transfer into the sentiments of friendship the warmth which animated his filial piety—"the object of these calumnies is that most faithful subject who, during twenty-four years, never ceased to be attached to the Royal Family of France—the reader and first attendant of the unfortunate Queen; the no less intimate confidante of the hapless King, who, during their protracted martyrdom, risked more than her life for her august lord and lady; who never said or did anything but their orders, but said and did all that she was enjoined, however dangerous the task. The object of these calumnies is Madame Campan, in whose favour Marie Antoinette wrote, in 1792, a testamentary disposition, extremely honourable to the devotion of the subject, and to the goodness of the sovereign. It is Madame Campan to whom Louis XVI., in 1792, confided the most secret and dangerous papers; for whom Louis XVI., in the cell of the Feuillans, on the 10th of August, 1792, cut off two locks of his hair, giving her one for herself, another for her sister, whilst the Queen, throwing her arms about their necks by turns, said to them: 'Unhappy women, you are unfortunate only on my account; I am still more wretched than you.'"[1]

1 Extract of a manuscript Memoir, relating to Madame Campan.

Were it necessary to adduce another most respectable testimonial, we might rely on the following letter, written to Madame Campan, on the 27th of April, 1816, by the Duchess de Tourzel:

"I am perfectly sensible, madam, of the pain you must suffer from everything which can possibly tend to throw any doubt on

Slander has little effect on youth; the long futurity to which the young look forward makes them hope to triumph over it; but, in the decline of life, its darts are envenomed with a mortal poison; the griefs which then oppress the heart tear open all its old wounds. Those which Madame Campan had received were deep. Her sister, Madame Auguié, had destroyed herself; M. Rousseau, her brother-in-law, had perished a victim in the Reign of Terror. In 1813, a dreadful accident had deprived her of her niece, Madame de Broc, one of the most amiable and interesting beings that ever adorned the earth. Madame Campan seemed destined to behold those whom she loved go down to the grave before her. In the cemetery of Père la Chaise, amongst those ostentatious mausoleums generally loaded with lying epitaphs; by the side of those monuments, most of which seem raised to flatter the pride of the living rather than out of respect for the ashes of those who sleep beneath

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your attachment and fidelity to the august Princess, whom you had the honour to serve, in the duties you performed about her person.

"I have great pleasure, madam, in doing you the justice of declaring that, during the three years in which my place afforded me frequent access to our great and too hapless Queen, I always observed your readiness to show your respect and attachment. I have been witness to her giving you proofs of a peculiar confidence, and to your discretion and fidelity in various circumstances, which qualities you particularly evinced on occasion of that unfortunate journey to Varennes; the reports raised on this subject against you were the most unjust possible. I saw you at the Feuillans, on the night of the 10th of August, offering the Queen the homage of your grief, although it was not at that time your month of duty. This is a testimony which I pay to truth, and I should think myself happy if my letter could afford any consolation to the anguish with which your heart is oppressed.

"I am, madam, &c.,

"CROY D'HAVRE, DUCHESSE DE TOURZEL"

them—there is a modest grave, on which she has often been seen to weep. No marble decorates it; no inscription is read upon it; it is remarkable chiefly for its simplicity; the unostentatious turf, betraying a grief which shrinks from observation, is the only clue to the secret of the tomb.

After so many troubles, Madame Campan sought a peaceful retreat. Paris, the abode of apathy and ambition, of the wicked who promulgate slanders, and the fools who believe them; Paris, inhabited by crowds of men, always equally ready to flatter the powerful of the day, and to revile him whom they flattered the day before; Paris, its frivolity, its noisy pleasures, its egotism, had for some years been insupportable to her. One of her most beloved pupils, Mademoiselle Crouzet, had married a physician at Mantes, a man of talent, distinguished for information, frankness, and cordiality.[1] Madame Campan paid her pupil a visit. Mantes is a pretty little town. The woods of Rosny, which surround it; the Seine, which laves it with its waters; isles planted with lofty poplars, and shady walks which promise an agreeable solitude, render Mantes a pleasant, cheerful residence. This abode pleased her. She soon fixed her habitation there. A few intimate friends formed a pleasant

1 M. Maignes, physician to the infirmaries at Mantes. Madame Campan found in him, both in her mental and bodily affliction, a friend and comforter, of whose merit and affection she knew the value. The attentions which he constantly paid her in the course of her illness induced him to write an account of it, which evinces his great knowledge of physiology, and in which he has faithfully preserved the last conversation of Madame Campan. In communicating this manuscript to me, he favoured me with many interesting particulars, for which I have now the pleasure of thanking him.

society, in which she took pleasure. She enjoyed, with surprise, a little tranquillity, after so many disturbances. The revisal of her "Memoirs," the arrangement of the interesting anecdotes of which her "Recollections" were to consist, were the only affairs which ever diverted her mind from the one powerful sentiment which attached her to life.

She lived only for her son; for him alone she would have wished for favour or riches: he was her consolation, her wealth, her hope; in him she had concentrated all the inclinations of a heart often deceived in its affections. M. Campan deserved the tenderness of his mother. No sacrifice had been spared for his education. He was accomplished, had much taste, and made agreeable verses. After having pursued that course of study, which, under the Imperial government, produced men of distinguished merit, he was waiting till time and circumstances should afford him an opportunity of devoting his services to his country. Although the state of his health was far from good, it did not threaten any rapid or premature decay; he was, however, after a few days illness, suddenly taken from his family. How was the mother to be informed of this loss? Who could bear to inflict this mortal blow? M. Maignes, in an account with which he was pleased to entrust us, describes this sad moment with mournful accuracy. "I never witnessed so heart-rending a scene," he says, "as that which took place when Marshal Ney's lady, her niece, and Madame Pannelier, her sister, came to acquaint her with this misfortune. When they entered her apartment she was in bed. All three

at once uttered a piercing cry. The ladies threw themselves on their knees, and kissed her hands, which they bedewed with tears. Before they could speak to her she read in their faces that she no longer possessed a son. At that instant her large eyes, opening widely, seemed to wander. Her face grew pale, her features changed, her lips lost their colour, she struggled to speak, but uttered only inarticulate sounds, accompanied by piercing cries. Her gestures were wild—her reason was suspended. Every part of her being was in agony. Her respiration scarcely sufficed for the efforts which this unhappy mother made to express her grief and give vent to her sufferings. To this state of anguish and despair no calm succeeded, until her tears began to flow. Never in my life did I see anything so sad and so awful; never will the impression I received be effaced from my memory. Friendship, and the tenderest cares, succeeded for a moment in calming her grief, but not in diminishing its power. This violent crisis had disturbed her whole organisation. A cruel disorder, which requires a still more cruel operation, soon manifested itself. The presence of her family, a tour which she made in Switzerland, a residence at the waters of Baden, and, above all, the sight, the tender and charming conversation of a person by whom she was affectionately beloved, occasionally diverted her mind, but relieved her sufferings only in a very slight degree. She returned to Mantes, resolved to undergo the operation; and, from that moment, far from betraying the slightest weakness or hesitation, she herself hastened that time which, as she said, was

to restore her to hope and health. With the strength of mind which defies pain, she combined the energy of will which masters it. Not a cry, not a gesture, escaped her. So much courage astonished old warriors accustomed to the sight of fields of battle, and surprised the professional men themselves.[1] Up to the moment of commencing the operation she discoursed freely and calmly with them. The pain which followed the operation did not seem to have altered her serenity. "Gentlemen," said she, cheerfully, to her physicians, "I had much rather hear you talk than see you act."

The operation was performed with extraordinary promptitude, and the most complete success, by M. Voisin, a most skilful surgeon of Versailles. No unfavourable symptoms appeared; the wound cicatrized; Madame Campan was thought to be restored to her friends; but the disorder was in the blood; it took another course; the chest became affected. "From that moment," says M. Maignes, who watched her malady with all the solicitude of friendship, "I could never look on Madame Campan as living; she herself felt that she belonged no more to this world."

When she thought of her family, of her friends at Mantes, and of all those who loved her with the most lively affection, her heart failed, and in those moments of affecting weakness, she would say, "I shall not die, doctor, shall I?" But soon resuming her courage, she imparted to others a hope which she no longer cherished herself. She constantly saw near her a woman who had never quitted her for forty

1 Colonel Hemé, one of the best officers of the old army, assisted the surgeons during the operation.

years; who had shared in her troubles as well as in her hours of prosperity; who guessed her thoughts, watched her slightest wishes, and repaid her unbounded confidence by the attentions of the tenderest attachment: here all who knew Madame Campan will name Madame Voisin. "Courage," said she, "death will not separate two friends like us."[1]

She herself set the example of the strength of mind with which she wished to inspire others. Sometimes looking back to the days of her youth, she saw, in imagination, the young girl so lively and gay surprised by Louis XV. in the midst of her play. Sometimes she thought with emotion on the kindness with which Marie Antoinette repaid her attachment. "The bull's-eye at Versailles," said she, "will never forgive me for having obtained the confidence of the King and Queen. The demands of a swarm of flatterers were frequently unjust, and when the Queen condescended to consult me I spoke with sincerity."[2]

Sometimes the fate of France occupied her thoughts. The light, which the throne itself diffuses, was, in her opinion, the only security against the extravagant claims of some individuals. "Power," said she, "now resides in the laws. In any other situation it would be misplaced. But this truth escapes them. The dust of old parchments blinds them."[3]

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1 Death, in fact, will not separate them. The family of Madame Campan have erected a tomb to her in the cemetery of Mantes. It bears a simple epitaph on a column of white marble, surmounted by an urn. Tufts of dahlia adorn the four corners of the monument: beneath is the vault which contains her ashes. The friend she has left will repose near her.

2 M. Maigne's account.

3 *Ibid.*

The day before her death, "My friend," she said to her physician, "I throw myself into the arms of Providence, which is the only invisible support that can sustain us. The idea is consoling; I am much attached to the simplicity of my religion; I revere it; I hate all that savours of fanaticism."[1] When her codicil was presented for her signature, her hand trembled. "It would be a pity," she said, "to stop when so fairly on the road."

The day she died her window was opened. The sky was clear, the air pure and fresh. "This resembles the air and climate of Switzerland," said she; "I passed there two months of unmixed happiness. . . . Her soul is so noble, and our hearts understand each other so well!"

Her dissolution rapidly approached. Her mind had lost nothing of its strength. "Notwithstanding my condition," said she, "I am desirous of expressing my thoughts."—"I was a little way from her bed," adds her physician, whose words we have quoted. "She called me in rather a higher tone than usual: I ran to her. Then, reproaching herself for this little hastiness, 'How imperious one is,' she said, 'when one has no time for politeness.'—A moment after she was no more."

Her friends witnessed her decease on the 16th of March, 1822. The cheerfulness she displayed throughout her malady had nothing forced or affected in it. Her character was naturally powerful and elevated.

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1 *Ibid.* Before she submitted to an operation which is almost always fatal, Madame Campan had scrupulously fulfilled her religious duties.

At the approach of death she evinced the soul of a sage, without abandoning for an instant her feminine character; without renouncing the hopes and consolations of a Christian. Her religion inclined to indulgence and mildness, which is constantly the case with those whose piety is more a matter of faith and sentiment than of formal observance. Though she had long lived in the higher circles, she did not despise the human race. The envious had never been able to excite a feeling of hatred in her mind; the ungrateful had not wearied her benevolence. Her credit, her time, her plans belonged to her friends; her purse was always open to the unfortunate.

One profound sentiment, her attachment to the Queen—one constant study, the education of youth, occupied her whole life. Napoleon once said to her, "The old systems of education were good for nothing —what do young women stand in need of, to be well brought up in France?"—"Of *mothers!*" answered Madame Campan. "It is well said," replied Napoleon. "Well, madam, let the French be indebted to you for bringing up mothers for their children." Madame Campan's answer contains the leading idea of her system of education. All the cares of this excellent preceptress tended to enable her pupils to be one day the teachers of their own daughters. The instructions which she read on Sundays to the young ladies at St. Germain; the little anecdotes which she composed as much for their instruction as for her own amusement; the work which she was finishing at the moment of her death, and which contains the fruits of twenty years' experience, are all directed to

the same object.[1] "Women," said she to her friends, "have lost the empire which formerly chivalric gallantry gave them. They would now disdain that which they obtained at a later period in the boudoir, or on the brilliant stage of the Court. Their new dominion ought to be founded upon good morals, and not in opposition to them. Their success, although perhaps less striking, will be more satisfactory and durable. Every day adds to their information, without detracting from the lighter graces, the modest virtues of their sex. But is not sufficient for their beauty

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1 Madame Campan has left several manuscript tales and plays, of which we shall only quote the titles: "The Old Woman of the Cabin," "Arabella, or the English Boarding-School," "The Two Educations," "The Little Strolling Players," "The Amateur Concerts," &c. The object of all these is the instruction of youth. In her last moments she was completing a work of a more elevated class: "On the Education of Women." No one could do more ample justice to this interesting title than herself. I will quote the first words of this Treatise:

"My work will be destitute," she said, "of the attraction of those fictions almost always connected with plans of education; and the quantity of details which I must lay before my readers, gives me some uneasiness. I am also fearful of being led away by my partiality for those innocent and lovely creatures of whom an amiable crowd surrounded me for so many years, and to whom I have been indebted for such delightful hours; sometimes I am doubtful, whether a sort of slowness, the first sad infirmity of age, does not prolong my discourses in spite of me; then I recollect that I am dedicating my work to my former pupils, who are now mothers of families: I consider that in devoting to them the fruits of long experience, I am speaking to them of their dearest affections; and then I feel encouraged."

This work will probably appear, as soon as the different pieces which Madame Campan had finished can be arranged. Her plays will be added.

It is not generally known that Madame Campan has published "The Conversations of a Mother with her Daughters." These Dialogues have been translated into Italian and English. Madame Campan understood the latter language extremely well. She had given lessons in English to the Queen, and preserved exercises written in that language by Marie Antoinette, until her house was burnt on the 10th of August

to please, for their wit to charm; they must command esteem by their qualities; their talents must be destined to form the delight of their family, and the circle of their duties must become that of their pleasures likewise."

Surrounded by pupils to whom her conversation was a reward, whether she talked to them of the duties of their sex, or of the most interesting facts in history, the inquisitive, attentive crowd pressed around her eager to catch every word. Sometimes her judicious and keen understanding would draw a salutary lesson from a little amusing story. In past events, she often sought traits calculated to enlighten their minds and elevate their sentiments. I call on all the pupils of Ecouen to bear witness how often she spoke to them of Louis IV., of Charles V., of Louis XII., of Henry IV., in particular, and of the virtues with which they and their successors had adorned the throne. When she came to the stormy period of the Revolution, she would explain to them the outrages committed against Royal majesty, tell them of the descendants of kings living in a foreign land, of Louis XVI. and his misfortunes, of the Queen and the afflictions she had been made to endure. These recitals affected their young hearts. When they heard her talk of the Royal Family of France, the daughters of Napoleon's warriors learned the respect that should be paid to calamity, and the gratitude due for benefits received.

Beyond the walls of the mansion of Ecouen, in the village which surrounds it, Madame Campan had taken a small house where she loved to pass a few

hours in solitary retirement. There, at liberty to abandon herself to the memory of the past, the superintendent of the Imperial establishment became once more, for the moment, the first *femme-de-chambre* to Marie Antoinette. To the few friends whom she admitted into this retreat, she would show, with emotion, a plain muslin gown which the Queen had worn, and which was made from a part of Tippoo Sahib's present. A cup, out of which Marie Antoinette had drunk, a writing-stand which she had long used, were, in her eyes, of inestimable value; and she has often been discovered sitting, in tears, before the picture which represented her Royal mistress.

"Pardon me, august shade! unhappy Queen, pardon me," she says, in a fragment I have preserved in her handwriting; "thy portrait is near me whilst I am writing these words. My imagination, impressed with the remembrance of thy sorrows, every instant directs my eyes to those features which I wish to animate, and to read in them whether I am doing service to thy memory in writing this work. When I look at that noble head, which fell by the fury of barbarians, tears fill my eyes and suspend my narration. Yes, I will speak the truth, by which thy shade can never be injured; truth must prove favourable to her whom falsehood so cruelly wronged."

What should I add to these eloquent words? Madame Campan is no more; let those who slandered her life now insult her memory; her writings will defend her better than I can.

F. Barriere.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE shelves of our libraries bend under the weight of printed works relating to the last years of the eighteenth century. The grand moral and political causes of our revolutions have already been ably traced by superior intellects. But posterity will look also for the secret springs by which these events were brought about. Nothing but memoirs penned by ministers and favourites alone will satisfy the inquisitiveness of our descendants, and even these only to a certain extent, for kings very seldom yield unbounded confidence. The sovereign entrusts to one of those who surround him a secret mission, no way militating against his own known sentiments; and develops to him all the details of some affair of high interest. The courtier proceeds under a persuasion of the importance of his mission; but while his pride is flattering itself, while he reposes on a certainty that the Royal heart has been opened before him, he little suspects, in the blindness of his vanity, the thousand folds, always to be concealed from him, which that heart contains. He is but the dupe and tool of him whose confidant he fancies himself. Some other person has, perhaps, at the very same moment, received an opposite commission, which, probably, no more tallies with the real designs of the prince than the former. Each singly thinks himself the sole depositary of his sovereign's thoughts, and upon this

hollow basis each erects his shadowy edifice of a credit which he does not possess.

This Court game is especially in vogue when the superior power is under the necessity of satisfying, or of conciliating, opposite opinions, without really adopting either. But the practice of thus scattering marks of an illusory confidence has this result, that, when the time of commotion and faction arrives, the sovereign finds himself without any solid support or disinterested attachment.

Louis XVI. possessed an immense crowd of confidants, advisers and guides; he selected them even from among the factions which attacked him. Never, perhaps, did he make a full disclosure to any one of them, and certainly he spoke with sincerity to but very few. He invariably kept the reins of all secret intrigues in his own hand, and thence, doubtless, arose the want of co-operation and the weakness which were so conspicuous in his measures. From these causes considerable chasms will be found in the detailed history of the Revolution.

In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the latter years of the reign of Louis XV., memoirs written by the Duke de Choiseul, the Duke d'Aiguillon, the Marshal de Richelieu[1] and the Duke de la Vauguyon should be before us. To give us a faithful portrait of the unfortunate reign of Louis XVI., the Marshal

1 I heard the Marshal de Richelieu desire M. Campan, who was librarian to the Queen, not to buy the memoirs which would certainly be attributed to him after his death, declaring them false by anticipation; and adding that he was ignorant of orthography, and had never amused himself with writing. Shortly after the death of the Marshal, one Soulavie put forth memoirs of the Marshal de Richelieu.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

du Muy, M. de Maurepas, M. de Vergennes, M. de Malesherbes, the Duke d'Orleans, M. de la Fayette, the Abbé de Vermond, the Abbé Montesquiou, Mirabeau, the Duchess de Polignac and the Duchess de Luynes should have noted faithfully in writing all the transactions in which they took decided parts.[1] As to the secret history of affairs of a later period, it has been disseminated among a much greater number of persons; there are ministers who have published memoirs, but solely when they had their own measures to justify, and then they confined themselves to the vindication of their own characters, without which powerful motive they probably would have written nothing. In general, those nearest to the sovereign, either by birth or by office, have left no memoirs; and in absolute monarchies the main springs of great events will be found in particulars which the most exalted persons alone could know. Those who have had but little under their charge, find in that little no subject for a book; and those who have long borne the burden of public business conceive themselves to be forbidden by duty, or by respect for authority, to disclose all they know. Others again preserve notes, with the intention of reducing them to order when they shall have reached the period of a happy leisure: vain illusion of the ambitious, which they cherish, for the most part, but as a veil to conceal from their sight the terrifying image of their inevitable downfall! and

1 Nothing hinders the partial realisation of this supposition. Among the personages here enumerated by Madame Campan, we know some whose names may very shortly appear to memoirs of great interest.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

when that event at length takes place, despair deprives them of fortitude to dwell upon the dazzling period which they never cease to regret.

And yet the historian, who is sometimes perplexed at having to choose among the differing versions presented to him by contemporaries, is much more so if writings are wanting to him. He then has recourse to tradition, and trusts to popular talk; he draws portraits from the political caricatures sketched by hatred, or by flattery; calumny is perpetuated, and some noble characters remain blackened for ever. An ill-conducted enterprise is called criminal; and a successful villain becomes a hero. History, thus written, furnishes no lesson; it is either a romance, or a polluted and unconnected collection of libels, which perhaps brought the smile of contempt even into the face of him who wrote them.

Louis XVI. meant to write his own memoirs; the manner in which his private papers were arranged, pointed out this design. The Queen, also, had the same intention; she long preserved a large correspondence, and a great number of minute reports, made in the spirit and upon the event of the moment. But after the 20th of June, 1792, she was obliged to burn the larger portion of what she had so collected. Some parts of the correspondence preserved by the Queen were conveyed out of France.

Considering the rank and situations of the persons I have named as capable of elucidating by their writings the history of our political storms, it will not be imagined that I aim at placing myself on a level with the daughters of Louis XV., or with Marie

Antoinette. I knew the characters of those Princesses; I became privy to some extraordinary facts, the publication of which may be interesting, and the truth of the details will form the merit of my work.

I was very young when I was placed about the Princesses, the daughters of Louis XV., in the capacity of reader. I was acquainted with the Court of Versailles before the time of the marriage of Louis XVI. with the Archduchess Marie Antoinette.

My father, who was employed in the department of Foreign Affairs, enjoyed the reputation due to his talents and to his useful labours. He had travelled much. Frenchmen, on their return home from foreign countries, bring with them a love for their own, increased in warmth; and no man was more penetrated with this feeling, which ought to be the first virtue of every placeman, than my father. Men of the first celebrity, academicians, and learned individuals, both natives and foreigners, sought my father's acquaintance, and were gratified by being admitted into his house.

Twenty years before the Revolution, I often heard it remarked that the imposing character of the power of Louis XIV. was no longer to be found in the palace of Versailles; that the institutions of the ancient monarchy were rapidly sinking; and that the people, crushed beneath the weight of taxes, were miserable though silent; but that they began to give ear to the bold speeches of the philosophers, who loudly proclaimed their sufferings and their rights; and, in short, that the age would not pass away without the occurrence of some grand shock, which would unsettle France and change the course of its progress.

Those who thus spoke were almost all partisans of M. Turgot's system of administration; they were Mirabeau the elder, Doctor Quesnay, Abbé Baudeau, and Abbé Nicoli, *chargé d'affaires* to Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and as enthusiastic an admirer of the maxims of the innovators as his sovereign.

My father sincerely respected the purity of intention of these politicians. With them he acknowledged many abuses in the government; but he did not give these political sectarians credit for the talent necessary for conducting a judicious reform. He told them frankly that, in the art of moving the great machine of government, the wisest of them was inferior to a good police magistrate; and that, if ever the helm of affairs should be put into their hands, they would be speedily checked in the execution of their schemes by the immeasurable difference existing between the most brilliant theories and the simplest practice of administration.

In one of these conversations, which, young as I was, engaged my attention, I heard my father compare the monarchy of France to a beautiful and antique statue; he agreed that the pedestal which supported it was mouldering away, and that the contours of the statue were disappearing under the parasitical plants which were gradually covering it. "But," he enquired, with a feeling of painful apprehension, "where is the artist skilful enough to repair the base without shaking the statue?" Such adepts were not to be found; and the attempts at restoration only precipitated ruin. The storm of passion burst, the whole monument gave way, and its fall jarred all Europe!

MEMOIRS

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE

CHAPTER I

Court of Louis XV.—His character—The King's *debotter*—Characters of the Princesses—Retirement of Madame Louise to the Carmelites of St. Denis—Madame du Barry—The Court divided between the party of the Duke de Choiseul and that of the Duke d'Aiguillon.

I was fifteen years of age when I was appointed reader to the Princesses. I will begin by describing the Court at that period.

Maria Leckzinska was just dead; the death of the Dauphin had preceded hers by three years; the Jesuits were suppressed, and piety was to be found at Court only in the apartments of the Princesses. The Duke de Choiseul was in power.

The King thought of nothing but the pleasures of the chase; it might have been imagined that the courtiers indulged themselves in epigrammatising, by hearing them say seriously, on those days when the King did not hunt, "The King does nothing to-day."

Little journeys were also affairs of great importance with the King. On the first day of the year, he noted

down in his almanac the days of departure for Compiègne, for Fontainebleau, Choisy, &c. The weightiest matters, the most serious events, never deranged this distribution of his time.

Etiquette still existed at Court with all the strictness it had acquired under Louis XIV.; dignity alone was wanting. As to gaiety, it was out of the question: Versailles no longer presented an assemblage graced by French wit and elegance. The focus of wit and information was Paris.

Since the death of the Marchioness de Pompadour, the King had no avowed mistress; he contented himself with the pleasures he derived from his little seraglio of the Parc-aux-Cerfs. It is well known that the monarch found the separation of Louis de Bourbon from the King of France the most pleasing feature of his Royal existence. "They would have it so; they thought it for the best," was his way of expressing himself when the measures of his ministers were unsuccessful. The King delighted to manage the most disgraceful particulars of his private expenses himself; he one day sold to a head clerk in the War department a house in which one of his mistresses had lodged; the contract ran in the name of Louis de Bourbon, and the purchaser himself took, in a bag, the price of the house in gold to the King in his private closet.

Louis XV. saw very little of his family; he came every morning, by a private staircase, into the apartment of Madame Adelaide. He often brought and drank there coffee that he had made himself. Madame Adelaide pulled a bell, which apprised Madame Vic-

toire of the King's visit; Madame Victoire, on rising to go to her sister's apartment, rang for Madame Sophie, who, in her turn, rang for Madame Louise. The apartments of the Princesses were of very large dimensions. Madame Louise occupied the farthest room. The latter poor Princess was deformed and very short: she used to run with all her might to join the daily meeting; but in spite of her haste, having a number of rooms to cross, she frequently had only just time to embrace her father before he set out for the chase.

Every evening, at six, the ladies interrupted my reading to them to accompany the Princes to Louis XV.; this visit was called the King's *debotter*,[1] and was marked by a kind of etiquette. The Princesses put on an enormous hoop, which set out a petticoat ornamented with gold or embroidery; they fastened a long train round their waists, and concealed the *undress* of the rest of their clothing by a long cloak of black taffety which enveloped them up to the chin. The gentlemen-ushers, the ladies-in-waiting, the pages, the esquires, and the ushers bearing large flambeaux, accompanied them to the King. In a moment the whole palace, generally so still, was in motion; the King kissed each Princess on the forehead, and the visit was so short, that the reading which it interrupted was frequently resumed at the end of a quarter-of-an-hour: the Princesses returned to their apartments, untied the strings of their petticoats and trains, resumed their tapestry, and I returned to my book.

During the summer season the King sometimes

1 *Debotter* meaning the time of unbooting.—Tr.

came to the residence of the Princesses before the hour of his *debotter*. One day he found me alone in Madame Victoire's closet, and asked me where *Coche*[1] was. I stared, and he repeated his question, but without being at all the more understood. When the King was gone, I asked Madame of whom he spoke. She told me that it was herself, and very coolly explained to me that, being the fattest of his daughters, the King had given her the familiar name of *Coche;* and that he called Madame Adelaide, *Loque;*[2] Madame Sophie, *Graille;*[3] and Madame Louise, *Chiffe*.[4] Nothing but the zest of these contrasts could afford the King any amusement in the use of such words. The people of his household observed that he knew a great number of them, and it was supposed that he had learned them from his mistresses; possibly, too, he had amused himself with picking them out from dictionaries. If this style of speaking betrayed the habits and tastes of the King, his manner, however, savoured nothing of such vulgarity; his walk was easy and noble; he had a dignified carriage of the head; and his aspect, without being severe, was imposing: he combined great politeness with a truly regal demeanour, and gracefully saluted the humblest female whom curiosity led into his path.

He was very expert in a number of little trifling matters, which never occupy attention but for want of something better to employ it; for instance, he would knock off the top of an egg-shell, very cleverly, at a single stroke of his fork; he therefore always ate eggs when he dined in public, and the Parisian cockneys,

1 The fat pig. 2 Rag.
3 Scrap. 4 Bad silk, or stuff.

who came on Sundays to see the King dine, returned home less struck with his fine figure than with the dexterity with which he broke his eggs.

Repartees of Louis XV. which marked the keenness of his wit and the elevation of his sentiments, were quoted with pleasure in the assemblies of Versailles. They have been recorded in collections of anecdotes, and are generally known.

This Prince was still beloved; it was wished that a style of life, suitable to his age and dignity, should at length cast a veil over the follies of the past, and justify the love cherished by the French for his youth. It gave them pain to judge him harshly. The Princesses were blamed for not seeking to prevent the danger of the King's forming an intimacy with some new favourite. Madame Henriette, twin sister of the Duchess of Parma, was much regretted; for she had considerable influence over the King's mind, and it was remarked that, if she had lived, she would have been assiduous in finding him amusements in the bosom of his family; that she would have followed him in his short excursions, and would have done the honours of the *petits soupers* which he was so fond of giving in his private apartments.

The Princesses had too much neglected the means of pleasing the King; but this obviously arose from the little attention he had paid them in their youth.

In order to console the people under their sufferings, and to shut their eyes to the real depredations of the treasury, the ministers occasionally pressed the most extravagant measures of reform in the King's household, and even on his personal expenses.

Cardinal Fleury, who in truth had the merit of

re-establishing the finances, carried this system of economy so far as to obtain from the King the suppression of the household and education of the four younger Princesses. They were brought up as mere boarders, in a convent, eight leagues distant from the coast. St. Cyr would have been more suitable for the reception of the King's daughters; probably the Cardinal was infected with some of those prejudices which will always attach to even the most usefu institutions, and which, since the death of Louis XIV., had been raised against the noble establishment of Madame de Maintenon. He preferred entrusting the education of the Princesses to a provincial sisterhood. Madame Louise often assured me that at twelve years of age she was not mistress of the whole alphabet, and never learned to read fluently until after her return to Versailles.

Madame Victoire attributed certain paroxysms of panic terror, which she was never able to conquer, to the violent alarms she experienced at the abbey of Fontevrault, when she was sent, by way of penance, to pray alone in the vault where the sisters were interred. No salutary foresight had been exerted to preserve these Princesses from those dismal impressions against which the most unenlightened mother knows how to guard her children.

A gardener belonging to the abbey died raving mad; his habitation, without the walls, was in the neighbourhood of a chapel of the abbey, where the Princesses were taken to repeat the prayers for those in the agonies of death. Their prayers were more than once interrupted by the shrieks of the dying man.

The most absurd indulgences were mixed with these cruel practices. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of the Princesses, was haughty and passionate: the good sisters never failed to give way to her ridiculous fancies. The dancing-master, the only professor of graceful accomplishments who had followed the ladies to Fontevrault, was teaching them a dance then much in fashion, which was called the "rose-coloured minuet." Madame Adelaide insisted that it should be named "the blue minuet." The teacher resisted her whim, and urged that he should be laughed at at Court if the Princess should talk of a "blue minuet." The Princess refused to take her lesson, stamped, and repeated "Blue, blue." "Rose, rose," said the master. The sisterhood assembled to decide the important case; the nuns cried "Blue" with the Princess; the minuet was re-christened, and she danced. Among women so little worthy of the office of an instructress, there was, however, *one* sister, who, by her judicious tenderness, and by the useful proofs which she gave of it to the Princesses, entitled herself to their attachment, and obtained their gratitude: this was Madame de Soulanges, whom they afterwards caused to be appointed abbess of Royal-Lieu.[1] They also took upon themselves the promotion of this lady's nephews;—

1 This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chanted the *Veni Creator* upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of execution they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to join its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last, and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once: it was the silence of death!—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

those of Madame Mac-Carthy, who had weakly indulged her charge, carried for a long time the musket of the King's guard at the door of the Princesses, without the latter thinking of advancing their fortune.

When the Princesses, still very young, returned to Court, they enjoyed the friendship of the Dauphin, and profited by his advice. They devoted themselves ardently to study, and gave up almost the whole of their time to it; they enabled themselves to write French correctly, and acquired a good knowledge of history. Madame Adelaide, in particular, had a most insatiable desire to learn; she was taught to play upon all instruments from the horn (will it be believed!) to the Jew's-harp. Italian, English, the higher branches of the mathematics, turning and dialling, successively filled up the leisure moments of the Princesses. Madame Adelaide was graced for a short time with a charming figure; but never did beauty vanish so quickly. Madame Victoire was handsome, and very graceful; her address, mien and smile were in perfect accordance with the goodness of her heart. Madame Sophie was remarkably ugly. Never did I behold a person of so revolting an appearance; she walked with the greatest rapidity; and, in order to recognise people without looking at them, she had acquired the habit of leering on one side, like a hare. This Princess was so exceedingly diffident that a person might be with her daily, for years together, without hearing her utter a single word. It was asserted, however, that she displayed talent, and even attractiveness, in the society of some favourite ladies. She taught herself a great deal, but she studied alone,

the presence of a reader would have disconcerted her very much. There were, however, occasions on which this Princess, generally so untractable, became all at once affable and condescending, and manifested the most communicative good-nature. This would happen during a storm; she was afraid of it, and so great was her alarm on such an occasion that she then approached the most humble, and would ask them a thousand obliging questions. A flash of lightning made her squeeze their hands; a peal of thunder would drive her to embrace them; but with the return of the calm the Princess resumed her stiffness, her reserve, and her repulsive air, and passed everyone without taking the smallest notice, until a fresh storm restored to her at once her terror and her affability.

These ladies found in a beloved brother, whose excellent qualities are known to all Frenchmen, a guide in everything wanting to their education, so much neglected in infancy. In their august mother, Maria Leckzinska, they possessed the noblest model of every pious and social virtue: that Princess, by her eminent qualifications and her modest dignity, veiled the failings with which, most unhappily, the King was justly reproachable; and while she lived she preserved in the Court of Louis XV. that suitable and imposing tone which alone supports the respect due to power. The Princesses, her daughters, were worthy of her; and, if a few degraded beings did aim the shafts of calumny at them, these shafts dropped harmless, warded off by the high idea entertained of the elevation of their sentiments and the purity of their conduct.

If the ladies had not tasked themselves with numerous occupations they would have been much to be pitied. They loved walking, but could enjoy nothing beyond the public gardens of Versailles; they would gladly have cultivated flowers, but could have no others than those in their windows.

The Marchioness de Durfort, since Duchess de Civrac,[1] afforded Madame Victoire the sweets of an amiable society. The Princess spent almost all her evenings with that lady, and at length fancied herself one of her family.

Madame de Narbonne had, in a similar way, taken pains to make her intimate acquaintance agreeable to Madame Adelaide.

Madame Louise had for many years lived in great seclusion. I read to her five hours a day. My voice frequently betrayed the exhaustion of my lungs. The Princess would then prepare sugared water for me, place it by me, and apologise for making me read so long, on the score of having prescribed a course of reading for herself.

One evening, while I was reading, she was informed that M. Bertin, Minister of the Escheats, desired to speak with her: she went out abruptly, returned, resumed her silks and embroidery, and made me resume my book; when I retired, she commanded me to be in her closet the next morning at eleven o'clock. When I got there the Princess was gone

1 The Duchess de Civrac, grandmother of two heroes of La Vendée, Lescure and La Roche-Jaquelin, by the marriage of her eldest daughter with M. d'Onissau; and of the unfortunate Labedoyere, by the marriage of her second daughter with M. de Chastellux.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

out; I learned that she had gone at seven in the morning to the convent of the Carmelites of St. Denis, where she was desirous of taking the veil. I went to Madame Victoire. There I heard that the King alone had been acquainted with Madame Louise's project; that he had kept it faithfully secret, and that, having long previously opposed her wish, he had only on the preceding evening sent her his consent; that she had gone alone into the convent, where she was expected; and that, a few minutes afterwards, she had made her appearance at the grating, to show the Princess de Guistel, who had accompanied her to the convent gate, and to her attendant, the King's order to leave her in the monastery.

Upon receiving the intelligence of her sister's departure, Madame Adelaide gave way to violent paroxysms of rage, and reproached the King bitterly for the secrecy which he had thought it his duty to preserve. Madame Victoire missed the society of her favourite sister, but she only shed tears in silence on her abandonment of them. The first time I saw this excellent Princess after that event, I threw myself at her feet, kissed her hand, and asked her, with all the confidence of youth, whether she would quit us as Madame Louise had done. She raised me, embraced me, and said, pointing to the sofa upon which she was extended, "Make yourself easy, my dear; I shall never have Louise's courage. I love the conveniences of life too well; *this couch is my destruction.*" As soon as I obtained permission to do so, I went to St. Denis to see my august and holy mistress; she deigned to receive me with her face uncovered, in her private

parlour; she told me she had just left the wash-house, and that it was her turn that day to attend to the linen. "I greatly misused your youthful lungs for two years before the execution of my project," added she, "I knew that here I could read none but books tending to our salvation, and I wished to review all the historians that had interested me."

She informed me that the King's consent for her to go to St. Denis had been brought to her while I was reading; she prided herself, and with reason, upon having returned to her closet without the slightest mark of agitation, though she said she felt so keenly, that she could scarcely regain her chair. She added that moralists were right when they said that happiness does not dwell in palaces; that she had proved it; and that, if I desired to be happy, she advised me to come and enjoy a retreat in which the liveliest imagination might find full exercise in the contemplation of a better world. I had no palace, no earthly grandeur to sacrifice to God, nothing but the society of an affectionate family; but it is precisely there that the moralists whom she cited have placed true happiness. I replied that, in private life, the absence of a beloved and cherished daughter would be too cruelly felt by her family. The Princess said no more on the subject.

The seclusion of Madame Louise was attributed to various motives; some were unkind enough to suppose it to have been occasioned by her mortification at being, in point of rank, the last of the Princesses. I think I penetrated the true cause.

Her soul was lofty; she loved everything sublime;

often, while I was reading, she would interrupt me to exclaim, "That is beautiful! that is noble!" There was but one brilliant action that she could perform—to quit a palace for a cell, and rich garments for a frieze gown. She achieved it.

I saw Madame Louise two or three times more at the grating. I was informed of her death by Louis XVI. "My aunt Louise," said he to me, "your old mistress, is just dead at St. Denis. I have this moment received intelligence of it. Her piety and resignation were admirable, and yet the delirium of my good aunt recalled to her recollection that she was a princess, for her last words were: '*To paradise, quick, quick, full speed!*' No doubt she thought she was again giving orders to her groom."[1]

Madame Victoire, good, sweet-tempered and affable, lived with the most amiable simplicity in a society wherein she was much caressed; she was adored by her household. Without quitting Versailles, without sacrificing her indolent sofa, she fulfilled the duties of religion with punctuality, gave to the poor all that she possessed, and strictly observed Lent and the fasts. It is true that the table of the Princesses had acquired a reputation for dishes of abstinence, which the assiduous parasites at that of their *maître d'hôtel* spread abroad. Madame Victoire was not indifferent to good living, but she had the most religious scruples respecting dishes which it was allowable for her to eat of at penitential times. I saw her one day exceedingly

1 Since Madame Campan relates this anecdote, we will not dispute its authenticity; but it seems to agree but little with the pious sentiments and reserved manners of Louis XVI.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

tormented by her doubts about a water-fowl, a dish which was often served up to her during Lent. The question to be irrevocably determined was whether it was fish or flesh. She consulted a bishop who happened to be of the party; the prelate immediately assumed a decided tone of voice and the grave attitude of a judge in the highest court of appeal. He answered the Princess that it had been resolved that, in a similar case of doubt, after dressing the bird, it should be pricked over a very cold silver dish; that if the gravy of the animal congealed within a quarter of an hour, the creature was to be accounted flesh; but if the gravy remained in an oily state, it might be eaten at all times without scruple. Madame Victoire immediately made the experiment—the gravy did not congeal; and this was a source of great joy to the Princess, who was very partial to that sort of game. The abstinence which so much occupied the attention of Madame Victoire was so disagreeable to her that she listened with impatience for the striking of the midnight hour of Holy Saturday; and then she was immediately supplied with a good dish of fowl and rice, and sundry other succulent viands. She confessed, with such amiable candour, her taste for good cheer and the comforts of life, that one must have been as severe in principle as insensible to the excellent qualities of the Princess to blame her for it.

Madame Adelaide had more talents than Madame Victoire, but she was altogether deficient in that kindness which alone creates affection for the great; abrupt manners, a harsh voice, and a short way of speaking rendered her more than imposing. She carried the

idea of the prerogative of rank to a high pitch. One of her chaplains was unlucky enough to say *Dominus vobiscum* with rather too easy an air; the Princess rated him soundly for it after Mass, and told him to remember that he was not a bishop, and not to think again of officiating in the style of a prelate.

The ladies lived quite separate from the King. Since the death of Madame de Pompadour he had lived alone. The enemies of the Duke de Choiseul did not know in what society, nor through what channel, they could prepare and bring about the downfall of the man who stood in their way. The King was connected only with women of so low a class that they could not be made use of for any regular intrigue; moreover, the Parc-aux-Cerfs was a seraglio, the beauties of which were often changed;[1] it was desirable to give the King a mistress who might form a circle round her, and in whose drawing-room, through the power of daily insinuations, the long-standing attachment of the King for the Duke de Choiseul might be overcome. It is true that Madame du Barry was selected from a class sufficiently low. Her origin, her education, her habits, and everything about her, bore a vulgar and shameful character; but by marrying her to a man who dated his nobility from 1400, it was thought scandal would be avoided. The conqueror of Mahon conducted this vile intrigue.[2] Such

1 Details respecting the Parc-aux-Cerfs will be found amongst the *Anecdotes and Recollections*.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

2 It appeared at this period as if every feeling of dignity was lost. "Few noblemen of the French Court," says a writer of the time, "preserved themselves from the general corruption. The Marshal de Brissac was one of the latter. He was bantered on the strictness of his principles of honour and honesty; it was

a mistress was judiciously selected for the diversion of the latter years of a man weary of grandeur, fatigued with pleasure and cloyed with voluptuousness. Neither the wit, the talents, the graces of the Marchioness de Pompadour, her regular beauty, nor even her love for the King, would have had any further influence over that worn-out being.

He wanted a Roxalana of familiar gaiety, without any respect for the dignity of the sovereign. Madame du Barry one day so far forgot propriety as to desire to be present at a council of state; the King was weak enough to consent to it; there she remained, ridiculously perched up on the arm of his chair, playing off all sorts of childish monkey-tricks, calculated to please an old sultan.

Another time she snatched a packet of sealed letters from the King's hand; among them she had observed one from Count de Broglie; she told the King that she knew that vile Broglie spoke ill of her to him, and that for that once, at least, she would make sure he should read nothing respecting her. The King wanted to get the packet again; she resisted, and made him run two or three times round the table, which was in the middle of the council-chamber, and at length, passing the fire-place, she threw the letters into the grate, where they were consumed. The King became furious; he seized his

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thought strange that he should be offended at being thought, like so many others, exposed to hymeneal disgrace. Louis XV., who was present, and laughed at his angry fit, said to him, 'Come, M. de Brissac, don't be angry; 'tis but a trifling evil; take courage.' 'Sire,' replied M. de Brissac, 'I possess all kinds of courage, except that which can brave shame.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

audacious mistress by the arm, and put her out of the door without speaking to her. Madame du Barry thought herself utterly disgraced; she returned home, and remained two hours, alone, abandoned to the utmost distress. The King went to her: the countess, in tears, threw herself at his feet, and he pardoned her.

Madame la Marechale de Beauvau, the Duchess de Choiseul, and the Duchess de Grammont had renounced the honour of the King's intimate acquaintance rather than share it with Madame du Barry. But a few years after the death of Louis XV., Madame la Marechale, being alone at the Val, a house belonging to M. de Beauvau, Mademoiselle de Dillon saw the Countess's calash take shelter in the forest of St. Germain during a violent storm. She invited her in, and the Countess herself related these particulars, which I had from Madame de Beauvau.[1]

The Count du Barry, surnamed "Le Roué" (the profligate), and Mademoiselle du Barry advised, or rather prompted Madame du Barry in furtherance of the plans of the party of the Marshal de Richelieu and the Duke d'Aiguillon. Sometimes they set her

1 Chamfort relates differently Madame du Barry's visit to the Val. "Madame du Barry," says he, "being at Vincennes, was curious to see the Val. Madame de Beauvau was amused at the idea of going there and doing the honours. She talked of what happened under Louis XV. Madame du Barry was complaining of various matters, which appeared to show that she was personally detested. 'By no means,' said Madame de Beauvau, 'we aimed at nothing but your place.' After this frank confession, Madame du Barry was asked if Louis XV. did not say a great deal against her (Madame de Beauvau) and Madame de Grammont. 'Oh! a great deal.' 'Well, and what of me, for instance?' 'Of you, madam? That you are haughty and intriguing, and that you lead your husband by the nose.' M. de Beauvau was present. The conversation was soon changed." —NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

to act even in such a way as to have a useful influence upon great political measures. Under pretence that the page who accompanied Charles I. in his flight was a Du Barry or Barrymore, they persuaded the Countess du Barry to buy in London that fine portrait which we now have in the museum. She had the picture placed in her drawing-room, and when she saw the King hesitating upon the violent measure of breaking up his parliament, and forming that which was called the Maupeou parliament, she desired him to look at the portrait of a king who had given way to his parliament.

The men of ambition who were labouring to overthrow the Duke de Choiseul strengthened themselves by their concentration at the house of the favourite, and succeeded in their project. The bigots, who never forgave that minister the suppression of the Jesuits, and who had always been hostile to a treaty of alliance with Austria, influenced the minds of the Princesses. The Duke de la Vauguyon, the young Dauphin's governor, inspired him with the same prejudices.

Such was the state of the public mind when the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette arrived at the Court of Versailles, just at the moment when the party which brought her was about to be overcome.[1]

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1 See *Historical Illustrations* (A) at end of Volume for an account which explains the strength, means, projects and hopes of the two parties which divided the Court of Louis XV. at that period.

Those historical pieces are divided into two classes. Those which Madame Campan herself had collected or arranged will be marked by numbers. We shall continue to denote the documents we have collected by capital letters.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Madame Adelaide openly avowed her dislike to a princess of the House of Austria; and when M. Campan went to receive his orders, at the moment of setting off with the household of the Dauphiness, to go and receive the Archduchess upon the frontiers, she said she disapproved of the marriage of her nephew with an archduchess, and that if she had had direction of the affair she would not have sent for an Austrian.

CHAPTER II

Birth of Marie Antoinette attended by a memorable calamity—A feature of Maria Theresa's character—Education of the Archduchesses—Preceptors provided for Marie Antoinette by the Court of Vienna—Preceptor sent her by the Court of France—Abbé de Vermond—Change in the French Ministry—Cardinal de Rohan succeeds Baron de Breteuil as Ambassador at Vienna—Portrait of that Prelate.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE-JOSEPHE-JEANNE DE LORRAINE, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Francis de Lorraine and Maria Theresa, was born on the 2nd of November, 1755, the day of the earthquake of Lisbon; and this catastrophe, which appeared to stamp the era of her birth with a fatal mark, without forming a motive for superstitious fear with the Princess, nevertheless made an impression upon her mind. As the Empress already had a great number of daughters, she ardently desired to have another son, and playfully wagered against her wish with the Duke de Parouka, who had insisted that she would give birth to an archduke. He lost by the birth of the Princess, and had executed in porcelain a figure with one knee bent on the earth, and presenting tablets, upon which the following lines by the celebrated Metastasio were engraved:

"Io perdei: l' augusta figlia
A pagar, m' a condannato;
Ma s' è ver che a voi somiglia,
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato."[1]

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1 "I lost: the noble girl has condemned me to pay: but if it is true that she is like you, all the world has gained."

The Queen was fond of talking of the first years of her youth. Her father, the Emperor Francis, had made a deep impression upon her heart; she lost him when she was scarcely seven years old. One of those circumstances which fix themselves strongly in the memories of children, frequently recalled his last caresses to her. The Emperor was setting out for Inspruck; he had already left his palace, when he ordered a gentleman to fetch the Archduchess Marie Antoinette and bring her to his carriage. When she came, he stretched out his arms to receive her, and said, after having pressed her to his bosom, "I wished to embrace this child once more." The Emperor died suddenly during the journey, and never saw his beloved daughter again.

The Queen often spoke of her mother, and with profound respect, but she formed all her schemes for the education of her children by the essentials which had been neglected in her own. Maria Theresa, who inspired awe by her great qualities, taught the Archduchesses to fear and respect rather than to love her, at least I observed it in the Queen's feelings towards her august mother. She, therefore, never desired to place between her own children and herself that distance which had existed in the Imperial family. She cited a fatal consequence of it, which had made upon her such a powerful impression as time had never been able to efface. The wife of the Emperor Joseph II. was taken from him in a few days by an attack of small-pox of the worst kind. Her coffin had recently been deposited in the vault of the Imperial family. The Archduchess Josepha, who had been betrothed to the

King of Naples, at the instant she was quitting Vienna received an order from the Empress not to set off without having offered up a prayer in the vault of her forefathers. The Archduchess, persuaded that she should take the disorder to which her sister-in-law had just fallen a victim, looked upon this order as her death-warrant. She loved the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette tenderly; she took her upon her knees, embraced her with tears, and told her she was about to leave her, not for Naples, but never to see her again; that she was then going down to the tomb of her ancestors, and that she should shortly go again, there to remain. Her anticipation was realized; a confluent small-pox carried her off in a very few days, and her youngest sister ascended the throne of Naples in her place.

The Empress was too much taken up with high political interests to have it in her power to devote herself to maternal attentions. The celebrated Van Swieten, her physician, went daily to visit the young Imperial family, and afterwards to Maria Theresa, and gave the most minute details respecting the health of the Archdukes and Archduchesses, whom she herself sometimes did not see for eight or ten days at a time. As soon as the arrival of a stranger of rank at Vienna was made known, the Empress collected her family about her, admitted them to her table, and by this concerted meeting induced a belief that she herself presided over the education of her children.

The chief governesses being under no fear of inspection from Maria Theresa, aimed at making themselves beloved by their pupils by the common and blamable

practice of indulgence, so fatal to the future progress and happiness of infancy. Marie Antoinette was the cause of her governess being dismissed, through a confession that all her copies and all her letters were invariably first traced out with pencil; the Countess de Brandes was appointed to succeed her, and fulfilled her duties with great exactness and talent. The Queen looked upon her having been confided to her care so late, as a misfortune, and always continued upon terms of friendship with that lady. The education of Marie Antoinette was certainly very much neglected.[1] The public prints, however, teemed with assertions of the superior talents of Maria Theresa's children. They often noticed the answers which the young Princesses gave in Latin to the harangues addressed to them; they uttered them, it is true, but without understanding them; they knew not a single word of that language.

Mention was one day made to the Queen of a drawing made by her, and presented by the Empress to M. Gerard, Chief Secretary of Foreign Affairs, on the occasion of his going to Vienna to draw up the articles for her marriage-contract. "I should blush," said she, "if that proof of the quackery of my education were shown to me. I do not believe that I ever put a pencil upon that drawing." However, what had been taught her she knew perfectly well. Her facility of learning was inconceivable, and if all her teachers

1 With the exception of the Italian language, all that related to *belles lettres*, and particularly to history, even that of her own country, was almost entirely unknown to her. This was soon found out at the Court of France, and thence arose the generally received opinion that she was deficient in sense. It will be seen, in the course of these Memoirs, whether that opinion was well or ill founded.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

had been as well informed and as faithful to their duty as the Abbé Metastasio, who taught her Italian, she would have attained as great a proficiency in the other branches of her education. The Queen spoke that language with grace and ease, and translated the most difficult poets. She did not write French correctly, but she spoke it with the greatest fluency, and even affected to say she had lost the German. In fact, she attempted in 1787 to learn her mother-tongue, and took lessons assiduously for six weeks; she was obliged to relinquish them, finding all the difficulties which a Frenchwoman who should take up the study too late would have to encounter. In the same manner she gave up English, which I had taught her for some time, and in which she had made rapid progress. Music was the accomplishment in which the Queen most delighted. She did not play well on any instrument, but she had become able to read at sight like a first-rate professor. She had attained this degree of perfection in France, this branch of her education having been neglected at Vienna as much as the rest. A few days after her arrival at Versailles, she was introduced to her singing-master, La Garde, author of the opera of *Eglé*. She made a distant appointment with him, needing, as she said, rest after the fatigues of the journey and the numerous *fêtes* which had taken place at Versailles; but the motive was, a desire to conceal how ignorant she was of the rudiments of music. She asked M. Campan whether his son, who was a good musician, could give her lessons secretly for three months. "The Dauphiness," added she, smiling, "must be careful of the reputation of the Archduchess." The lessons were

given privately, and at the end of three months of constant application, she sent for M. la Garde, and surprised him by her skill.

The desire to perfect Marie Antoinette in the study of the French language was probably the motive which determined Maria Theresa to provide for her as teachers two French actors—Aufresne, for pronunciation and declamation; and one Sainville, for taste in French singing; the latter had been an officer in France, and bore a bad character. The choice gave just umbrage to our Court. The Marquis de Durfort, then Ambassador at Vienna, was ordered to make a representation to the Empress upon her selection. The two actors were dismissed, and that Princess required that an ecclesiastic should be sent to her. It was at that period that the Duke de Choiseul was solicitous to send her a preceptor. Several eminent ecclesiastics declined taking upon themselves so delicate an office; others who were pointed out by Maria Theresa (among the rest the Abbé Grisel) belonged to parties which sufficed to exclude them.

The Archbishop of Toulouse, since Archbishop of Sens, one day went to the Duke de Choiseul, at the moment when he was really embarrassed upon the subject of this nomination; he proposed to him the Abbé de Vermond, librarian of the College des Quatre Nations. The advantageous manner in which he spoke of his *protégé* procured the appointment for the latter on that very day; and the gratitude of the Abbé de Vermond towards the prelate was very fatal to France, inasmuch as after seventeen years of persevering attempts to bring him into the Ministry, he succeeded

at last in getting him named Comptroller-General and President of the Council.

This Abbé de Vermond, of whom, because his powers always remained in the shade, historians say but little, directed almost all the Queen's actions. He had established his influence over her at an age when impressions are the most durable; and it was easy to see that he had only endeavoured to render himself beloved by his pupil, and had troubled himself very little with the care of instructing her. He might have even been accused of having, by a sharp-sighted though culpable policy, left her in ignorance. Marie Antoinette spoke the French language with much grace, but wrote it less perfectly. The Abbé de Vermond revised all the letters which she sent to Vienna. The insupportable folly with which he boasted of it developed the character of a man more flattered at being admitted into her confidence than anxious to fulfil the high office of her preceptor with propriety.

His pride received its birth at Vienna, where Maria Theresa, as much to give him authority with the Archduchess as to make herself mistress of his character, permitted him to mix every evening with the private circle of her family, into which the future Dauphiness had been admitted for some time. Joseph II., the elder Archduchesses, and a few noblemen honoured by the confidence of Maria Theresa, composed the party; and all that could be expected from persons of exalted rank in reflections on the world, on courts, and the duties of princes, were the usual topics of conversation. The Abbé de Vermond, in relating these particulars, confessed the means which

he had made use of to gain admission into this private circle. The Empress, meeting with him at the Archduchess's, asked him if he had formed any connections in Vienna. "None, madam," replied he; "the apartment of the Archduchess and the hotel of the Ambassador of France are the only places which the man honoured with the care of the Princess's education should frequent." A month afterwards, Maria Theresa, through a habit common enough among Sovereigns, asked him the same question and received precisely the same answer. The next day he received an order to be with the Imperial family every evening.

It is extremely probable, from the constant and well-known intercourse between this man and Count Mercy, Ambassador of the Empire during the whole reign of Louis XVI., that he was useful to the Court of Vienna,[1] and that he often caused the Queen to decide on measures, the consequences of which she did not consider. Sprung from a low class of citizens,[2] imbued with all the principles of the modern philosophy, and yet holding to the hierarchy of the Church more tenaciously than any other ecclesiastic, vain, talkative, and, at the same time, cunning and abrupt, very ugly, and affecting singularity, treating the most exalted persons as his equals, sometimes even as his

1 A person who had dined with the Abbé one day at the Count de Mercy's, said to that Ambassador, "How can you bear that tiresome proser?" "How can you ask it?" replied M. de Mercy; "you could answer the question yourself: it is because I want him."—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 The Abbé de Vermond was the son of a village surgeon, and brother of an accoucheur, who had acted in that capacity for the Queen. When he was with Her Majesty, in speaking to his brother, he never addressed him otherwise than as Monsieur l'Accoucheur.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

inferiors, the Abbé de Vermond received ministers and bishops when in his bath; but said at the same time that Cardinal Dubois was a fool; that a man such as he, having obtained power, ought to make cardinals and refuse to be one himself.

Intoxicated with the reception he had met with at the Court of Vienna, and having till then seen nothing of grandeur, the Abbé de Vermond admired and valued no other customs than those of the Imperial family; he ridiculed the etiquette of the House of Bourbon incessantly; the young Dauphiness was constantly incited by his sarcasms to get rid of it, and it was he who first induced her to suppress an infinity of practices of which he could discern neither the prudence nor the political aim. Such is the faithful portrait of that man whom the unlucky star of Marie Antoinette had reserved to guide her first steps upon a stage so conspicuous and so full of danger as that of the Court of Versailles.

It will be thought, perhaps, that I draw the character of the Abbé de Vermond too unfavourably; but how can I view with any complacency one who, after having arrogated to himself the office of confidant and sole counsellor of the Queen, guided her with so little prudence, and caused us the mortification of seeing that Princess blend, with qualities which charmed all that surrounded her, errors alike injurious to her reputation and her happiness? When a man voluntarily takes upon himself duties so important, complete success alone can justify his ambition.

While M. de Choiseul, satisfied with the person whom M. de Brienne had presented, sent him to

Vienna with every eulogium calculated to inspire unbounded confidence, the Marquis de Durfort sent off a *valet de chambre* and a few French fashions; and then it was thought sufficient pains had been taken to form the character of a princess destined to the throne of France.

It is universally known that the marriage of the Dauphin with the Archduchess was determined upon during the administration of the Duke de Choiseul. The Marquis de Durfort, who was to succeed the Baron de Breteuil in the Embassy to Vienna, was appointed proxy for the marriage ceremony; but six months after the Dauphin's marriage the Duke de Choiseul was disgraced, and Madame de Marsan and Madame de Guéménée, who grew more powerful through the Duke's disgrace, conferred that Embassy upon Prince Louis de Rohan, afterwards Cardinal and Grand Almoner.

Hence it will be seen that the *Gazette de France* is a sufficient answer to those ignorant libellers who dared to assert that the young Archduchess was acquainted with the Cardinal de Rohan before the period of her marriage. A worse selection in itself, or one more disagreeable to Maria Theresa, than that which sent to her in quality of ambassador a man so light and so immoral as Prince Louis de Rohan, could not have been made. He possessed but superficial knowledge upon any subject, and was totally ignorant in diplomatic affairs. His reputation had gone before him to Vienna, and his mission opened under the most unfavourable auspices. In want of money, and the House of Rohan being unable to make

him any considerable advances, he obtained from his Court a patent which authorised him to borrow the sum of 600,000 livres upon his benefices, ran in debt above a million, and thought to dazzle the city and Court of Vienna by the most indecent, and at the same time the most ill-judged extravagance. He formed a suite of eight or ten gentlemen of names sufficiently high-sounding; twelve pages equally well born, a crowd of officers and servants, a company of chamber musicians, &c. But this idle pomp did not last; embarrassment and distress soon showed themselves; his people, no longer receiving pay, abused the privileges of ambassadors in order to make money, and smuggled[1] with so much effrontery, that Maria Theresa, to put a stop to it without offending the Court of France, was compelled to suppress the privileges in this respect of all the diplomatic bodies, a step which rendered the person and conduct of Prince Louis odious in every foreign Court. He seldom obtained private audiences from the Empress, who did not esteem him, and who expressed herself without reserve upon his conduct, both as a bishop and as an ambassador.[2] He thought to obtain favour by assisting

1 I have often heard the Queen say, that in the office of the secretary of the Prince de Rohan, there were sold in one year at Vienna more silk stockings than at Lyons and Paris together. —Note by Madame Campan.

2 This prelate, who was vain, light and extravagant, had with him, as counsellor and secretary to the Embassy, a man of ability, adroit, cunning, well-informed and industrious: he was a Jesuit. The Abbé Georgel enjoyed the full confidence of the Prince de Rohan, and deserved it for his devotion and talent. A singular and romantic occurrence, which he himself has related in the somewhat long but often interesting memoirs he has left behind him, opened to him the secrets of the Court of Vienna. This anecdote will be found among the *Illustrations;* it belongs to the history of an

in the attempt to effect a marriage between the Archduchess Elizabeth, the elder sister of Marie Antoinette, and Louis XV., an affair which was awkwardly undertaken, and which Madame du Barry had no difficulty in crushing. I have deemed it my duty to omit no particular of the moral and political character of a man whose existence was subsequently so fatal to the reputation of Marie Antoinette.

Embassy which, however Madame Campan may treat of it, was perhaps undignified, but was not without address nor success in that kind of silent and underhand war waged by diplomatists. (B.) We will add to it a paper (C) worth perusal, on account of the information it affords respecting the means formerly employed at Vienna, London, Paris, in all Courts, and particularly by Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, and Louis XV., for hiring intelligent spies, corrupting the fidelity of clerks, detecting ciphers, and violating the secrecy of letters: means disgraceful, but useful, which probity disdains, at which governments blush, no doubt, and which they would do better in not using.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III

Arrival of the Archduchess in France—Brilliant reception of the Dauphiness at Versailles—She charms Louis XV.—Madame du Barry's jealousy—Court intrigues—The Dauphin—His brothers and their wives.

A SUPERB pavilion had been prepared upon the frontiers, near Kehl; it consisted of a vast saloon connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the Court of Vienna, and the other to the suite of the Dauphiness, composed of the Countess de Noailles, her lady of honour; the Duchess de Cossé, her tire-woman; four ladies of the bed-chamber; the Count de Saulx-Tavannes, first gentleman-usher; the Count de Tessé, first equerry; the Bishop of Chartres, chief almoner; the officers of the body-guards and the pages.

When the Dauphiness had been entirely undressed, even to her body-linen and stockings, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign Court (an etiquette always observed on such an occasion), the doors were opened; the young Princess came forward, looking round for the Countess de Noailles; then, rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes and with a heart-felt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aërial deportment—her smile was

sufficient to win the heart; and in this enchanting being, in whom the splendour of French gaiety shone forth—an indescribable but august serenity—perhaps, also, the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars.

While doing justice to the virtues of the Countess de Noailles, those sincerely attached to the Queen have always considered it as one of the earliest misfortunes of the latter—perhaps even the greatest that she could experience on her entrance into the world—not to have found, in the person assigned her for an adviser, an indulgent, enlightened woman, administering good counsel with that sweetness which engages young persons to follow it. The Countess de Noailles had nothing agreeable in her appearance; her demeanour was stiff and her mien severe. She was perfect mistress of etiquette, but she wearied the young Princess with it, without making her sensible of its importance. So much ceremony was indeed oppressive; but it was adopted upon the expediency of presenting the young Princess to the French in such a manner as to command their respect, and especially of guarding her, by an imposing barrier, against the deadly shafts of calumny. It would have been proper to convince the Dauphiness that, in France, her dignity depended much upon customs by no means necessary at Vienna to attract the respect and love of the good and submisssive Austrians towards the Imperial family. The Dauphiness was thus perpetually tormented by the remonstrances of the Countess de Noailles, and, at the same time, prompted by the Abbé de Verdmont to ridicule both the lessons upon etiquette and

her who gave them. She preferred raillery to argument, and surnamed the Countess de Noailles "Madame l'Etiquette." This piece of humour gave rise to a presumption that as soon as the young Princess could follow her own inclinations, she would free herself from these formal customs.[1]

The entertainments which were given at Versailles on the marriage of the Dauphin were remarkably splendid. The Dauphiness arrived there in time for her toilette, after having slept at La Muette, where Louis XV. had been to receive her, and where that Prince, blinded by a feeling unworthy of a sovereign and the father of a family, caused the young Princess, the Royal family, and the ladies of the Court to sit down to supper with Madame du Barry.

The Dauphiness was hurt at this conduct; she

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1 The Countess de Noailles, the Queen's lady-of-honour, possessed abundance of good qualities; piety, charity and irreproachable morals rendered her worthy of reverence; but with all the frivolity which a narrow mind could add even to the noblest qualifications, the Countess was also abundantly provided. Etiquette was to her a kind of atmosphere: at the slightest derangement of the prescribed order of things, it might be imagined that she was on the point of being suffocated. The Queen required a lady-of-honour who would explain to her the origin of these forms—very inconvenient, it must be confessed, but invented as a fence against malevolence. The custom of having ladies-of-honour and gentlemen-ushers, and that of wearing hoops of three ells in circumference, was certainly invented to intrench all young princesses so respectably that the malicious gaiety of the French, their proneness to insinuations, and, too often, to calumny, should not by any possibility find an opportunity to attack them.

The Countess de Noailles was incessantly teasing the Queen with a thousand remonstrances, that she ought to have saluted this person in one way, and that person in another. All Paris knew that the Queen had named her "Madame l'Etiquette": according to their turn of mind, some approved of this nickname, and others condemned it; but all agreed that the young Queen was disposed to free herself from wearisome ceremonies.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

spoke of it openly enough to those with whom she was intimate, but she knew how to conceal her dissatisfaction in public, and her behaviour showed no signs of it.

She was received at Versailles in an apartment on the ground floor, under that of the late Queen, which was not prepared for her until six months after the day of her marriage.

The Dauphiness, then fifteen years of age, beaming with freshness, appeared to all eyes more than beautiful. Her walk partook at once of the noble character of the Princesses of her House and of the graces of the French; her eyes were mild, her smile lovely. When she went to chapel, as soon as she had taken the first few steps in the long gallery, she discerned, all the way to its extremity, those persons whom she ought to salute with the consideration due to their rank; those on whom she should bestow an inclination of the head; and lastly, those who were to be satisfied with a smile, while they read in her eyes a feeling of benevolence, calculated to console them for not being entitled to honours.

Louis XV. was enchanted with the young Dauphiness; all his conversation was about her graces, her vivacity, and the aptness of her repartees. She was yet more successful with the Royal family when they beheld her shorn of the splendour of the diamonds with which she had been adorned during the earliest days of her marriage. When clothed in a light dress of gauze or taffety, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis, and the Atalanta of the Marly Gardens. Poets sang her charms, painters attempted to copy her features.

An ingenious idea of one of the latter was rewarded by Louis XV. The painter's fancy had led him to place the portrait of Marie Antoinette in the heart of a full-blown rose.

The King continued to talk only of the Dauphiness; and Madame du Barry angrily endeavoured to damp his enthusiasm. Whenever Marie Antoinette was the topic, she pointed out the irregularity of her features, criticised the bon-mots quoted as hers, and railled the King upon his prepossession in her favour. Madame du Barry was affronted at not receiving from the Dauphiness those attentions to which she thought herself entitled; she did not conceal her vexation from the King; she was afraid that the grace and cheerfulness of the young Princess would make the domestic circle of the Royal family more agreeable to the old sovereign, and that he would escape her chains; at the same time hatred to the Choiseul party contributed powerfully to excite the enmity of the favourite.

It is known that the shameful elevation of Madame du Barry was the work of the anti-Choiseul party. The fall of that minister took place in November, 1770, six months after his long influence in the council had brought about the alliance with the House of Austria and the arrival of Marie Antoinette at the Court of France. The Princess, young, open, volatile and inexperienced, found herself without any other guide than the Abbé de Vermond, in a Court ruled by the enemy of the minister who had brought her there, and in the midst of people who hated Austria and detested an alliance with the Imperial House.

JEANNE VAUBERNIER, COMTESSE DU BARRY, IN THE STUDIO OF PAJOU

After the painting by Georges Cain

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The Duke d'Aiguillon, the Duke de la Vauguyon, the Marshal de Richelieu, the Rohans, and other considerable families, who had made use of Madame du Barry to overthrow the Duke, could not flatter themselves, notwithstanding their powerful intrigues, with a hope of being able to break off an alliance solemnly announced, and involving such high political interest. They therefore, without abandoning their projects, changed their mode of attack; and it will be seen how well the conduct of the Dauphin served as a basis for their hopes.

The Dauphiness continually gave proof of both sense and feeling. Sometimes even she suffered herself to be carried away by those transports of compassionate kindness which are not to be controlled either by rank or by the customs which it establishes.

In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis XV., which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the Dauphin and Dauphiness sent their whole income for the year to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion; but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke of it, weeping, to her ladies, when one of them thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with

watches and other valuables: "They have at least been well punished," added the person who related these particulars. "Oh, no! no, madam!" replied the Dauphiness, "they died by the side of honest people."

In passing through Rheims, on her way to Strasburg, she said, "That town is the one, of all France, which I hope not to see again for a long time."[1]

The Dauphiness had brought from Vienna a considerable number of white diamonds: the King added to them the gift of the diamonds and pearls of the late Dauphiness, and also put into her hands a collar of pearls, of a single row, the smallest of which was as large as a filbert, and which had been brought into France by Anne of Austria, and appropriated by that Princess to the use of the Queens and Dauphinesses of France.[2]

The three Princesses, daughters of Louis XV. joined in making her magnificent presents. Madame Adelaide at the same time gave the young Princess a key of the private corridors of the castle, by means of which, without any suite, and without being perceived, she could get to the apartment of her aunts and see them in private. The Dauphiness, on receiving the key, told them, with infinite grace, that if they had meant to make her appreciate the superb presents

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1 The coronation of the French Kings takes place in Rheims; so that when she should revisit that city, it would most probably be in consequence of the death of her father-in-law, Louis XV.

2 I mention this collar thus particularly because the Queen thought it her duty, notwithstanding this appropriation, to give it up to the commission of the National Assembly, when they came to strip the King and Queen of the Crown diamonds.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

they were kind enough to bestow upon her, they should not at the same time have offered her one of such inestimable value; for that to the key she should be indebted for an intimacy and advice unspeakably precious at her age. She did, indeed, make use of it very frequently; but Madame Victoire alone permitted her, as long as she continued Dauphiness, to visit her familiarly. Madame Adelaide could not overcome her prejudices against Austrian princesses, and was wearied with the somewhat obtrusive gaiety of the Dauphiness. Madame Victoire was concerned at this, feeling that their society and counsel would have been highly useful to a young person, otherwise likely to meet with none but parasites and flatterers. She endeavoured, therefore, to induce her to take pleasure in the society of the Marchioness de Durfort, her maid-of-honour and favourite. Several agreeable entertainments took place at the house of this lady, but the Countess de Noailles and the Abbé de Vermond soon opposed these meetings.

A circumstance which happened in hunting near the village of Acheres, in the forest of Fontainebleau, afforded the young Princess an opportunity of displaying her respect for old age, and her compassion for misfortune. A very old peasant was wounded by the stag; the Dauphiness jumped out of her calash, placed the peasant with his wife and children in it, had the family taken back to their cottage, and bestowed upon them every attention and every necessary assistance. Her heart was always open to the feelings of compassion; and, under such circumstances, the recollection of her rank never checked the effects of her sensibility.

Several persons in her service entered her room one evening, expecting to find nobody there but the officer in waiting; they perceived the young Princess seated by the side of this man, who was advanced in years; she had placed near him a bowl full of water; was staunching the blood which issued from a wound he had received in his hand with her handkerchief, which she had torn up to bind it, and was fulfilling towards him all the duties of a pious nun of the Order of Charity. The old man, affected even to tears, out of respect left his august mistress to act as she thought proper. He had hurt himself in endeavouring to bring forward some rather heavy piece of furniture which the Princess had asked him for.

In the month of July, 1770, an unfortunate occurrence that took place in a family which the Dauphiness honoured with her favour, contributed again to show not only her sensibility, but also the justness of her ideas. One of her women had a son who was an officer in the gendarmes of the guard; this young man thought himself affronted by a clerk in the War department, and imprudently sent him a formal challenge: he killed his adversary in the forest of Compiègne; the family of the young man who was killed, being in possession of the challenge, demanded justice. The King, distressed on account of several duels which had recently taken place, had unfortunately declared that he would show no mercy on the first event of that kind which could be proved; the culprit was therefore arrested. His mother, in all the agitation of the deepest grief, hastened to throw herself at the feet of the Dauphiness, the Dauphin and the young Princesses; after an hour's

supplication they obtained from the King the favour so much desired. On the next day, a lady of rank, who had certainly suffered herself to be prejudiced against the gendarme's mother, while congratulating the Dauphiness, had the malice to add that the mother had neglected no means of success on the occasion; that she had solicited not only the Royal family, but even Madame du Barry. The Dauphiness replied that the fact justified the favourable opinion she had formed of the worthy woman; that the heart of a mother should hesitate at nothing for the salvation of her son; and that in her place, if she had thought it would be serviceable, she would have thrown herself at the feet of Zamora.[1]

Some time after the marriage entertainments, the Dauphiness made her entry into Paris, and was received with transports of joy. After dining in the King's apartment at the Tuileries, she was forced, by the reiterated shouts of the multitude, with which the garden was filled, to present herself upon the balcony fronting the principal walk. On seeing such a crowd of heads with their eyes fixed upon her, she exclaimed, "Great God, what a concourse!" "Madam," said the old Duke de Brissac, Governor of Paris, "I may tell you, without fear of offending the Dauphin, that they are so many lovers."[2] The Dauphin took no umbrage

1 A little Indian who carried the Countess du Barry's train. Louis XV. often amused himself with the little marmoset; having facetiously made him Governor of Luciennes, he received an annual income of 5,000 francs.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 John Paul Timoleon de Cossé, Duke de Brissac and a Marshal of France, the same who made the noble reply cited in our note at pp. 15-16 of this volume. At the Courts of Louis XV. and XVI. he was a model of the virtue, gallantry and

at either acclamations or marks of homage of which the Dauphiness was the object. The most mortifying indifference, a coldness which frequently degenerated into rudeness, were the sole feelings which the young Prince then manifested towards her. Not all her charms could gain even upon his senses; he threw himself, as a matter of duty, upon the bed of the Dauphiness, and often fell asleep without saying a single word to her. This distance, which lasted a long time, was said to be the work of the Duke de la Vauguyon. The Dauphiness, in fact, had no sincere friends at Court, except the Duke de Choiseul and his party. Will it be credited that the plans laid against Marie Antoinette went so far as to aim at a divorce? I have been assured of it by persons holding high situations at Court, and many circumstances tend to confirm the opinion. On the journey to Fontainebleau, in the year of the marriage, the inspectors of public buildings were gained over to manage so that the apartment intended for the Dauphin, communicating with that of the Dauphiness, should not be finished; and a temporary apartment at the extremity of the building was assigned to him. The Dauphiness, aware that this was the result of intrigue, had the courage to complain of it to Louis XV., who, after severe reprimands, gave orders so positive that within the week the apartment was ready. Every method was tried to continue and augment the indifference which the Dauphin long manifested towards his youthful spouse. She was

courage of the ancient knights. Count de Charolais, finding him one day with his mistress, said to him abruptly, "Go out, sir." "My Lord," replied the Duke de Brissac, with emphasis, "your ancestors would have said, 'Come out.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

deeply hurt at it, but she never suffered herself to utter the slightest complaint on the subject. The Dauphin's indifference to, nay, his contempt for, the charms which she heard extolled on all sides, never induced her to break silence; and occasional tears, which would involuntarily burst from her eyes, were the sole symptoms of her inward sufferings discoverable by those in her service.

Once only, when tired out with the misplaced remonstrances of an old maid attached to her person, who wished to dissuade her from riding on horseback, under the impression that it would prevent her producing heirs to the Crown: "Mademoiselle," said she, "in God's name, do not tease me; be assured that I am putting no heir in danger."

I thought it my duty to portray, early in these Memoirs, the obscure, though ambitious man who guided Marie Antoinette from her infancy down to the fatal epoch of the Revolution.

I have given the character of the Dauphiness's maid-of-honour; I have noticed some particulars of the prejudice of Madame Adelaide, the eldest daughter of Louis XV., against the House of Austria; I have spoken of the great kindness of the second Princess, Madame Victoire, and of her affection for Marie Antoinette; and lastly, I have sketched the character of Madame Sophie, the King's third daughter, who did not afford to her niece, even to the extent which her sisters did, the useful resources of society.

The Dauphiness found at the Court of Louis XV., besides the three Princesses the King's daughters, the Princes also, brothers of the Dauphin, who were

receiving their education, and the Ladies Clotilde and Elizabeth, still in the care of Madame de Marsan, governess of the children of France. The elder of the two latter Princesses, in 1777, married the Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King of Sardinia. This Princess was in her infancy so extremely fat, that the people nicknamed her *gros Madame*.[1] The second Princess was the pious Elizabeth, the victim of her respect and tender attachment for the King her brother, and whose exalted virtues deserved a celestial crown.[2] She was

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1 Madame Clotilde of France, a sister of the King, was in fact extraordinarily fat for her height and age. One of her playfellows, having been indiscreet enough even in her presence to make use of the nickname given to her, immediately received a severe reprimand from the Countess de Marsan, who hinted to her that she would do well in not making her appearance again before the Princess. Madame Clotilde sent for her the next day: "My governess," said she, "has done her duty, and I will do mine; come and see us as usual, and think no more of a piece of inadvertency, which I myself have forgotten."

This Princess, so encumbered with body, possessed the most agreeable and playful wit. Her affability and prepossessing grace rendered her dear to all who came near her. A certain poet, whose mind was solely occupied with the prodigious size of Madame Clotilde, when it was determined that she should marry the Prince of Piedmont, composed the following stanza.

To understand the humour, or rather the meaning of it, it must be remembered that two Princesses of Savoy had just married two French Princes.

"Though we've only return'd *one* Princess for the *two*,
Who from Piedmont were sent us of late;
Yet surely no question or wrong can ensue,
Since the bargain's made up by her weight."

—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

2 Elizabeth Phillipine Marie Helene of France was born at Versailles on the 3rd of May, 1764. "Madame Elizabeth," says M. de la Salle, the author of a biographical article upon this interesting and unfortunate Princess, "had not, like Madame Clotilde, her sister, received from Nature that softness and flexibility of character which renders the practice of virtue easy; she evinced more than one mark of resemblance to the Duke of Burgundy, the pupil of Fénélon. Education and piety operated upon her as they did upon that Prince; good precepts, and the examples which surrounded her, adorned her with all good qualities, with all

still scarcely out of her leading-strings at the period of the Dauphin's marriage. The Dauphiness gave her a marked preference. The governess, who sought to advance that one of the two Princesses to whom Nature had been least favourable, was offended at the Dauphiness's partiality for Madame Elizabeth; and, by her injudicious complaints, weakened the friendship which yet subsisted between Madame Clotilde and Marie Antoinette. There even arose some degree of rivalship upon the subject of education; and that which the Empress Maria Theresa had bestowed upon her daughters was talked of openly and unfavourably enough. The Abbé de Vermond thought himself affronted, took a part in the quarrel, and added his complaints and jokes to those of the Dauphiness, upon the criticisms of the governess; he even indulged himself, in his turn, in reflections upon the tuition of Madame Clotilde. Everything transpires at Court. Madame de Marsan was informed of all that had been said in the Dauphiness's circle, and was very angry with her on account of it. From that moment, a party of intrigue, or rather of gossip, against Marie Antoinette was established round Madame de Marsan's fireside; her most trifling actions were there construed into ill; her gaiety and the harmless amusements in which she sometimes indulged in her own apartments, with the

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virtues, and left her nothing of her original inclinations, but amiable sensibility, lively impressions, and a firmness which seemed formed to meet the dreadful trials for which heaven reserved her."

We shall have occasion more than once in the course of these Memoirs, and the whole of this collection, to observe her constant friendship, her affecting resignation, her sublime self-devotion, and her angelic sweetness, to the very moment in which she manifested the calm and heroic courage of a martyr.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR

more youthful ladies of her train, and even with the women in her service, were stigmatised as criminal. Prince Louis de Rohan, sent Ambassador to Vienna by this society, was there the echo of these unmerited comments, and entangled himself in a series of culpable accusations, which he dignified with the name of zeal. He incessantly represented the young Dauphiness as alienating all hearts by levities unsuitable to the dignity of the French Court. The Princess frequently received from the Court of Vienna remonstrances, of the origin of which she could not long remain in ignorance. From this period the aversion which she never ceased to manifest for the Prince de Rohan must be dated.

About the same time the Dauphiness gained information of a letter written by Prince Louis to the Duke d'Aiguillon, in which the Ambassador expressed himself in very unbecoming terms respecting the intentions of Maria Theresa with relation to the partition of Poland. This letter of Prince Louis had been read at the Countess du Barry's; the levity of the Ambassador's correspondence wounded the feelings and the dignity of the Dauphiness at Versailles, while at Vienna the representations which he made to Maria Theresa against the young Princess terminated in rendering the motives of his incessant complaints suspected by the Empress.

Maria Theresa at length determined on sending her private secretary, Baron de Neni, to Versailles, with directions to observe the conduct of the Dauphiness with attention, and form a just estimate of the opinion of the Court, and of Paris, with regard to that Princess. The Baron de Neni, after having devoted sufficient time

and attention to the subject, undeceived his sovereign as to the exaggerations of the French Ambassador; and the Empress had no difficulty in detecting, among the calumnies which his effrontery had conveyed to her, under the specious name of anxiety for her august daughter, proofs of the enmity of a party which had never approved of the alliance of the House of Bourbon with her own.[1]

At this period, the Dauphiness, still unable to obtain any influence over the heart of her husband, dreading Louis XV., justly mistrusting everything connected with Madame du Barry and the Duke d'Aiguillon, had not deserved the slightest reproach as to that sort of levity which hatred and her misfortunes afterwards construed into crime. The Empress, convinced of the innocence of Marie Antoinette, directed the Baron de Neni to solicit the recall of the

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1 The Empress Maria Theresa knew very well which of the persons who composed the Court of Louis XV. were favourable, and which unfavourable, to Marie Antoinette. It is said that, at the moment of that Princess's departure for France, the Empress gave her the following note in her own handwriting:

List of persons of my acquaintance.

The Duke and Duchess de Choiseul.
The Duke and Duchess de Praslin.
Hautefort.
The Du Chatelets.
D'Estrées.
D'Aubeterre.
Count de Broglie.
The brothers De Montazet.
M. d'Aumont.
M. Gerard.
M. Blondel.
La Beauvau, a nun.
Her companion.
The Durforts.

To this last family you will take every opportunity of showing gratitude and attention.

The same to the Abbé de Vermond: I have the welfare of these

Prince de Rohan, and to inform the Minister for Foreign Affairs of all the motives which made her require it; but the House of Rohan interposed between its *protégé* and the Austrian envoy, and an evasive answer merely was given.

It was not until two months after the death of Louis XV. that the Court of Vienna obtained his recall. The avowed grounds for requiring it were, first, the public gallantries of Prince Louis with women of the Court and others of less distinction; secondly, his surliness and haughtiness towards other foreign ministers, which would have had more serious consequences, especially with the ministers of England and Denmark, if the Empress herself had not interfered; thirdly, his contempt for religion in a country where it was particularly necessary to show respect for it (he had

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persons at heart. My ambassador has orders to promote it. I shall be sorry to be the first to violate my own principle, which is to recommend nobody; but you and I owe too much to these persons, not to seek all opportunities of being serviceable to them if we can do it without too much *impegno*.

Consult with Mercy. I recommend to you in general all the Lorrains in whatever you can do for them.*

* Some details relative to this list will be found in the *Historical Illustrations* (letter D).

The existence of this list is not an impossibility. A curious fact related by the Abbé Georgel, in his Memoirs, makes it likely; but it must not be forgotten that Georgel, notwithstanding his apparent moderation, was one of the most dangerous enemies of Marie Antoinette. Of this we warn the reader.

Georgel, the secretary of the French Embassy in Austria, obtained by means of a mysterious unknown person, as may be observed in reading note (B), the most important secrets of the Court of Vienna.

"The masked man," says he, "one day placed in my hands two papers of secret instructions sent to Count de Mercy, for him to give personally to the Queen. The first for the King's inspection; the second for the Queen alone. The latter contained advice as to the method to be adopted for compensating for the King's inexperience, and for profiting by the facility of his character, to influence the government without appearing to interfere in it. The political lesson was given to Marie Antoinette with much art; she was led to feel that it was the surest way to render herself beloved by the French, whose happiness she might thereby secure; and at the same time cement the union of the two Houses of Austria and Bourbon."

What Georgel insinuates is obvious, and if the Court of Vienna be skilful in instruction, so is the Abbé in his hatred.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

been seen frequently to dress himself in clothes of different colours, assuming the hunting uniforms of various noblemen whom he visited, with so much publicity that, one day in particular, during the Fête Dieu, he and all his legation, in green uniforms, laced with gold, broke through a procession which impeded them, in order to make their way to a hunting-party at the Prince de Paar's); and fourthly, the immense debts contracted by him and his people, which were tardily and only in part discharged.[1]

The succeeding marriages of the Count de Provence and Count d'Artois, with two daughters of the King of Sardinia, increasing the number of Princesses of the same age as Marie Antoinette at Versailles, procured society for the Dauphiness more suitable to her age, and altered her mode of life. A pair of tolerably fine eyes obtained for the Countess de Provence, upon her arrival at Versailles, the only praises which could reasonably be bestowed upon her.

The Countess d'Artois, though not deformed, was very small; she had a fine complexion; her face, tolerably pleasing, was not remarkable for anything except the extreme length of her nose. But being good and generous, she was beloved by those about her, and even possessed some weight, as long as she was the only one who had produced heirs to the Crown.[2]

1 See *Historical Illustrations* (E) the details given by the Abbé Georgel, secretary to the Embassy to Vienna, on the recall of the Cardinal.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

2 "Madame d'Artois," says a work of that period, "has made her entry into Paris. The equipages were superb, and as tasteful as rich; she went, according to custom, to return thanks in the church of St. Genevieve. The Princess possesses a highly in-

From this time the closest intimacy subsisted between the three young families. They took their meals together, except only on those days when they dined in public. This manner of living *en famille* continued until the Queen sometimes indulged herself in going to dine with the Duchess de Polignac, when she was governess; but the evening meetings at supper were never interrupted; they took place at the house of the Countess de Provence. Madame Elizabeth made one of the party when she had finished her education, and sometimes Mesdames, the King's aunts, were invited. This custom, which had no precedent at Court, was the work of Marie Antoinette, and she maintained it with the utmost perseverance.

The Court of Versailles saw no change in point of etiquette during the reign of Louis XV. Play took place at the house of the Dauphiness, as being the first female of the State. It had, from the death of Queen Maria Leckzinska to the marriage of the Dauphin, been held at the abode of Madame Adelaide. This removal, the result of an order of precedence not to be violated, was not the less displeasing to Madame Adelaide, who established a separate party for play in her apartments, and scarcely ever went to that which not only the Court in general, but also the Royal Family, were expected to attend. The full-dress visits to the King on his *debotter* were still continued. High Mass was attended daily. The airings of the Princesses were nothing more than rapid races in berlins, during which they were accom-

teresting physiognomy, and her skin is extremely fair. She was beheld with that pleasure which arises from sympathy; on her side she appeared affected by the applause lavished upon her." ("Secret Correspondence of the Court.")—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

panied by body-guards, gentlemen-ushers, and pages on horseback. They generally galloped some leagues from Versailles. Calashes were used only in hunting.

The young Princesses were desirous to infuse animation into their circle of associates, by something useful as well as pleasant. They agreed to learn and perform all the best plays of the French theatre; the Dauphin was the only spectator; the three Princesses, the two brothers of the King, and Messrs. Campan, father and son, were the sole performers; but they made it of the utmost importance to keep this amusement as secret as an affair ot State; they dreaded the censure of the King's aunts; and they had no doubt that Louis XV. would forbid such pastimes if he knew of their existence. They selected a retired room, which nobody had occasion to enter, for their performance. A kind of proscenium, which could be taken down and shut up in a closet, formed the stage. The Count de Provence always knew his part provokingly well; the Count d'Artois knew his tolerably well, and recited elegantly; the Princesses performed very indifferently. The Dauphiness acquitted herself in some characters with discrimination and feeling. The chief pleasure of this amusement consisted in their having all the costumes elegant and accurate. The Dauphin entered into the spirit of the diversions of the young family, laughed heartily at the comic characters as they came on the scene, and from these amusements may be dated his discontinuance of the timid manner of his youth, and his taking pleasure in the society of the Dauphiness.

A wish to extend the list of pieces for performance, and the certainty that these diversions would remain

secret, had procured my father-in-law and my husband the honour of figuring among the Princes.

It was not till a long time afterwards that I learned these particulars, M. Campan having kept the secret; but an unforeseen event had well-nigh exposed the whole mystery. One day, the Queen desired M. Campan to go down into her closet to fetch something that she had forgotten; he was dressed for the character of Crispin, and was rouged; a private staircase led direct to the theatre through the dressing-room. M. Campan fancied he heard some noise, and remained still behind the door, which was shut. A servant belonging to the wardrobe, who was, in fact, on the staircase, had also heard some noise; and either from fear or curiosity, he suddenly opened the door; the figure of Crispin frightened him so that he fell down backwards, shouting with all his might, "Help! help!" My father-in-law raised him up, made him recognise his voice, and laid upon him an injunction of silence as to what he had seen. He felt himself, however, bound to inform the Dauphiness of what had happened; and she was fearful that another similar occurrence might betray their amusements: they were, therefore, discontinued.

The Princess occupied her time in her own apartment, in the study of music and the parts in plays which she had to learn; the latter exercise at least produced the beneficial effect of strengthening her memory and familiarising her with the French language.

The Abbé de Vermond visited her daily, but took care to avoid the imposing tone of a governor; and

would not, even as reader, recommend the study of history. I believe he never read a single volume of history in his life to his august pupil; and, in truth, there never existed a Princess who manifested a more marked aversion for all serious study.

While Louis XV. reigned, the enemies of Marie Antoinette made no attempt to change public opinion with regard to her. She was always the object of the wishes and love of the French people in general, and particularly of the inhabitants of Paris, who, being deprived of the pleasure of possessing her within their city, went at all opportunities to Versailles; the majority of them attracted solely by the pleasure of seeing her. The courtiers did not fully enter into the truly popular enthusiasm which the Dauphiness had inspired: the disgrace of the Duke de Choiseul had removed her real support from her; and the party which had continued in power since the exile of that minister, was, politically, as much opposed to her family as to herself. The Dauphiness was, therefore, surrounded by enemies at Versailles.

Nevertheless, everybody appeared outwardly desirous to please her. The age of Louis XV. and the character of the Dauphin were sufficient to warn the long-sighted sagacity of the courtiers of the important part reserved for the Princess under the following reign, in case the Dauphin should become attached to her.

CHAPTER IV

Death of Louis XV.—Picture of the Court—Madame du Barry dismissed—Departure of the Court to Choisy—M. de Maurepas minister—Influence of example upon the courtiers—Enthusiasm raised by the new reign—Mourning at La Muette—The Queen—The King and the Princes, his brothers, are inoculated—Stay at Marly—Calumnies against the Queen—Bœhmer, the jeweller—Mademoiselle Bertin—Changes of fashion—Simplicity of the Court of Vienna—Extreme temperance, decorum and modesty of Marie Antoinette.

About the beginning of May, 1774, Louis XV., the strength of whose constitution had promised a protracted life, was attacked by a confluent small-pox of the worst kind. The King's daughters at this juncture inspired the Dauphiness with a feeling of respect and attachment, of which she gave them repeated proofs when she ascended the throne. In fact, nothing could be more admirable or more affecting than the courage with which they braved that most horrible disease. The air of the palace was infected; more than fifty persons took the small-pox in consequence of having merely crossed the gallery of Versailles; and ten died of it.

The end of the monarch was approaching. His reign, peaceful in general, had preserved a degree of strength imparted to it by the power of his predecessor; on the other hand, his own weakness had been preparing misfortunes for the Prince who was to reign after him.

The scene was about to change; hope, ambition, joy, grief, and all those feelings which variously affected the hearts of the courtiers, sought in vain to disguise themselves under a calm exterior. It was easy to detect the different motives which induced them all, every moment, to repeat the question, "How is the King?" At length, on the 10th of May, 1774, the mortal career of Louis XV. terminated.[1]

The Countess du Barry had, a few days previously, withdrawn to Ruelle, to the Duke d'Aiguillon's; fourteen or fifteen persons belonging to the Court thought it their duty to visit her there; their liveries were observed; and these visits became for a long time grounds for dislike. More than six years after the King's death, one of those persons being spoken of in the circle of the Royal Family, I heard it remarked, "That was one of the fifteen Ruelle carriages."

The whole Court went to the castle; the bull's-eye

1 As soon as Louis XV. knew what was his disorder, he despaired of recovery. "I do not intend," said he, "that the scenes of Metz should be repeated;" and he ordered that Madame du Barry should be sent away. But the friends of the favourite had not yet given up the game. The two parties which divided the Court attacked each other warmly at the foot of the bed whereon Louis XV. was extended. They fought, it may be said, for the last sighs and doubtful commands of a dying man. Louis XV. had religious duties to perform. The moment for them, which one party was anxious to hasten, and the other had an interest in delaying, occasioned the most scandalous scenes. What the Abbé Soulavie says on this subject is, doubtless, not wholly true. For instance, it is difficult to attribute to the rigid Christophe de Beaumont any other motives than his strict principles, fervent piety, and the consciousness of the sacred obligations which he had to discharge. But, on the other hand, all is not false; and it is not to be doubted that Soulavie has related a considerable number of particulars correctly, when we compare his narrative, which we give in *Historical Illustrations* (F), with the picture of the same occurrences drawn by Baron de Besenval in his Memoirs.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

was filled with courtiers, and the whole palace with the inquisitive. The Dauphin had settled that he would leave it with the Royal Family the moment the King should breathe his last sigh. But upon such an occasion decency forbade that positive orders for departure should be passed from mouth to mouth. The keepers of the stables, therefore, agreed with the people who were in the King's room that the latter should place a lighted taper near a window, and that at the instant of the King's decease one of them should extinguish it.

The taper was extinguished. On this signal, the body-guards, pages and equerries, mounted on horseback, and all was ready for setting off. The Dauphin was with the Dauphiness. They were expecting together the intelligence of the death of Louis XV. A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment; it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead Sovereign's ante-chamber to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign; and, by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees, and, both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed, "O God! guide us, protect us, we are too young to govern."

The Countess de Noailles entered, and was the first to salute Marie Antoinette as Queen of France. She requested Their Majesties would condescend to quit the inner apartments for the grand saloon, to receive the Princes and all the great officers, who were desirous

to do homage to their new Sovereigns. Marie Antoinette received these first visits leaning upon her husband, her handkerchief held to her eyes, and in the most affecting attitude. The carriages drove up, the guards and officers were on horseback. The castle was deserted—everyone hastened to fly from a contagion, to brave which no inducement now remained.

On leaving the chamber of Louis XV., the Duke de Villequier, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, ordered M. Andouillé, the King's chief surgeon, to open the body and embalm it. The chief surgeon must necessarily have died in consequence. "I am ready," replied Andouillé; "but while I operate, you shall hold the head; your office imposes this duty upon you." The Duke went off without saying a word, and the corpse was neither opened nor embalmed. A few under-servants and poor women continued with the pestiferous remains, and paid the last duty to their master. The surgeons directed that spirits of wine should be poured into the coffin.

The whole of the Court set off for Choisy, at four o'clock — Mesdames the King's aunts in their private carriage, and the Princesses under tuition with the Countess de Marsan, and their sub-governesses. The King, the Queen, Monsieur the King's brother, Madame, and the Count and Countess d'Artois went in the same carriage. The solemn scene that had just passed before their eyes—the multiplied ideas offered to their imaginations by that which was just opening, had naturally inclined them to grief and reflection; but, by the Queen's own confession, this impression, little suited to their time of life, wholly left them before they had gone half

of their journey; a word, oddly pronounced by the Countess d'Artois, occasioned a general burst of laughter—and from that moment they dried their tears. The intercourse between Choisy and Paris became astonishing; never was a Court seen in greater agitation. What influence will the Royal aunts have? And the Queen? What fate is reserved for the Countess du Barry? Whom will the young King choose for his ministers? All these questions were answered in a few days. It was determined that the King's youth required him to have a confidential person near him; and that there should be a Prime Minister. All eyes were turned upon MM. de Machault and de Maurepas, both of them much advanced in years. The first had retired to his estate, near Paris; and the second to Pont Chartrain, to which place he had long been exiled. The letter summoning M. de Machault was already written, when Madame Adelaide obtained that important appointment for M. de Maurepas in preference. The page to whose care the first letter had been actually consigned was recalled.[1]

The Duke d'Aiguillon had been too openly known as the private friend of the King's mistress; he was dismissed. M. de Vergennes, at that time ambassador of France at Stockholm, was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs; Count du Muy, the intimate friend of the Dauphin the father of Louis XVI., obtained the War Department. The Abbé Terray in vain said, and wrote, that

1 This fact has been doubted; but I can assure the reader that Louis XVI. desired M. Campan to recall the page, whom he found ready to mount his horse, and whom he desired to come back again to return the letter to the King himself; and that the Queen said to my father-in-law: "If the letter had gone, M. de Machault

he had boldly done all possible injury to the creditors of the State during the reign of the late King; that order was restored in the finances, that nothing but good remained to be done; and that the new Court was about to enjoy the advantages of the regenerating part of his plan of finance. All these reasons, set forth in five or six memorials, which he sent in succession to the King and Queen, did not prevail to keep him in office. His talents were admitted, but the odium which his operations had unavoidably brought upon his character, combined with the immorality of his private life, forbade his further stay at Court: he was succeeded by M. de Clugny.[1]

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would have been Prime Minister; for the King would never have consented to write a second letter, in contradiction of his first intention." *—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

1 We find in a work of the time an anecdote upon the subject of the appointment of M. de Clugny, which we give without disputing it, though without taking upon ourselves to vouch for its veracity. "Speculators imagine they perceive in M. de Clugny's elevation the dawn of success for that party which is endeavouring to restore M. de Choiseul to the administration. It seems, however, that the efforts of the party will be unavailing. M. de Maurepas, who is informed of all that passes, has concerted with the King a plan for discovering the mainspring of the intrigue carrying on for the purpose of effecting his downfall. He went to Pont Chartrain, after forewarning the monarch of all the steps towards that object which might be taken in his absence. Twice a day did the mentor receive a courier from his master, who informed him of all that was done and said with the intention before alluded to. One day the King apprised him that an English newspaper had been brought to him, in which it was said that if the

* If we may credit a contemporary writer, the Abbé de Radonvilliers was not without influence in this latter determination. The secret motives which prompted the King's old preceptor may be seen in *Historical Illustrations* (G). Chamfort relates the following anecdote upon the subject of the nomination of the Count de Maurepas:

"It is a known fact that the King's letter, sent to M. de Maurepas, was written for M. de Machault. What particular interest changed this disposition is known; but that which is not known is, that M. de Maurepas stole, as it were, the place which it is supposed was offered to him. The King wished only to converse with him. At the end of the conversation, M. de Maurepas said to him: 'I will detail my ideas to-morrow at the council.' It is related, too, that at this conversation, he said to the King, 'Your Majesty then makes me Prime Minister?' 'No,' replied the King, 'I have no such intention.' 'I understand,' said M. de Maurepas; 'Your Majesty wishes I should teach you to do without one.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR

De Maupeou, the Chancellor, was banished; this gave universal satisfaction; lastly, the reassembling of the Parliaments produced the strongest sensation: Paris was in a delirium of joy, and not more than one person in a hundred foresaw that the spirit of the ancient magistracy would be still the same, and that in a short time it would make new attempts upon the Royal authority. Madame du Barry had been ordered to retire to Pont-aux-dames. This was a measure rather of necessity than of severity; a short period of compulsory retreat was requisite in order to break off her connection with State affairs completely.

The possession of Luciennes and a considerable pension were continued to her.[1] Everybody expected the recall of M. de Choiseul; the regret occasioned by his absence among the numerous friends whom

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Duke de Choiseul were named Prime Minister—as it appeared he would be—France would become more powerful alone than all the Powers of Europe combined. On the day of M. de Maurepas's return, the King said before the whole Court, 'I understand that M. de Choiseul is in Paris; why is he not at Chanteloup? For any man who is fortunate enough to possess an estate, this is the season for enjoying it.' All the Duke's friends were dumb, and the next day he himself left Paris." ("Secret Correspondence of the Court," vol. iii., p. 10).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 The Countess du Barry never forgot the mild treatment she experienced from the Court of Louis XVI. During the most violent convulsion of the Revolution, she signified to the Queen that there was not in all France a female more grieved at the sufferings of her Sovereign than herself; that the honour she had for years enjoyed, of living near the throne, and the unbounded kindness of the King and Queen, had so sincerely attached her to the cause of Royalty that she entreated the Queen to honour her by disposing of all she possessed. Though they did not accept her offer, Their Majesties were affected at her gratitude. The Countess du Barry was, as is well known, one of the victims of the Revolution. She betrayed the lowest degree of weakness and the most ardent desire to live. She was the only woman who wept upon the scaffold and implored for mercy. Her beauty and tears made an impression on the populace, and the execution was hurried to a conclusion.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

he had left at Court, the attachment of a young Princess, who was indebted to him for her elevation to the throne of France, and all concurring circumstances, seemed to foretell his return; the Queen entreated it of the King with the liveliest importunities, but she met with an insurmountable obstacle, and one which she had not foreseen. The King, it is said, had imbibed the strongest prejudices against that minister[1] from secret memoirs penned by his father, and which had been committed to the care of the Duke de la Vauguyon, with an injunction to place them in his hands as soon as he should be old enough to study the art of governing.[2] It was by these memoirs that the esteem which he had conceived for Marshal du Muy was inspired, and we may add that Madame Adelaide, who at this early period possessed a powerful influence over the decisions of the young monarch, confirmed the impressions they had made.

The Queen conversed with M. Campan on the regret she felt at having been unable to contribute to the recall of M. de Choiseul, and disclosed the

1 These prejudices did not arise from the pretended crime of which slander had accused this minister, but principally from the suppression of the Jesuits, in which he had, in fact, taken an active part.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 It would be difficult to raise a doubt about the existence of these memoirs, or, rather, these instructions, drawn up by the Dauphin for the guidance of his children. That Prince was surrounded by men whose character he had studied, whose principles he approved, and whose attachment he had ascertained; it appears natural in him to have recommended them to his successor. One writer asserts that he had the list of them in his possession. We give it with the notes accompanying it, and which will probably be received as true when read with a recollection of the progress made by several of the persons to whom they relate, in the confidence, and at the Court, of Louis XVI. See *Historical Illustrations* (H).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

cause of it to him. The Abbé de Vermond, who, down to the time of the death of Louis XV., had been on terms of the strictest friendship with M. Campan, called upon him on the second day after the arrival of the Court at Choisy, and, assuming a serious and austere air, said: "Sir, the Queen was indiscreet enough yesterday to speak to you of a minister to whom she must, of course, be attached, and whom his friends ardently desire to have near her. You are aware that we must give up all expectation of seeing the Duke at Court—you know the reasons why; but you do not know that the young Queen, having mentioned the conversation in question to me, it was my duty, both as her preceptor and her friend, to remonstrate most sharply with her on her indiscretion in communicating to you those particulars of which you are in possession. I am now come to tell you that if you continue to avail yourself of the good nature of your mistress, to intrude yourself into secrets of State, you will have me for your most determined enemy. The Queen ought to have no other confidant than myself here respecting things that ought to remain secret."[1] M. Campan answered that he did not covet the important and dangerous character at the new Court which the abbé appropriated to himself, and that he should confine himself to the duties of his office, being so satisfied with the continued kindness with which the Queen

1 The Abbé de Vermond was not blamable for preventing the Queen's talking to one of the officers of her household about matters of importance, but he was so for saying that he himself ought to be the depositary of the most momentous secrets.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

honoured him as to desire nothing more. Notwithstanding this, however, he informed the Queen on the very same evening of the injunction he had received. She owned that she had mentioned their conversation to the abbé; that he had, indeed, seriously reproved her in order to make her feel the necessity of being secret in concerns of business; and she added: "The abbé cannot like you, my dear Campan; he did not expect that I should, on my arrival in France, find in my household a man who would suit me so exactly as you have done.[1] I know that he has taken umbrage at it—that is enough. I know, too, that you are incapable of attempting anything to injure him in my esteem—an attempt which would, besides, be vain, for I have been too long attached to him. As to yourself, be tranquil with

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1 The Abbé de Vermond was, indeed, not aware that the young Princess would find in her household a well-informed man, capable of amusing her by interesting and lively anecdotes of the Courts of Louis XV., the Regent, and even of Louis XIV. The abbé had taken pains at Vienna to prepossess the Dauphiness against M. Moreau, an aged advocate in the councils and historiographer of France, whose talents had promoted him to the office of librarian to her. On the day after the arrival of the Dauphiness at Versailles, the Countess de Noailles asked her what orders she had to give for M. Moreau. She replied that the only order she had for him was to give up the key of her library to M. Campan, whom she installed into his office; adding that he might retain the title which the King had conferred upon him, but that she did not accept of his services. Her *dame d'honneur* exclaimed against this determination, and spoke very highly of M. Moreau's talents, but the Princess was so prejudiced against him that she insisted upon the execution of her order, and added that she would speak to the King about the matter; that she knew M. Moreau's abilities to be almost too considerable, and that she desired to have no people about her but those on whom she could rely. The historiographer and librarian never more appeared before the Queen. It is probable that the Dauphiness had been informed of the connection of M. Moreau with the Duke d'Aiguillon and some members of that minister's party.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

regard to the abbé's hostility, which shall never in any way hurt you. We run no risk of doing unjust actions, except when the persons about us possess the treacherous art of disguising the motives of hatred or ambition by which they are prompted."

The Abbé de Vermond, having secured himself the office of sole confidant to the Queen, was nevertheless agitated whenever he saw the young monarch. The latter could not be ignorant that the abbé had been promoted by the Duke de Choiseul, and was believed to favour the Encyclopædists, against whom Louis XVI. entertained a latent prejudice, although he suffered them to gain so great an ascendency during his reign. The abbé therefore guessed that he could not stand very well with the King. He had, moreover, observed that never, while Dauphin, had that Prince addressed a single word to him, and that he very frequently answered him with a shrug of the shoulders. He therefore determined on writing to Louis XVI., and intimated that he owed his situation at Court solely to the confidence with which the late King had honoured him, and that habits contracted during the Queen's education placing him continually in the closest intimacy with her, he could not enjoy the honour of remaining near Her Majesty without the King's consent. Louis XVI. sent back his letter, after writing upon it these words: "I permit the Abbé de Vermond to continue his office about the Queen."

Although, at the period of his grandfather's death, Louis XVI. had not availed himself of his marital privilege, he began to be exceedingly attached to

the Queen. The first period of so deep a mourning not permitting of indulgence in the diversion of hunting, he proposed to her walks in the gardens of Choisy. They went out like man and wife, the young King giving his arm to the Queen, and accompanied by a very small suite. The influence of this example had such an effect upon the courtiers that the next day several couples who had long, and for good reasons, been disunited, were, to the amusement of the whole Court, seen walking upon the terrace with the same apparent conjugal intimacy. Thus they spent whole hours, braving the intolerable wearisomeness of their protracted *tête-à-têtes* out of mere obsequiousness.

The self-devotion of Mesdames for the King their father, throughout his dreadful malady, had produced that effect upon their health which was generally apprehended. On the fourth day after their arrival at Choisy, the three Princesses were attacked by pains in the head and chest, which left no doubt as to the danger of their situation. It became necessary instantly to send away the young Royal Family, and the Château de la Muette, in the Bois de Boulogne, was selected for their reception. Their arrival at their residence, which was very near Paris, drew so great a concourse of people into its neighbourhood that even at daybreak the crowd had begun to assemble round the gates. Shouts of "Vive le Roi!" continued with scarcely a moment's interruption from six o'clock in the morning until sunset. The hopes to which a new reign gives birth, and the unpopularity which the late King had drawn

upon himself during his latter years, occasioned all these transports of joy.

A fashionable jeweller made a fortune by the sale of mourning snuff-boxes, whereon the portrait of the young Queen, in a black frame of shagreen, admitted of the following pun: "Comfort in chagrin." All the fashions and every part of dress received names significant of the spirit of the moment. The symbols of abundance were everywhere represented, and the head-dresses of the ladies were surrounded by ears of wheat. Poets hailed the new monarch; all hearts, or, rather, all heads, in France were filled with unexampled enthusiasm. Never did the commencement of any reign excite more unanimous testimonials of love and attachment. It must be observed, however, that amidst all this intoxication the anti-Austrian party never lost sight of the young Queen, but, with the malicious desire to injure her, watched for such errors as might be expected to arise out of her youth and inexperience.

Their Majesties had to receive, at La Muette, the mourning visits of the ladies who had been presented at Court, who all felt themselves called on to pay homage to the new Sovereigns. Old and young hastened to present themselves on the day of general reception. Little black bonnets with great wings, old shaking heads, low curtesies, keeping time with the motions of the head, made, it must be admitted, a few venerable dowagers appear somewhat ridiculous; but the Queen, who possessed much dignity and a high respect for propriety, was not guilty of the grievous sin of forgetting the decorum

she was bound to observe. An indiscreet piece of drollery of one of the ladies of the palace, however, drew on her the imputation of having done so. The Marchioness de Clermont-Tonnerre, whose office required that she should continue standing behind the Queen, fatigued by the length of the ceremony, found it more convenient to seat herself upon the floor, concealing herself behind the fence formed by the hoops of the Queen and the ladies of the palace. Thus seated, and wishing to attract attention and to appear lively, she twitched the dresses of those ladies, and played off a thousand other tricks. The contrast of these childish pranks with the gloom which reigned over the rest of the Queen's chamber disconcerted Her Majesty several times. She placed her fan before her face to hide an involuntary smile, and the Areopagus of old ladies pronounced that the young Queen had derided all the respectable persons who were pressing forward to pay their homage to her; that she liked none but the young; that she was deficient in every point of decorum; and that not one of them would attend her Court again. The epithet *moqueuse* was applied to her; and there is not an epithet less favourably received in the world.

The next day a very ill-natured song was circulated; the seal of the party to which it was attributable might easily be seen upon it. I remember none of it but the following chorus:

"Little Queen, you must not be
So saucy with your twenty years;
Your ill-used courtiers soon will see
You pass, once more, the barriers."

The errors of the great, or those which ill-nature chooses to impute to them, circulate in the world with the greatest rapidity, and become fixed there like an historical tradition, which the meanest boor delights to repeat. More than fifteen years after this occurrence, I heard some old ladies in the most retired part of Auvergne relating all the particulars of the day of public condolence for the late King, on which, as they said, the Queen had laughed in the faces of the duchesses and sexagenarian princesses who had thought it their duty to make their appearance on the occasion.

The King and the Princes, his brothers, determined to avail themselves of the advantages held out by inoculation, in order to preserve themselves from the fatal disorder under which their grandfather had just fallen; but the utility of this new discovery not being then generally acknowledged in France, many persons in Paris were greatly alarmed at the step which the King and the Princes had just taken; those who blamed it openly threw all the responsibility of it upon the Queen, who alone, they said, could have ventured to give such rash advice. Inoculation was at this time safely practised in the Northern Courts, and the operation upon the King and his brothers, performed by Dr. Jauberthou, was fortunately quite successful.

When the convalescence of the Princes was perfectly established the Court became tolerably cheerful. In the excursions to Marly, parties on horseback, and in calashes, were formed continually. The Queen was desirous to gratify herself with one very innocent

enjoyment. She had never witnessed the dawn of day, and having now no other consent than that of the King to seek, she intimated her wish to him. He agreed that she should go at three o'clock in the morning to the eminences of the gardens of Marly, and being unfortunately little disposed to share in her amusements, he himself went to bed. The Queen then carried her intention into effect; but as she foresaw the possibility of some inconveniences in this nocturnal party, she determined on having a number of people with her, and even ordered her women to accompany her. All precautions were ineffectual to prevent the effects of calumny, which even thus early sought to diminish the general attachment that she had inspired. A few days afterwards the most wicked ballad that appeared during the earlier years of this reign was circulated in Paris. The blackest colours were employed to paint an enjoyment so harmless that there is scarcely a young woman in the country who has not endeavoured to procure it for herself. The verses which appeared on this occasion were entitled "Sunrise."[1]

The Duke d'Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, was among those who accompanied the young Queen in her nocturnal ramble. He appeared very attentive to her on that occasion; but it was the only moment

1 It was thus, with libels and ballads, that the enemies of Marie Antoinette hailed the first days of her reign. They exerted themselves every way to render her unpopular. Their aim was, beyond all doubt, to have her sent back to Germany; and there was not a moment to be lost in its accomplishment. That the indifference of the King towards his amiable and beautiful wife had lasted so long was already a matter of wonder; day after day it was to be expected that the seductive charms of Marie Antoinette would undo all their machinations.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

of his life in which there was any advance towards intimacy between the Queen and himself. The King disliked the character of the Duke de Chartres, and the Queen always kept him at a distance from her private society. It is, therefore, without the slightest foundation in probability that some writers have attributed to feelings of jealousy, or wounded self-love, the hatred which he displayed towards the Queen during the latter years of their existence.

It was on the first journey to Marly that Bœhmer, the jeweller, appeared at Court: a man whose stupidity and avarice afterwards produced the occurrence which most fatally affected the happiness and reputation of Marie Antoinette. This person had, at great expense, collected six pear-formed diamonds of a prodigious size; they were perfectly matched and of the finest water. The ear-rings which they composed had, before the death of Louis XV., been destined for the Countess du Barry.

Bœhmer, by the recommendation of several persons about the Court, came to offer these jewels to the Queen. He asked 400,000 francs for them. The young Princess could not withstand her wish to purchase them; and the King having just raised the Queen's income—which under the former reign had been but 200,000 livres—to 100,000 crowns a year, she wished to make the purchase out of her own purse, and not burden the Royal Treasury with payment for a matter of pure fancy. She proposed to Bœhmer to take off the two buttons which formed the tops of the clusters, as they could be replaced by two of her own diamonds. He consented, and then

reduced the price of the ear-rings to 360,000 francs; the payment for which was stipulated to be made by instalments, and was discharged in the course of four or five years by the Queen's first *femme de chambre*, entrusted with her privy purse. I have omitted no particulars of the manner in which the Queen first became possessed of these jewels, deeming them very necessary to place the too-famous circumstance of the necklace, which happened near the end of the reign of Marie Antoinette, in its true light. It was likewise on this first journey to Marly that the Duchess de Chartres—afterwards Duchess d'Orleans—introduced into the Queen's household Mademoiselle Bertin, a milliner, who became celebrated at that time for the total change which she effected in the dress of the French ladies.

It will be seen that the admission of a milliner into the house of the Queen was followed by evil consequences to Her Majesty. The skill of the milliner, who was received into the household in spite of the usual custom which kept all persons of her description out of it, afforded her the means of introducing some new fashion every day. Up to this time the Queen had shown but a very plain taste in dress; she now began to make it an occupation of moment, and she was, of course, imitated by other women.

Everyone instantly wished to have the same dress as the Queen, and to wear the feathers and flowers to which her beauty, then in its brilliancy, lent an indescribable charm. The expenditure of young women was necessarily much increased, and mothers and hus-

bands murmured at it; some giddy women contracted debts, and unpleasant domestic scenes occurred; in many families quarrels arose; in another affection was extinguished, and the general report was that the Queen would be the ruin of all the French ladies.

Fashion continued its fluctuating progress; and head-dresses, with their superstructures of gauze, flowers and feathers, arose to such a degree of loftiness that the women could not find carriages high enough to admit them; and they were often seen either stooping, or holding their heads out at the windows. Others knelt down in order to manage these elevated objects of ridicule with the less danger.[1] Innumerable caricatures, exhibited in all directions—and some of which artfully gave the features of the Queen—attacked the extravagance of fashion, but with very little effect. It changed only, as is always the case, through the influence of inconstancy and time.

The Princess's toilette was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything done on the occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honour and the

1 If the use of these extravagant feathers and head-dresses had continued, say the memoirs of that period very seriously, it would have effected a revolution in architecture. It would have been found necessary to raise the doors and ceilings of the boxes at the theatres, and particularly the bodies of carriages. It was not without mortification that the King observed the Queen's adoption of this style of dress; she never was so lovely in his eyes as when unadorned by art. One day Carlin, performing at Court before the Princess as Harlequin, stuck in his hat, instead of the rabbit's tail—its prescribed ornament—a peacock's feather of excessive length. This new appendage, which repeatedly got entangled among the scenery, gave him an opportunity of venturing a great deal of buffoonery. There was an inclination to punish him, but it was presumed that he had not assumed the feather without authority. —NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

LOUISE MARIE ADELAIDE DE BOURBON,
DUCHESSE DE CHARTRES AND
ORLEANS

After the painting by Mme. Vigée Lebrun

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tire-woman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme de chambre* and two inferior attendants.[1] The tire-woman put on the petticoat and handed the gown to the Queen. The lady of honour poured out the water for her hands and put on her body linen. When a Princess of the Royal Family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the lady of honour yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the Princess of the Blood; in such a case the lady of honour was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the Princess of the Blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honour came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door—it was opened, and in came the Duchess d'Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honour to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the Princess. A further noise: it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess d'Orleans handed

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1 The distinction between the honorary service and the ordinary service is easily drawn. "I have the right to do it," says honorary service, haughtily. "You must do it, you must follow," surlily answers ordinary service. Between these ridiculous and contradictory airs of people who have the right to act and do not act, and people whose duty it is to act and who still will not act, the great are likely to be very ill-served. Madame Campan has taken pains to collect particulars relative to the ordinary service of the Queen of France. They will be found among the *Historical Illustrations* (No. 1) given by Madame Campan at end of volume.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold. Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times: "How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

All this etiquette, however inconvenient, was suitable to the Royal dignity, which expects to find servants in all classes of persons, beginning even with the brothers and sisters of the monarch.

Speaking here of etiquette, I do not allude to that order of State laid down for days of ceremony in all Courts. I mean those minute ceremonies that were observed towards our Kings in their inmost privacies, in their hours of pleasure, in those of pain, and even during the most revolting of human infirmities.

These servile rules were drawn up in a kind of code; they offered to a Richelieu, a La Rochefoucauld, and a Duras, in the exercise of their domestic functions, opportunities of intimacy useful to their interests; and to humour their vanity they were pleased with customs which converted the right to give a glass of water, to put on a dress, and to remove a basin, into honourable prerogatives.

Princes thus accustomed to be treated as divinities naturally arrived at the belief that they were of a distinct nature, of a purer essence than the rest of mankind.

This sort of etiquette, which led our Princes to cause themselves to be treated in private as idols,

made them in public martyrs to decorum. Marie Antoinette found in the castle of Versailles a multitude of established and revered customs which appeared to her insupportable.

None but sworn *femmes de chambre*, wearing the full Court dresses, were entitled to remain in the room and to attend in conjunction with the *dame d'honneur* and the tire-woman. The Queen abolished all this formality. As soon as her head was dressed, she curtesied to all the ladies who were in her chamber, and, followed only by her own women, went into her closet, where Mademoiselle Bertin, who could not be admitted into the chamber, used to await her.[1] It was in this inner closet that she produced her new and numerous dresses. The Queen was also desirous of being served by the most fashionable hairdresser in Paris. Now the custom which forbade all persons in inferior office, employed by Royalty, to exert their talents for the public, was, no doubt, intended to cut off all communication between the privacy of princes and society at large; the latter being always extremely curious respecting the most trifling particulars relative to the private life of the former. The Queen, fearing that the taste of the hairdresser would suffer if he should discontinue the general practice of his art, ordered him to serve as usual certain ladies of the Court and capital; and this multiplied the

1 Mademoiselle Bertin, it is said, upon the strength of the Queen's kindness, assumed a most ridiculous degree of pride. A lady one day went to that famous fashion-monger to ask for some patterns of mourning for the Empress. Several were shown to her, all of which she rejected. Mademoiselle Bertin exclaimed in a tone of voice made up of vexation and self-sufficiency, "Show the lady, then, some specimens of my last *transactions* with Her Majesty." However ridiculous the expression may sound, it was actually used as related.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

opportunities of learning details respecting the household, and very often misrepresenting them.

One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen was that of dining every day in public. Maria Leckzinska had constantly submitted to this wearisome practice; Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was Dauphiness. The Dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suffered all decently-dressed people to enter; the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner-hour there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folks, who, after having seen the Dauphiness take her soup, went to see the Princes eat their *bouilli*, and then ran till they were out of breath to behold Mesdames at their dessert.[1]

Very ancient usage, too, required that the Queens of France should appear in public surrounded only by women; even at meal-times no person of the other sex attended to serve at table; and although the King ate publicly with the Queen, yet he himself was served by women with everything which was presented to him directly at table. The lady of honour, kneeling for her own accommodation upon a low stool, with a napkin upon her arm, and four women in full dress presented the plates to the King and Queen. The lady of honour handed them drink. This service had formerly been the right of the maids of honour. The Queen, upon her accession to the throne, abolished

1 It will be imagined that the charms of conversation, cheerfulness and good-natured freedom, which in France contribute to the pleasures of the table, were strangers to these ceremonious repasts. In fact, it was necessary to have been habituated from infancy to eat in public, in order to avoid losing all appetite from being the object to which the eyes of so many strangers were directed.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

the usage altogether; she also freed herself from the necessity of being followed in the palace of Versailles by two of her women in Court dresses during those hours of the day when the ladies of the chamber were not with her. From that time she was accompanied only by a single *valet de chambre* and two footmen. All the errors of Marie Antoinette were of the same description as those which I have just detailed. An inclination to substitute by degrees the simple customs of Vienna for Versailles proved more injurious to her than she could possibly have imagined.

The Queen frequently spoke to the Abbé de Vermond of the perpetually recurring impertinences from which she had to free herself; and I observed that after having listened to what he had to say on the subject, she always indulged in philosophical reveries on simplicity beneath the diadem, and paternal confidence in devoted subjects, with great pleasure. This charming romance of Royalty, which is not given to all Sovereigns to realise, flattered the tender heart and youthful fancy of Marie Antoinette in an extraordinary degree.

Brought up in a Court where simplicity was combined with majesty; placed at Versailles between a troublesome lady of honour and an imprudent adviser, it is not surprising that when she became Queen she was desirous of evading disagreeables, the indispensable necessity of which she could not see. The error sprang from a true feeling of sensibility. This unfortunate Princess, against whom the opinions of the French people were at length greatly excited, possessed qualities which deserved to obtain the highest degree of popularity. None could doubt this who, like myself,

have heard her with delight describe the patriarchal manners of the House of Lorraine. She was accustomed to say that by transplanting their manners into Austria, the Princes of that House had laid the foundation of the unassailable popularity enjoyed by the Imperial Family.[1] She frequently related to me the interesting manner in which the Dukes of Lorraine levied their taxes. "The Sovereign Prince," said she, "went to church; after the sermon he rose, waved his hand in the air, to show that he was about to speak, and then mentioned the sum of which he stood in need. Such was the zeal of the good Lorrainers that men have been known to take away linen or household utensils, without the knowledge of their wives, and sell them to add the value to the contribution. It sometimes happened, too, that the Prince received more money than he asked for, in which case he restored the surplus."

All who were acquainted with the Queen's private qualities knew that she equally deserved attachment and esteem. Kind and patient to the utmost in all her relations with her household, she indulgently considered all around her, and interested herself in their fortunes and in their pleasures. She had, among her women, young girls from the Maison de Saint-Cyr, all well-born; the Queen forbade them the play when the performances were not of a suitable degree of morality. Sometimes, when old plays were to be represented, if she found she could not with certainty trust to her memory, she would take the trouble to read them in the morning to enable her to judge of

1 See the *Historical Illustrations* (I) for several peculiarities of the simple habits of the Court of Vienna.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

them, and then decide whether the girls should or should not go to see them; rightly considering herself bound to watch over the morals and conduct of those young persons.

I am pleased at being able here to assert the truth respecting two valuable qualities which the Queen possessed in a high degree—temperance and modesty. Her customary dinner was a chicken, roasted or boiled, and she drank water only. She showed no particular partiality for anything but her coffee in the morning, and a sort of bread to which she had been accustomed in her infancy at Vienna.

Her modesty in every particular of her private toilet was extreme; she bathed in a long flannel gown, buttoned up to the neck, and, while her two bathing-women assisted her out of the bath, she required one of them to hold a cloth before her, raised so that her attendants might not see her. And yet one Soulavie has dared, in the first volume of a most scandalous work, to say that the Queen was disgustingly immodest; that she was accustomed to bathe naked; and that she had even given admittance to a venerable ecclesiastic while in that state. What punishment can be too great for libellers who dare to give such perfidious falsehoods the title of Historical Memoirs?[1]

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1 Everyone must partake the indignation felt by Madame Campan on reading, in the Abbé Soulavie's Memoirs, the details to which, with a warmth highly creditable to her, she gives the lie. How could an historian possessed of any sagacity put forth assertions so false? How could a man of any sense of shame—how could a priest write them down? After reading this passage of his Historical Memoirs we may imagine why there exists so much unwillingness to consult them, and how much discredit similar assertions throw upon whatever truths he may have published in the same work.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V

Revision of the papers of Louis XV. by Louis XVI.—Man in the iron mask—The late King's interest in certain financial companies—Representation of *Iphigenia in Aulis*—The King gives Little Trianon to the Queen—The Archduke Maximilian's journey to France—Questions of precedence—Misadventure of the Archduke—Lying-in of the Countess d'Artois—The *poissardes* cry out to the Queen to give heirs to the throne—Death of the Duke de la Vauguyon—Portrait of Louis XVI.—Of the Count de Provence—Of the Count d'Artois, &c.

DURING the first few months of his reign Louis XVI. had dwelt at La Muette, Marly and Compiègne. When he was settled at Versailles he busied himself with a general revision of his grandfather's papers. He had promised the Queen to communicate to her all that he might discover relative to the history of the man with the iron mask. He thought, after what he had heard on the subject, this iron mask had become so inexhaustible a source of conjecture only in consequence of the interest which the pen of a celebrated writer had raised respecting the detention of a prisoner of State, who was merely a man of whimsical tastes and habits.

I was with the Queen when the King, having finished his researches, informed her that he had not found anything among the secret papers elucidating the existence of this prisoner; that he had conversed on the matter with M. de Maurepas, whose age proved

him a contemporary with the epoch during which the anecdote in question must have been known to the ministers; and that M. de Maurepas had assured him he was merely a prisoner of a very dangerous character in consequence of his disposition for intrigue, and was a subject of the Duke of Mantua. He was enticed to the frontier, arrested there, and kept prisoner, first at Pignerol, and afterwards in the Bastille. This transfer from one prison to the other took place in consequence of the appointment of the governor of the former place to the government of the latter. He was aware of the stratagems of his prisoner; and it was for fear the latter should profit by the inexperience of a new governor that he was sent with the Governor of Pignerol to the Bastille.

Such was, in fact, the real truth about the man on whom people have been pleased to fix an iron mask. And thus was it related in writing, and published by M——, twenty years ago. He had searched the Depôt of Foreign Affairs, and there he had found the truth; he laid it before the public, but the public, prepossessed in favour of a version which attracted them by the marvellous, would not acknowledge the authenticity of the true account. Every man relied upon the authority of Voltaire; and it is still believed that a natural or a twin brother of Louis XIV. lived a number of years in prison with a mask over his face. The whimsical story of this mask, perhaps, had its origin in the old custom, among both men and women, in Italy, of wearing a velvet mask when they exposed themselves to the sun. It is possible that the Italian captive may have sometimes shown him-

self upon the terrace of his prison with his face thus covered. As to the silver plate which this celebrated prisoner is said to have thrown from his window, it is known that such a circumstance did happen; but it happened at Valzin. It was in the time of Cardinal Richelieu. This anecdote has been mixed up with the inventions respecting the Piedmontese prisoner.

It was also in this review of his grandfather's papers that Louis XVI. found some very curious particulars relative to his private treasury. Certain shares in various companies of finance afforded him a revenue, and had at last produced him a capital of some amount, which he applied to his secret expenses. The King collected his vouchers of title to these shares, and made a present of them to M. Thierry de Villedavray, his chief *valet de chambre*.

The Queen was desirous to secure the comfort of the Princesses, the daughters of Louis XV., who were held in the highest respect. About this period she contributed to furnish them with a revenue sufficient to provide them an easy competence. The King gave them the château of Bellevue, and added to the produce of it, which was given up to them, the expenses of their table and equipage, and payment of all the charges of their household, the number of which was even increased. During the lifetime of Louis XV., who was a very selfish prince, his daughters, although they had attained forty years of age, had no other place of residence than their apartments in the palace of Versailles; no other walks than such as they could take in the large park of that palace; and no other means of gratifying their taste for a garden, but by

having boxes and vases filled with plants in their balconies or closets. They had, therefore, reason to be much pleased with the conduct of Marie Antoinette, who had the greatest influence in the King's kindness towards his aunts.

Paris never ceased, during the first years of the reign, to testify joy whenever the Queen appeared at any of the plays of the capital. The representation of *Iphigenia in Aulis* achieved for her one of the most pleasing triumphs that ever was enjoyed by any Sovereign. The actor who sang the words, "Let us sing, let us praise our Queen," which were repeated by the chorus, directed, by a respectful movement towards Her Majesty, the eyes of the whole assembly upon her. Reiterated cries of "Encore!" and clapping of hands were followed by such a burst of enthusiasm that many of the audience added their voices to those of the actors in order to celebrate, it might too truly be said, another Iphigenia. The Queen, deeply affected, covered her streaming eyes with her handkerchief; and this public proof of sensibility raised the general enthusiasm to a still higher pitch.

Such a reception unfortunately induced the Queen too often to seek for circumstances which might either present or recall enjoyments equally delightful

The King gave her Little Trianon.[1] Henceforward

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1 The seat called Little Trianon, which was built for Louis XV., is not remarkably handsome as a building. The luxuriance of the hot-houses rendered the place agreeable to that Prince. He spent a few days there several times in the year. It was while he was setting out from Versailles for Little Trianon that he was struck in the side by the knife of Damiens; and it was there that he was attacked by the small-pox, of which disorder he died on the 10th of May, 1774.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

she amused herself with improving the gardens, without allowing any addition to the building, or any change in the furniture, which had become very shabby, and remained, in 1789, in the same state as during the reign of Louis XV. Everything there, without exception, was preserved; and the Queen slept in a very faded bed, which in fact had been used by the Countess du Barry. The charge of extravagance generally made against the Queen is the most unaccountable of all the popular errors respecting her character which have crept into the world.[1] She had exactly the contrary failing; and I could prove that she often carried her economy to a degree of parsimony actually blamable, and particularly in a Sovereign. She took a great liking for her retirement of Trianon; she used to go there alone, followed by her valet; but she found attendants ready to receive her — a steward and his wife, who served her as *femme de chambre*, women of the wardrobe, footmen, &c.

When she first took possession of Little Trianon, a report was spread that she had changed the name of the seat which the King had just given her, and had called it Little Vienna, or Little Schönbrunn. A person, who belonged to the Court and was simple enough to give credit hastily to this report, wishing to visit Little Trianon with a party, wrote to M. Campan, requesting the Queen's permission to do so. In his note he called Trianon "Little Vienna." Similar

1 This charge of prodigality, so unjustly laid against the Queen, was spread with such industry throughout France and all Europe that it must have been a part of the scheme for rendering the Court solely responsible for the bad state of the finances.— NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

requests were usually laid before the Queen just as they were made; she chose to give the permissions to see her gardens herself, feeling a pleasure in granting these little marks of favour. When she came to the obnoxious words, she was very much offended, and exclaimed angrily that there were too many fools ready to aid the malicious; that she had heard of the report circulated that she thought of nothing but her own country, and that she kept an Austrian heart while the interests of France alone ought to engage her. She refused this request so awkwardly made, and desired Madame Campan to reply that Trianon was not to be seen for some time, and that the Queen was astonished that any man of respectability should believe she would do so ill-judged a thing as to change the French names of her palaces to substitute foreign ones.

Before the first visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to France, the Queen received a visit from the Archduke Maximilian, in 1775. An injudicious pretension, suggested by the person who advised this Prince, or rather an act of stupidity of the ambassador, seconded on the part of the Queen by the Abbé Vermond, gave rise, at that period, to a discussion which incensed the Princes of the Blood and the chief nobility of the kingdom against the Queen. Travelling *incognito*, the young Prince insisted that the first visit was not due from him to the Princes of the Blood—and the Queen supported his determination.[1]

1 Two mistakes of this description were made at Court—one at the time of the Dauphiness's marriage, and the other on the occasion here spoken of by Madame Campan. These questions of precedence, imprudently discussed, and which irritated the

From the time of the Regency, and on account of the residence of the family of Orleans in the bosom of the capital, Paris had preserved a remarkable degree of attachment and respect for that branch; and although the crown was becoming more and more remote from the Princes of the House of Orleans, they had the advantage (a great one with the Parisians) of being the descendants of Henry IV. An affront to the Princes, and especially to that beloved family, was a serious ground of dislike to the Queen. It was at this period, and perhaps for the first time, that the circles of the city, and even of the Court, expressed themselves bitterly about her levity and her partiality for the House of Austria. The Prince for whom the Queen had embarked in an important family quarrel—and a quarrel involving national prerogatives—was, besides, little calculated to inspire interest. Still young, uninformed, and deficient in natural talents, he was always committing some foolish errors.

The Archduke's visit was, in every point of view, a misfortune. He did nothing but commit blunders. He went to the King's garden; M. de Buffon, who received him there, presented him with a copy of his works; the Prince declined accepting the book, saying to M. de Buffon, in the most polite manner possible, "I should be very sorry to deprive you of it."[1] It

superior nobility, gave rise to disputes, furnished anecdotes, and produced *bon mots* and epigrams, some of which Grimm relates in his "Correspondence," and which will be found in the *Historical Illustrations* (K).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 Joseph II., on his visit to France, went also to see M. de Buffon, and said to that celebrated man, "I come to fetch the copy of your works which my brother forgot."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

may be supposed that the Parisians were much entertained with this answer.

The Queen was exceedingly mortified at the blunders committed by her brother; but what hurt her most on the occasion was the being accused of preserving an Austrian heart. Marie Antoinette had more than once to endure that cruel imputation during the long course of her misfortunes; habit never dried up the tears drawn forth by such instances of injustice; but the first time she was suspected of not loving France she gave way to her indignation. All that she could say on the subject was useless; by seconding the pretensions of the Archduke, she had put arms into her enemies' hands; they were labouring to deprive her of the love of the people, and endeavoured, by all possible means, to spread a belief that the Queen sighed for Germany, and preferred that country to France.

Marie Antoinette had none but herself to rely on for preserving the fickle smiles of the Court and the public. The King, too indifferent to serve her as a guide, as yet had conceived no love for her; the intimacy that grew between them at Choisy having had no such result.

In his closet Louis XVI. was immersed in serious study; at the council he was busied with the welfare of his people; hunting and mechanical occupations engrossed his leisure moments, and he never thought on the subject of an heir.

The coronation took place at Rheims with all the accustomed pomp. At this period Louis XVI. experienced that which can, and should, most powerfully affect the heart of a virtuous Sovereign. The

people's love for him burst forth in those unanimous transports which are clearly distinguishable from the impulse of curiosity or the clamours of party. He replied to this enthusiasm by marks of confidence worthy of a people happy in being under the government of a good king; he took a pleasure in repeatedly walking without guards in the midst of the crowds which pressed around him and called down blessings on his head. I marked the impression made at this time by an observation of Louis XVI. On the day of his coronation in the middle of the choir of the cathedral at Rheims, he put his hand up to his head, at the moment of the crown being placed upon it, and said, "It hurts me." Henry III. had exclaimed, "It pricks me." Those who were near the King were struck with the similitude between these two exclamations, though it will not be imagined that such as had the honour of being near the young monarch on that day were of the class which ignorance renders superstitious.[1]

While the Queen, neglected as she was, could not even hope for the happiness of being a mother, she had the mortification to witness the confinement of the Countess d'Artois, and the birth of the Duke d'Angoulême.

Custom required that the Royal Family and the

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1 The account of the coronation of Louis XVI. is interesting to the present generation, because all the usages of the ancient monarchy are to be found in it. Many circumstances attending it likewise place the characters of the King and Queen in the most favourable light. But as these details are taken from a work published in 1791, it cannot be surprising that they are strongly tinctured with the spirit and feeling of the times. See *Historical Illustrations* (L).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

BED-CHAMBER OF THE QUEEN

Palace of Fontainebleau

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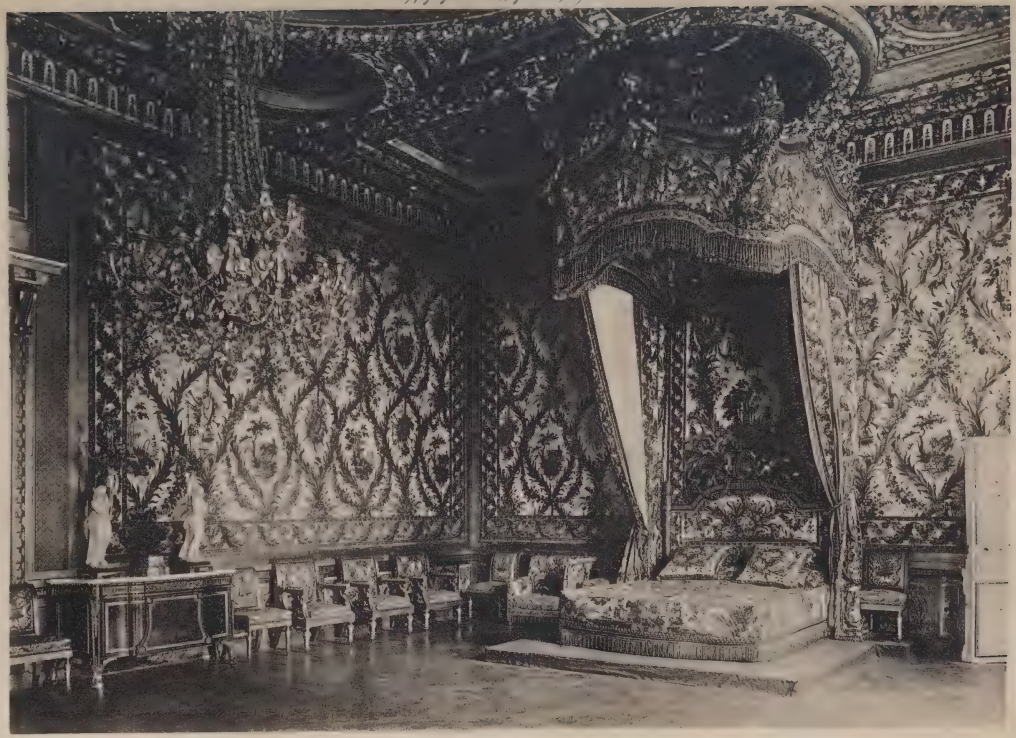

whole of the Court should be present at the delivery of the Princesses; that of a Queen was obliged to be absolutely public. The Queen was, therefore, compelled to stay the whole day in her sister-in-law's chamber. The moment the Countess d'Artois was informed it was a Prince, she exclaimed with energy: "My God, how happy I am!" The Queen felt very differently at this involuntary and natural exclamation. At that moment she had not even the hope of being a mother. She nevertheless disguised her mortification. She bestowed all possible marks of tenderness upon the young mother, and would not leave her until she was put into bed; she afterwards passed along the staircase and through the guard-room with a calm demeanour in the midst of an immense crowd. The *poissardes*, who had assumed a right of speaking to Sovereigns in their own gross and ridiculous language, followed her into her very apartments, calling out to her in the most licentious expressions that *she* ought to produce heirs. The Queen hastened to her inner room, extremely agitated; she shut herself up to weep with me alone, not from jealousy of her sister-in-law's happiness—of that she was incapable—but from affliction at her own situation.

I have often had occasion to admire the Queen's moderation in all cases of great and personal interest; she was extremely affecting when in misfortune.

Deprived of the happiness of giving an heir to the crown, the Queen endeavoured to create illusions around her to beguile her feelings. She had always children belonging to the people of her house near her, and lavished the tenderest caresses upon them. She had

long been desirous of bringing up one of them herself, and of making it the constant object of her care. A little village boy, four or five years of age, full of health, with a pleasing countenance, remarkably large blue eyes, and fine light hair, carelessly got under the feet of the Queen's horses when she was taking an airing in a calash through the hamlet of St. Michel, near Luciennes. The coachman and postillions stopped the horses, and the child was rescued from its imminent peril without the slightest injury. Its grandmother rushed out of the door of her cottage to take it, but the Queen stood up in her calash and, extending her arms to the old woman, called out that the child was hers, and that Providence had given it to her to console her, no doubt, until she should have the happiness of having one herself. "Is his mother alive?" asked the Queen. "No, madam; my daughter died last winter, and left five small children upon my hands." "I will take this one and provide for all the rest—do you consent?" "Ah, madam, they are too fortunate," replied the cottager; "but James is very wayward; I hope he will stay with you!" The Queen, taking little James upon her knee, said that she would soon make him used to her; that it should be her occupation; and she ordered the equipage to proceed. It was necessary, however, to shorten the ride, so violently did James scream and kick the Queen and her ladies.

The arrival of Her Majesty at her apartments at Versailles, holding the little rustic by the hand, astonished the whole household; he screamed out lustily that he wanted his grandmother, his brother Louis

and his sister Marianne; nothing could calm him. He was taken away by the wife of a servant, who was appointed to attend him as nurse. The other children were put to school. Poor James, whose family name was Armand, came back to the Queen two days afterwards; a white frock trimmed with lace, a rose-coloured sash with silver fringe, and a hat decorated with feathers, were now substituted for the woollen cap and the little red frock and wooden shoes. The child was really very beautiful. The Queen was enchanted with him; he was brought to her every morning at nine o'clock; he breakfasted and dined with her, and often with the King. She liked to call him "My child,"[1] and lavished the tenderest caresses upon him, still maintaining a deep silence respecting the affliction which constantly occupied her heart.

This child remained with the Queen until the time when Madame was old enough to come home to her august mother, who had particularly taken upon herself the care of her education.

The King began to take pleasure in the society of the Queen, although he had not yet exercised the privilege of a husband. The Queen was incessantly talking of the good qualities which she admired in Louis XVI., and gladly attributed to herself the slightest favourable change in his manner. Perhaps she displayed too unreservedly the joy she felt at it, and the part she fancied herself to have in it.

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1 This little unfortunate was nearly twenty in 1792; the incendiary endeavours of the people, and the fear of being thought a favoured creature of the Queen's, had made him the most sanguinary terrorist of Versailles. He was killed at the battle of Jemappes.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

One day Louis XVI. saluted her ladies with more kindness and grace than usual, and the Queen said to them: "Now confess, ladies, that for one so badly brought up, the King has saluted you very prettily."

The Queen detested M. de Vauguyon; she accused him alone of those points in the habits, and even the sentiments, of the King which hurt her.

An old lady, who had been first lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Maria Leckzinska, had continued in office near the young Queen. She was one of those old people who are fortunate enough to spend their whole lives in the service of kings, without knowing anything of what is passing at Court. She was a great devotee. The Abbé Grisel, an ex-Jesuit, was her confessor. Being rich from her savings and an income of 50,000 livres, which she had long enjoyed, she kept a very good table, and in her apartment the most distinguished persons who still advocated the Order of the Jesuits often assembled. The Duke de la Vauguyon was intimate with her; their chairs at the Church des Recollets were placed near each other; at High Mass they sang the "Gloria in excelsis" and the "Magnificat" together; and the pious old virgin, seeing in him only one of God's elect, little imagined him to be the declared enemy of a Princess whom she served and revered. On the day of his death she ran all in tears to relate to the Queen the acts of piety, humanity and repentance of the last moments of the Duke de la Vauguyon. He had called his people together, she said, to ask their pardon. "For what?" replied the Queen, sharply; "he has placed and pensioned off all his servants. It was of the King and

his brothers that the holy man you bewail should have asked pardon for having paid so little attention to the education of Princes on whom the fate and happiness of 25,000,000 of men depend. Luckily," added she, "although they are still young, the King and his brothers have incessantly laboured to repair the errors of their preceptor."[1]

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1 Grimm gives the following passage: "The Duke de la Vauguyon has lately departed to render an account at the tribunal of eternal justice of the manner in which he has acquitted himself of the appalling and important duty of educating a Dauphin of France, and to receive the punishment due to the most criminal of undertakings, if it was not fulfilled to the wishes and applause of the whole nation. A remarkable act of vanity, which excited equally the attention of the Court and the city, was witnessed on that occasion; this was the card of invitation to the funeral, sent round to every house according to custom. This card, on account of its singularity, has become a tenant of the library. Everyone has wished to preserve it, and, from being much sought after, it is already scarce, notwithstanding the profusion with which it was distributed. I will transcribe it here from beginning to end, in the hope that it may carry down with it these pages to posterity.

"'You are requested to attend the funeral procession, service and interment of Monseigneur Antoine-Paul-Jacques de Quelen, head of the names and arms of the ancient lords of the Castellany of Quelen, in Upper Britanny, *juveigneur* of the Counts of Porhoet, nominee to the name and arms of Stuer de Caulsade; Duke de la Vauguyon, peer of France, Prince of Carency; Count de Quelen and du Boulay, Marquis de Saint-Megrin, de Callonges and d'Archiac, Viscount de Calvignac; baron of the ancient and honourable baronies of Tonneins, Gratteloup, Villeton, la Gruère and Picornet; lord of Larnagol and Talcoimur, advocate, knight and vavasor of Sarlac, high baron of Guyenne, second baron of Quercy, lieutenant-general of the King's armies, knight of his Orders, *menin* to Monseigneur the late Dauphin, first gentleman of the bed-chamber of Monseigneur the Dauphin, grand master of his wardrobe, formerly governor of his person, and of that of Monseigneur the Count de Provence, governor of the person of Monseigneur the Count d'Artois, first gentleman of his chamber, grand master of his wardrobe, and superintendent of his household—which will take place on Thursday, the 6th of February, 1772, at ten o'clock in the morning, at the Royal and parochial Church of Notre Dame de Versailles, where his body will be interred. *De Profundis*.'

"It will be observed that this card is the work of studied, well-digested, deep and laborious composition. Its author," adds Grimm, "deserves that the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-

The progress of time, and the confidence with which the King and the Princes his brothers were inspired by the change of their situation since the death of Louis XV. had developed their characters. I will endeavour to depict them.

The features of Louis XVI. were fine though somewhat impressed with melancholy; his walk was heavy and unmajestic; his person greatly neglected; his hair, whatever might be the skill of his hair-dresser, was soon in disorder, through his inattention to its neatness. His voice, without being harsh, possessed nothing agreeable; if he grew warm in speaking, he often got above his natural pitch, and uttered shrill sounds. The Abbé de Radonvilliers,[1] his preceptor, a learned, mild and amiable man, had given him, and Monsieur also, a taste for study. The King had continued to instruct himself; he knew the English language perfectly. I have often heard him translate some of the most difficult passages in Milton's poems: he was a skilful geographer, and was fond of drawing

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Lettres should unanimously confer upon him the first vacant place, and register him amongst its members, as duke, prince, peer, marquis, count, viscount, juveigneur, advocate, knight, vavasor, high baron, second baron, and third baron. It would be well, too, to establish a professorship, the holder of which should do nothing all the year but explain to the young the card of invitation to the Duke de la Vauguyon's funeral, without which it is to be feared that the learning necessary for its perfect comprehension will be insensibly lost, and the card may become in time the despair of critics."

The term *juveigneur*, for instance, is little known. A portioned junior is thus termed; the Duke d'Orleans is juveigneur of the House of France. This word is perhaps a corruption of the word *junior*, by which the Cæsars of the Lower Empire called those whom they associated with themselves in the Empire. But for the card for M. de la Vauguyon's funeral, we should have lost the term *juveigneur* in the darkness of the times.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 One of the forty of the French Academy.

and colouring maps; he was perfectly well versed in history, but had not perhaps sufficiently studied the spirit of it. He relished dramatic beauties, and was a judicious critic of them. At Choisy, one day, several ladies strongly expressed their dissatisfaction because the French actors were going to perform one of Molière's pieces there: the King enquired of them why they disapproved of the choice? One of them answered that everyone must admit that Molière's works were in *very bad taste.* The King replied that many things might be found in Molière contrary to fashion, but that it appeared to him difficult to point out any in bad taste.

This Prince combined with his attainments the qualities of a good husband, a tender father and an indulgent master. When we think of so many virtues, the years which have elapsed since the barbarities of faction and the misfortunes of France seem too short to allow us to believe that depravity could ever rise to the dreadful height which it attained in perpetrating the horrible crime of his destruction.

Unfortunately the King showed too much predilection for the mechanical arts; masonry and lock-making so delighted him that he admitted into his private apartment a common locksmith, with whom he made keys and locks; and his hands, blackened with that sort of work, were often, in my presence, the subject of remonstrances and even reproaches from the Queen, who would have chosen other amusements for the King.[1]

1 Louis XVI. saw in the act of lock-making something which was capable of application to a higher study. He was an excellent geographer. The most valuable and complete instrument for the study of that science was begun by his orders and under his direc-

Austere and rigid with regard to himself alone respecting the laws of the Church, the King fulfilled them with scrupulous exactness. He fasted and observed abstinence through the whole of Lent. He did not wish the Queen to observe these customs with the same strictness. Though he was sincerely pious, the wisdom of the age had disposed his mind to toleration. Modest and simple in his habits, Turgot, Malesherbes and Necker judged that a Prince of such a character would willingly sacrifice the Royal prerogative for the solid greatness of his people. His heart, in truth, led him to ideas of reform, but his principles, prejudices and fears, and the clamours of the pious and privileged persons, intimidated him and made him abandon the plans which his love for the people had suggested.

Monsieur had more dignity of demeanour than the King, but his size and corpulency rendered his gait inelegant. He was fond of pageantry and magnificence. He cultivated the *belles-lettres*, and under borrowed names repeatedly contributed verses, of which he himself was the author, to the *Mercury* and other papers.[1]

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tion. It was an immense globe of copper, which is still in existence, though unfinished, in the Mazarine library. Louis XVI. himself invented and had executed under his own eyes the ingenious mechanism by which this globe was to be managed.

A man, who asserts that he entered into his private apartment after the 10th of August, has preserved, respecting the arrangements of his cabinets, books, maps, papers, furniture and the tools he used, a crowd of details which depict in a very interesting manner his tastes, character, occupations and habits. Such details are to the life of a Prince what a portrait is to his personal likeness, or a facsimile to his handwriting. See *Historical Illustrations* (M).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 The Prince of whom Madame Campan here speaks always loved and protected literature. The judicious favour which he extended to talent was known to all France. During a tour which

His wonderful memory was the handmaid of his wit, furnishing him with the happiest quotations. He knew everything by heart, from the finest passages of the Latin classics to the Latin of all the prayers, from the works of Racine to the *vaudeville* of *Rose et Colas*.

The Count d'Artois had an agreeable countenance, was well made, active in bodily exercises, lively, sometimes impetuous, fond of pleasure and very particular in his dress.

Some happy observations made by him were repeated with pleasure; several of them gave a favourable idea of his heart.[1] The Parisians liked the free

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Monsieur made through various provinces of the kingdom, he visited Toulouse. After the Parliament had harangued the Prince, says a work of that period, His Royal Highness in order to show particular distinction to literature, received the homage of the Academy of Floral Games before that of the Sovereign Courts. The Abbé d'Auffreri, Counsellor to the Parliament, spoke in the name of the Academy of which he was a member, "It is," said he, "the duty of eloquence and poetry to describe you, Monseigneur, at the age of pleasure, finding your chief delight in retirement and study, and sharing that enchanting taste with the august Princess whose many virtues form the happiness of your life." At the end of his speech the orator eulogised the late Dauphin, father of the King and his brothers. The Prince was affected while he listened to him, and when the Abbé d'Auffreri had done speaking he approached him and said with kindness, "I thank the Academy for its feelings in my favour; I have long known its celebrity, and you, sir, confirm the idea I entertained of that body; it may always rely upon my protection."—"Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. ii., pp. 21 and 22.

During his stay at Avignon, Monsieur lodged with the Duke de Crillon; he refused the town-guard which was offered him, saying, "A son of France, under the roof of a Crillon, needs no guard."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 In a work of that time there is to be found a reply which does honour to the Prince's humanity. The question was respecting the treatment of prisoners. The Count d'Artois insisted that their adversity should be respected, and that men who were only accused should not be made to undergo the treatment of culprits convicted by the laws. Upon this subject the work alluded to says as follows:

The Abbé de Besplas, a celebrated preacher, delivered a sermon before the King, the subject of which was, "On the Marks of Charity

and open air of this Prince, as an attribute of the French character, and showed real affection for him.

The empire that the Queen was gaining over the King's mind, the charms of a society in which Monsieur displayed the graces of his wit, and to which the Count d'Artois gave life by the vivacity of youth, gradually softened that roughness in the character of Louis XVI., which a better conducted education might have prevented.

Still this defect showed itself too often, and in spite of his extreme simplicity, the King inspired those who had occasion to speak to him with diffidence. A commendable fear made those about him avoid his abrupt sallies, which were difficult to be

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in a King." The following passage upon gaols made a most lively impression:

"Sire, the state of the prisons of your kingdom would draw tears from the most unfeeling persons who should visit them. A place of security cannot, without flagrant injustice, become the abode of despair. Your magistrates endeavour to soften the condition of the unfortunate, but, deprived of the assistance necessary for the repair of these infected caverns, they can only listen to the complaints of the wretched in melancholy silence. Yes, Sire, I have seen this, and my zeal compels me here, like Paul, to do honour to my ministry; yes, I have seen prisoners who, covered with a universal leprosy, arising from the infection of these hideous dens, blessed in our arms, a thousand times, the moment which led them to execution. Great God! can there be under a good Prince subjects who long for the scaffold? Blessed be this immortal day! I have fulfilled the wish of my heart, that of depositing this weight of grief in the bosom of the best of monarchs."

It was observed that the King and his brothers paid the greatest attention to this passage. Indeed the Count d'Artois made an excellent reply on the subject of what he had heard. The next day, as he was rising, a selfish and venal courtier, such as they almost all are, was foolish enough to remark that the Abbé de Besplas had complained improperly of the manner in which the prisoners were treated in the gaols, since it might be considered as a part of the punishment which their crimes deserved. The Prince then interrupted him indignantly, exclaiming, "How is it known that they are guilty? That is never known till the sentence is passed."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

foreseen. Courtiers submissive in the presence of their Sovereign are only the more ready to caricature him; with little good breeding, they called these answers, which they so much dreaded, *les coups de boutoir du Roi*.[1]

Methodical in all his habits, the King always went to bed at eleven precisely. One evening the Queen was going with her usual circle to a party, either to the Duke de Duras's or the Princess de Guéménée's. The hand of the clock was slyly put forward, to hasten the King's departure to bed by a few minutes; he thought in good earnest that bedtime was come, retired, and found none of his attendants ready to wait on him. This joke became known in all the drawing-rooms of Versailles, and was much disapproved of. Kings have no privacy. Queens have neither closets nor boudoirs. This is a truth that cannot be too strongly impressed upon them. If those who are in immediate attendance upon Sovereigns be not of themselves disposed to transmit their private habits to posterity, the meanest valet will relate what he has seen or heard; his tales circulate rapidly, and form that alarming public opinion which rises gradually, but keeps increasing, and at length attaches to the most august persons characters which, however often they may be false, are almost always indelible.

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1 The literal meaning of the phrase "*coup de boutoir*," is a poke from the snout of a boar. Perhaps the English expression nearest in signification is "a rap on the knuckles."—Tr.

CHAPTER VI

Severe winter—The Princess de Lamballe appointed superintendent of the household—The Countess Jules de Polignac appears at Court—Portrait of M. de Vaudreuil—Duke and Duchess de Duras—Fashionable games.

The winter following the confinement of the Countess d'Artois was very severe: the Queen, recollecting the pleasure which sledge-parties had given her in her childhood, wished to establish similar ones in France. This amusement had already been seen in the Court of France, as was proved by the circumstance that sledges were found in the stables which had been used by the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., in his youth. Some were constructed for the Queen in a more modern taste. The Princes likewise ordered several; and in a few days there was a tolerable number of these vehicles. They were driven by the Princes and noblemen of the Court. The noise of the bells and balls with which the harness of the horses were furnished, the elegance and whiteness of their plumes, the variety of forms in the carriages, the gold with which they were all ornamented, rendered these parties delightful to the eye. The winter was very favourable to them, the snow remaining on the ground nearly six weeks: the races in the park afforded a pleasure shared by the spectators.[1] No one imagined

1 Louis XVI., touched with the wretched condition of the poor of Versailles during the winter of 1776, had several cart-

that any blame could attach to so innocent an amusement. But the party were tempted to extend their rides as far as the Champs Elysées; a few sledges even crossed the boulevards: the ladies being masked, the Queen's enemies did not omit the opportunity of saying that the Queen had traversed the streets of Paris in a sledge.

This became a matter of moment. The public discovered in such a fashion a predilection for the habits of Vienna; and yet sledge-parties were not a new fashion at Versailles. But all that Marie Antoinette did was criticised. Factions formed in Courts do not openly carry different insignia, as do those generated by revolutionary convulsions. They are not however, on that account, the less dangerous for those whom they pursue; and the Queen was never without a party against her.

Sledge-driving, which savours of the customs of the Northern Courts, had no success among the Parisians. The Queen was informed of this; and although all the sledges were preserved, and several subsequent winters proved favourable to the amusement, she would not pursue it any further.

It was at the time of the sledge-parties that the Queen became intimate with the Princess de Lamballe, who made her appearance in them, wrapped in fur, with all the brilliancy and freshness of the age of twenty: she looked like Spring peeping from under

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loads of wood distributed among them. Seeing, one day, a file of those vehicles passing by, while several noblemen were preparing to be drawn swiftly over the ice, he said these memorable words to them: "Gentlemen, here are my sledges!"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

sable and ermine. Her situation, moreover, rendered her peculiarly interesting: married when she was scarcely past childhood, to a young prince who ruined himself by the contagious example of the Duke d'Orleans, she had had from the time of her arrival in France, a constant succession of calamities. A widow at eighteen, and childless, she lived with Monsieur the Duke de Penthièvre upon the footing of an adopted daughter. She had the tenderest respect and attachment for that venerable Prince; but the Queen, though doing justice as well as the Princesses to his virtues, saw that the Duke de Penthièvre's way of living, whether at Paris or at his country seat, could neither afford his young daughter-in-law the amusements of her time of life, nor ensure her for the future an establishment such as she was deprived of by her widowhood. She determined, therefore, to establish her at Versailles; and, for her sake, revived the office of superintendent, which had been discontinued at Court from the time of the death of Mademoiselle de Clermont. It is said that Maria Leckzinska had decided that this place should continue vacant, the superintendent having so extensive a power in the houses of Queens as to be frequently a restraint upon their inclinations. Differences, which soon took place between Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe, respecting the official prerogatives of the latter, proved that the wife of Louis XV. had acted judiciously in abolishing the office; but a kind of petty treaty, made between the Queen and the Princess, smoothed all difficulties. The blame of too obstinate an assertion of claims fell upon a secretary of the superintendent's who had been

her adviser, and everything was so arranged that a firm and lively friendship reigned between these two Princesses down to the disastrous period which terminated their career.[1]

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm which the splendour, graces, and goodness of the Queen generally inspired, silent intrigues continued in operation against her. A very short time after the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, the Minister of the King's household was informed that a most offensive libel against the Queen was about to appear. The lieutenant of police deputed a man named Goupil, an inspector of police, to bring to light this libel: he came, soon after, to say that he had found out the place where the work was being printed, and that it was at a country house, near Yverdun. He had already got possession of two sheets, which contained the most atrocious calumnies, but conveyed with a degree of art which might make them very dangerous to the Queen's reputation. This Goupil said that he could obtain the rest, but that he should want a considerable sum for that purpose. Three thousand louis were given him, and very soon afterwards he brought the whole manuscript, and all that had been printed, to the lieutenant of police. He received a thousand louis more as a reward for his address and zeal, and a much more important office was about to be given him, when another spy, envious of Goupil's good fortune, gave information that Goupil himself was the author of the libel; that, ten years before, he had been put into the

1 See the *Historical Illustrations* given by Madame Campan respecting the Queen's household. (No. 1.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Bicêtre for theft; and that Madame Goupil had only been three years out of the Salpetrière, where she had been placed under another name. This Madame Goupil was very pretty and very intriguing; she had found means to form an intimacy with Cardinal de Rohan, whom she led, it is said, to hope for a reconciliation with the Queen. All this affair was hushed up, and no account of it got abroad: but it shows that it was the Queen's fate to be incessantly attacked by the meanest and most odious machinations.

Another woman, named Cahoutte de Villers, whose husband held the office of one of the treasurers of France, being very irregular in conduct and of a scheming turn of mind, conceived the mad wish to appear, in the eyes of her friends in Paris, as a person in favour at Court, whither she was not entitled to go either by birth or office. During the latter years of the life of Louis XV. she had made many dupes, and picked up considerable sums, by passing herself off for the King's mistress. The fear of irritating Madame du Barry was, according to herself, the only thing which prevented her enjoying that title openly: she came regularly to Versailles, kept herself concealed in a furnished lodging, and her dupes imagined she was called to Court by secret motives. This woman formed the scheme of getting admission, if possible, to the presence of the Queen, or, at least, of establishing probabilities which might enable her to cause it to be believed. She took, for her lover, Gabriel de Saint-Charles, intendant of Her Majesty's finances; an office the privileges of which were con fined to the right of entering the Queen's apartment

on a Sunday. Madame de Villers came every Saturday to Versailles with M. de Saint-Charles, and lodged in his apartment; M. Campan was there several times; she painted tolerably well; she requested him to do her the favour to present to the Queen a portrait of Her Majesty which she had just copied. M. Campan knew the woman's conduct and refused her. A few days after he saw on Her Majesty's couch the portrait which he had declined presenting to her. The Queen thought it ill painted, and gave orders that it should be carried back to the Princess de Lamballe, who had sent it to her. Madame de Villers succeeded in her project through the medium of the Princess. The ill-success of the portrait did not deter the scheming woman from following up the design she had formed of making it believed that she was admitted to an intimacy with the Queen. She easily procured, through M. de Saint-Charles, patents and orders signed by Her Majesty; she then set about imitating her writing, and composed a great number of notes and letters, as if written by Her Majesty, in the tenderest and most familiar style. For several months she showed them as great secrets to several of her particular friends. Afterwards she made the Queen appear to write to her, as before, to procure her various fancy articles. Under the pretext of wishing to execute Her Majesty's commissions faithfully, she gave these letters to the tradesmen to read; and succeeded in having it said in several houses that the Queen had a particular kindness for her. She then enlarged her scheme, and represented the Queen as desiring

her to borrow 200,000 francs which she had need of, but which she did not wish to ask of the King from his private funds. This letter being shown to M. Beranger, farmer-general, took effect; he thought himself fortunate in being able to render this assistance to his Sovereign, and lost no time in sending the 200,000 francs to Madame de Villers. This first step was followed by some doubts, which he communicated to people better informed than himself of what was passing at Court, and who added to his uneasiness. He then went to M. de Sartine, who unravelled the whole plot. The woman was sent to St. Pelagie, and the unfortunate husband was ruined by replacing the sum borrowed, and paying for the jewels fraudulently purchased in the Queen's name. The forged letters were sent to Her Majesty: I compared them, in her presence, with the real handwriting, and the only distinguishable difference was a little more regularity in the disposition of the letters.

This trick, discovered and punished with prudence and coolness, produced no more sensation out of doors than that of the inspector Goupil.

If the spirit of independence spread through the nation had already shorn the throne of some of its dazzling beams; if a party, formed in the very bosom of the Court, were struggling to overthrow an Austrian Princess, without reflecting that the blows aimed at her equally tended to shake the throne itself; it will, I must confess, be urged that it was the duty of that Princess to be circumspect in her every step, and to render her conduct unassailable; but let not

her youth, her inexperience, and her friendless situation, be forgotten. No, she was not guilty; the Abbé de Vermond was always the Queen's sole guide and was invested with a right to represent to her how important the consequences of her slightest levities might be, still he did not make that representation; and she continued, while on the throne, to seek the pleasures of private society with increasing eagerness.

A year after the nomination of the Princess de Lamballe to the post of superintendent of the Queen's household, balls and quadrilles gave rise to the intimacy of Her Majesty with the Countess Jules de Polignac. This lady really interested Marie Antoinette. She was not rich, and generally lived upon her estate at Claye. The Queen was astonished at not having seen her at Court earlier. The confession that her want of fortune had even prevented her appearance at the celebration of the marriages of the Princes added to the interest which she had inspired.

The Queen was full of sensibility, and took delight in counteracting the injustice of fortune. The Countess was induced to come to Court by her husband's sister, Madame Diana de Polignac, who had been appointed lady of honour to the Countess d'Artois. The Countess Jules was truly fond of a tranquil life; the impression she made at Court affected her but little; she felt only the attachment manifested for her by the Queen. I had occasion to see her at the very commencement of her favour at Court; she repeatedly passed an hour with me while waiting for the Queen. She conversed with me freely

and ingenuously about all that she saw of honour, and at the same time of danger, in the kindness of which she was the object. The Queen sought for the sweets of friendship; but can this gratification, so rare in any rank, exist at all in its purity between a Queen and a subject, when they are surrounded, moreover, by snares laid by the artifices of courtiers? This very pardonable error was fatal to the happiness of Marie Antoinette, for happiness is not to be found in illusion.

The retiring character of the Countess Jules, afterwards the Duchess de Polignac, cannot be spoken of too favourably. I always considered her the victim of an elevation which she never sought; but if her heart was incapable of forming ambitious projects, her family and friends beheld their own fortune in hers, and endeavoured to fix the favour of the Queen permanently.

The Countess Diana, sister of M. de Polignac, and the Baron de Besenval and M. de Vaudreuil, particular friends of the Polignac family, made use of means the success of which was infallible. One of my friends (the Count de Moustier, who was in their secret) came to tell me that Madame de Polignac was about to quit Versailles suddenly; that she would take leave of the Queen only in writing; that the Countess Diana and M. de Vaudreuil had dictated her letter; and that the whole affair was arranged for the purpose of stimulating the hitherto unprofitable attachment of Marie Antoinette. The next day, when I went up to the palace, I found the Queen with a letter in her hand, which she was reading with

much emotion: it was the letter from the Countess Jules; the Queen showed it to me. The Countess expressed in it her grief at leaving a Princess who had loaded her with kindness. The narrowness of her fortune dictated the necessity of her doing so; but she was much more strongly impelled by the fear that the Queen's friendship, after having raised up dangerous enemies against her, might abandon her to their hatred, and to the regret of having lost the august favour of which she was then the object.

This step produced the full effect that had been expected from it. A young and susceptible Queen cannot long bear the idea of contradiction. She determined more firmly than ever to settle the Countess Jules near herself, by making such a provision for her as should place her beyond anxiety. Her disposition was just what the Queen liked: she had merely natural talents, neither presumption, nor affectation of knowledge. She was of medium size; her complexion very fair, her eyebrows and hair dark brown, her teeth of dazzling whiteness, her smile enchanting, and her whole person beaming with grace. She disliked dress, and was seen almost always in an undress, remarkable only for its neatness and good taste, nothing upon her appeared placed with design, nor even with care. I do not think I ever once saw diamonds about her, even at the highest pitch of her fortune, and when she enjoyed the rank of duchess at Court. I always thought that her sincere attachment to the Queen, as much as her love of simplicity, induced her to avoid everything that might raise a belief of her being a wealthy favourite. She had not

one of the failings which usually accompany that title. She loved the persons who shared the Queen's affections, and was entirely free from jealousy. Marie Antoinette flattered herself that the Countess Jules and the Princess de Lamballe would be her especial friends, and that she should possess a society formed of her own taste. "I will receive them in my closet or at Trianon," she said. "I will enjoy the comforts of private life, which exist not for us, unless we have the resolution to secure them for ourselves." My memory faithfully recalls to me all the charms which so pleasing an illusion held out to the Queen in a scheme of which she fathomed neither the impossibility nor the dangers. The happiness she thought to secure was only destined to cause her vexation. All those courtiers who were not admitted into this intimacy became so many jealous and vindictive enemies.

It was necessary to make a suitable provision for the Countess. The place of first equerry, in reversion after the Count de Tessé, being given to Count Jules unknown to the holder, displeased the family of Noailles. This family had just sustained another mortification: the appointment of the Princess de Lamballe having, in some degree, rendered the resignation of the Countess de Noailles necessary, whose husband was thereupon made a marshal of France. The Princess de Lamballe, although she did not quarrel with the Queen, was alarmed at the establishment of the Countess Jules at Court, and did not form, as Her Majesty had hoped, a part of that intimate society which was composed, in succession, of

Mesdames Jules and Diana de Polignac, d'Andlau and de Chalon; and MM. de Guignes, Coigny, d'Adhemar, de Besenval, lieutenant-colonel of the Swiss, de Polignac, de Vaudreuil and de Guiche: the Prince de Ligne and the Duke of Dorset, the English ambassador, were also admitted.

It was a long time before the Countess Jules maintained any great state at Court. The Queen contented herself with giving her a fine suite of apartments at the top of the marble staircase. The salary of first equerry, the trifling emoluments derived from M. de Polignac's regiment, added to their slender patrimony, and perhaps some small pension, at that time formed the whole fortune of the favourite. I never saw the Queen make her a present of real worth. I was even astonished one day at hearing Her Majesty mention, with pleasure, that the Countess had gained 10,000 francs in the lottery. "She was in great want of it," added the Queen.

Thus it will be seen that the Polignacs were not settled at Court in any degree of splendour which could justify the murmuring of others. The Noailles, however, had perhaps reason to feel hurt on the occasion; they had some right to the reversion after the Count de Tessé. The restoration of the office of superintendent had been likewise mortifying to the Countess de Noailles, who, finding a superior set over her, had retired. This family, which had great weight at Court, was not, however, the only one which the advancement of the Count de Polignac incensed against Marie Antoinette. Whatever one courtier sees obtained by others always appears to

him a spoliation of his own property—that is a rule. In this instance, however, the substantial part of the favours bestowed upon the Polignacs was less envied than the intimacy which was about to be established between them and their dependents and the Queen. In the society of the Countess Jules was seen an opening to the acquisition of favour, places and embassies. Those who had no hope of introduction into that society were irritated.

Madame de Polignac's drawing-room did Marie Antoinette much mischief; it increased the malice of her enemies. However, at the time I speak of, the society around the Countess Jules—fully engaged in strengthening the Queen's attachment to her—was far from interfering in serious matters, to which the young Queen, indeed, was yet a stranger. To gratify her was the leading object of all the favourite's friends. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was a conspicuous member of the circle of the Countess Jules. He was a shining wit—the friend and protector of the fine arts. He had a long list of *protégés* among men of letters and celebrated artists.[1]

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1 M. de Vaudreuil was passionately fond of the arts and of literature. He preferred encouraging them as an amateur rather than as a man of consequence. He gave a dinner every week to a party consisting only of literary characters and artists. The evening was spent in a saloon furnished with musical instruments, pencils, colours, brushes, and pens; and everyone composed or painted or wrote, according to his taste or genius. M. de Vaudreuil himself pursued several of the fine arts. His voice was very pleasing, and he was a good musician. These accomplishments made him sought after, from his earliest entrance into society. The first time he visited Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg, that lady said to him after supper, "I am told, sir, that you sing very well. I should be delighted to hear you. But if you do oblige me so far, pray do not sing any fine piece—no cantata—but some street ballad—just a mere street song. I like a natural style

The Baron de Besenval preserved all the plainness of the Swiss, to which he added all the cunning

—something lively—something cheerful." M. de Vaudreuil begged leave to sing a street ballad then much in vogue. He did not know that Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg was, before her widowhood, Countess de Boufflers. He sang out with a loud and sonorous voice the first line of the couplet, beginning, "When Boufflers was first seen at Court." The company immediately began coughing and sneezing. M. de Vaudreuil went on. "Venus' self shone less beauteous than she did." The noise and confusion increased. But after the third line, "To please her all eagerly sought," M. de Vaudreuil, perceiving that all eyes were fixed upon him, paused. "Pray go on, sir," said Madame la Maréchale, singing the last line herself: "And too well in his turn each succeeded." M. de Besenval's remarks respecting Madame de Luxembourg render the anecdote plausible. But perhaps, in such a delicate dilemma, she may be considered as having given a proof of presence of mind rather than of impudence.*

* The Marquis de Gouffier, who was present on this occasion, tells the story in a very different way. According to his version, the conversation turned on old Time's ravages on beauty, when M. de Vaudreuil said, turning towards Madame de Luxembourg, "As to you, madam, he spared you—we still see that beauty which turned all the heads at Court, and has been celebrated by our best poets." "Yes," said the old lady gaily, "I remember when I first came out there were a few songs written in my praise—there was this, for instance—" and she began singing:

"When Boufflers was first seen at Court,
Venus' self shone less beauteous than she did.—
To please her all eagerly sought"—

Here she stopped, and did not give the last line,

"And too well in his turn each succeeded."

"Go on, Madame la Maréchale," said De Vaudreuil. "Ah!" said she, smiling, "all that was so long ago, that I remember no more of it."

The anecdote, thus told, clears both Vaudreuil and the lady of the imputation of impudence cast upon them by the French editors.—ENGLISH EDITOR.

M. de Vaudreuil succeeded well in the world by his wit and accomplishments. With women his conversation was very delightful and amusing, if we may credit an observation of the Princess d'Henin, recorded by Madame Genlis in her "Souvenirs de Félicie":—

"I saw Le Kain giving a lesson to a young theatrical *débutant* today. In the midst of his speech, the Tyro seized the arm of the Princess. Le Kain, displeased at the action, said to him, 'Sir, if you wish to appear in earnest, you must seem to be afraid of touching even the dress of the object of your affections.'

"What feeling, what delicate tact, this observation shows. This inestimable actor's performance always shows these qualities. Well might Madame d'Henin say, 'I am acquainted with but two men who know how to converse with females—Le Kain and M. de Vaudreuil.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

of a French courtier. The fifty years he had numbered, and the grey hairs on his head, enabled him to enjoy among women all that confidence inspired by maturity of age, although he had not quite given up the thoughts of love intrigues. He talked of his native mountains with enthusiasm. He would willingly, at any time, sing the "Ranz des vaches" with tears in his eyes, and was the best story-teller in the Countess Jules's circle. The last new song, the repartee of the day, and the ordinary little tattling tales, were the sole topics of conversation in the Queen's parties. Learning was proscribed in them. The Countess Diana, more inclined to literary pursuits than her sister-in-law, one day recommended her to read the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." The latter replied, laughing, that she was perfectly acquainted with the Greek poet, and said, to prove it:

"Homère était aveugle et jouait du hautbois."[1]
(Homer was blind and played on the hautboy.)

The Queen found this sort of humour very much to her taste, and said that no pedant had ever been her friend.

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1 This lively repartee of the Duchess de Polignac is a droll imitation of a line in the *Mercure Galant*. In the quarrel scene, one of the lawyers says to his brother quill:

"*Ton père* était aveugle et jouait du hautbois."
(Your father was blind and played on the hautboy.)

It was impossible that the Duchess de Polignac, with her wit and refined taste, should do otherwise than highly value learning; but the following anecdote conveys a poor idea of the education of some of the men admitted into her society:

"In 1781 the Duchess de Polignac was pregnant; and in order to be nearer at hand to pay her respects to the Queen, she requested Madame de Boufflers to let her her house, called D'Auteuil, and famous for its gardens *à l'anglaise*. Madame de Boufflers, who was very fond of her country house, endeavoured to

The splendour of the house of Polignac was not at its height until several years after the period of which I have just spoken; and the Queen did not make a practice of spending a part of each day at the house of the Duchess until the latter had succeeded the Princess de Guéménée, in the capacity of governess of the children of France, and the Duke had become both superintendent of the post and first equerry.

Before the Queen fixed her assemblies at Madame de Polignac's, she occasionally passed the evening at the house of the Duke and Duchess de Duras; they had always a brilliant party of young persons to meet her. They introduced a taste for trifling games, such as question and answer, *guerre panpan*, blindman's buff, and especially a game called *descampativos*.

The people of Paris, continually criticising, and at

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remain in it without disobliging the Duchess, and replied in the following lines:

'Around you all are sedulous to please;
Your tranquil days roll on in cloudless ease;
Empire to you is but the source of joy,
Or if some grief awhile the charm destroy,
Attentive courtiers, with assiduous art,
Banish the transient feeling from your heart.
Far otherwise with me; if sorrows press,
Here, lonely, no one shares in my distress;
My only solace are these fragrant flowers,
Whose rich perfumes beguile my heavy hours.'

"Madame de Polignac showed these lines, and her flatterers, thinking they were written by Madame de Boufflers, pronounced them good for nothing. Of course the decision of the Duchess's friends was carried to Madame la Maréchale. 'I am sorry, then,' said she, 'for poor Racine; for the lines are his.'"

In fact the lines will be found in *Britannicus*, Act ii., Scene 3. They are addressed to Nero by Junia. Madame de Boufflers had merely made a slight alteration in the four last lines, where the name of Britannicus is introduced.

We take this anecdote from the "Secret Correspondence."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

the same time constantly imitating the practices of the Court, were infected with the mania for these childish sports. The rage for *descampativos* and *guerre panpan* extended to every house where many young women were assembled.

Madame de Genlis, in one of her plays, written with an intention to sketch the follies of the day, speaks of these famous *descampativos;* and also of the fashion of making a friend, called the *inseparable*, until a whim, or the slightest indifference, produced a total rupture.

CHAPTER VII

The Duke de Choiseul returns to Court—The Queen obtains a pension of 1,200 francs for Chamfort—She invites Gluck to France, and patronises music successfully—Encouragement given to the art of printing—Turgot: M. de Saint-Germain—Amusement at Court—Particulars of the household—Masked balls at the Opera—The Queen goes there one day in a *fiacre;* slanderous reports upon the subject—The heron plume—Portrait of the Duke de Lauzun—The Queen's attachment to the Princess de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac—Anecdote of the Abbé de Vermond.

The Duke de Choiseul made his reappearance at Court on the ceremony of the King's coronation. From the general wishes of the public on the subject, his friends conceived hopes of seeing him again in the Administration or in the Council of State; but these hopes were only of short duration. The opposite party was too firmly fixed at Versailles, and the young Queen's influence was outweighed, in the mind of the King, by long-standing and lasting prejudices: she therefore gave up for ever her attempt to reinstate the Duke. Thus this Princess, who has been described as so ambitious, and so strenuously supporting the interests of the House of Austria, failed twice in the only scheme which could forward the views constantly attributed to her, and spent the whole of her reign, down to the earliest shocks of the Revolution, surrounded by her own enemies and those of her house.

Marie Antoinette took but little pains to promote literature and the fine arts. She had suffered some vexations, in consequence of her having ordered the performance of the *Connétable de Bourbon*, on the celebration of the marriage of Madame Clotilde, the King's sister, with the Prince of Piedmont. The Court and the people of Paris censured as indecorous the performance of a piece in which such parts were assigned to characters bearing the names of the reigning family, and of that with which the new alliance was formed.[1] The reading of this piece by the Count de Guibert in the Queen's closet had produced in Her Majesty's circle that sort of enthusiasm which prevents all sober and judicious criticism. She promised she would have no more readings. Yet at the request of M. de Cubières, the King's equerry, the Queen agreed to hear the reading of a comedy written by his brother. She collected her intimate friends, Messieurs de Coigny, de Vaudreuil, de Besenval, and Mesdames de Polignac, de Chalon, &c.; and to increase the number of judges, she admitted the two Parnys, the Chevalier de Bertin,[2] my father-in-law, and myself. Molé[3] read for the author. I never

1 The *Connétable de Bourbon* was not, it must be admitted, a fit piece for performance before all the French Princes. It might also create some surprise, if the whole Court should be found approving a composition, in which the Connétable, of all things, desires:

"The rare pleasure of humbling a King."

2 The Chevalier de Parny was already known by his heroic poems, and the Chevalier de Bertin by some well-received verses. —NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

3 An actor who was the delight of the Théâtre Française. He preceded Fleury, and took the same line of character.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

could satisfy myself by what magic the skilful reader gained our unanimous approbation of a work equally bad and ridiculous. Surely the delightful voice of Molé, by awakening our recollection of the dramatic beauties of the French stage, prevented the wretched lines of Derat Cubières from striking on our ears. I can assert that the words "Beautiful! beautiful!" repeatedly interrupted the reader. The piece was admitted for performance at Fontainebleau; and, for the first time, the King had the curtain dropped before the end of the play. It was called the *Dramomane* or *Dramarturge*. All the characters died of poison mixed in a pie. The Queen, highly disconcerted at having recommended this absurd production, resolved once more never to hear another reading, and this time she kept her word.

The tragedy of *Mustapha and Zeangir*, by M. de Chamfort, was highly successful at the Court Theatre at Fontainebleau. The Queen procured the author a pension of 1,200 francs, but his play failed on being performed at Paris.

The spirit of opposition which prevailed in that city delighted in annulling the decisions of the Court. The Queen determined never more to give any marked countenance to new dramatic works. She reserved her patronage for musical composers alone, and in a few years their art arrived at a degree of perfection it had never before attained in France.

It was solely to gratify the Queen that the manager of the Opera collected the first company of comic actors at Paris. Gluck, Piccini and Sacchini were brought there in succession. These eminent composers, and

particularly the first, were treated with great distinction at Court. Immediately on his arrival in France, Gluck was admitted to the Queen's toilet, and she never ceased talking to him all the time he remained with her. She asked him one day whether he had nearly brought his grand opera of *Armida* to a conclusion, and whether it pleased him. Gluck replied very coolly, in his German accent, "Madam, it will soon be finished, and really it will be *sublime*." His opinion, thus roundly expressed, was confirmed; for surely the lyric stage never witnessed a more effective piece. There was a great outcry against the confidence with which the composer had spoken of his own production.[1] The Queen defended him warmly; she insisted that he could not be ignorant of the merit of his works, that he well knew they were generally admired, and that, no doubt, he was fearful lest a modesty, merely dictated by politeness, should look like affectation in him. The Queen did not confine her

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1 Modesty was not one of Gluck's virtues. Madame de Genlis, in her Souvenirs, says, that he spoke of Piccini judiciously and plainly. "One cannot help feeling," adds she, "that he is equitable without ostentation. However, he said yesterday, that if Piccini's *Roland* succeeds, *he will do it over again*. This remark is striking, but it is of a nature that will never please me. It is so much more a proof of feeling to speak always with diffidence!"

Gluck often had to deal with self-sufficiency at least equal to his own. He was very reluctant to introduce long ballets into *Iphigenia*. Vestris deeply regretted that the opera was not terminated by a *chaconne*, in which that god of dance might display all his power. He complained to Gluck about it. Gluck, who treated his art just as it deserves, would make no other reply than that in so interesting a subject capering and dancing would be misplaced. Being pressed another time by Vestris on the same subject, "A *chaconne!* a *chaconne!* roared out the enraged musician, we must describe the Greeks; and had the Greeks *chaconnes?*" "What! had they not?" returned the astonished dancer; "faith, then, so much the worse for them!"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

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Palace of Fontainebleau

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admiration to the lofty style of the French and Italian operas; our comic opera also pleased her much. She greatly valued Grétry's music, so well adapted to the spirit and feeling of the words that time has not yet diminished its charm. It is known that a great deal of the poetry set to music by Grétry is by Marmontel. The day after the first performance of *Zemira and Azor*, Marmontel and Grétry were presented to the Queen in the gallery of Fontainebleau, as she was passing through it to go to Mass. The Queen addressed all her compliments on the success of the new opera to Grétry; told him that during the night she had dreamed of the enchanting effect of the trio by Zemira's father and sisters behind the magic mirror; having said this she left them. Grétry, in a transport of joy, took Marmontel in his arms. "Ah! my friend," cried he; "excellent music may be made of this." "And execrable words," coolly observed Marmontel, to whom Her Majesty had not addressed a single word.[1]

The Queen had no taste for pictures. The most indifferent artists were permitted to have the honour of painting her. A full-length portrait representing

1 All authors, whether poets or musicians, attached great importance to the performance of their works upon the stage of Fontainebleau. Grimm gives us the key to this:

"It is to be observed that the Court almost invariably makes a present to the authors of the pieces performed at Fontainebleau, and, which is a matter of still greater consequence, those pieces, being no longer subject to the usual forms, may be acted at Paris immediately after their performance at Court. To this advantage may be attributed the importance attached to the privilege of being first judged of upon a stage where the result, always uncertain, is never considered as definitely pronounced, for it is agreed that an appeal lies to the public of Paris from the judgments pronounced by the courtly public.

Marie Antoinette in all the pomp of Royalty was exhibited in the gallery of Versailles. This picture, which was intended for the Court of Vienna, and executed by a man who does not deserve to be named, disgusted all people of taste. It seemed as if this art, which is justly placed in the foremost rank of the fine arts, had in France retrograded several centuries. True it is that Vanloo and Boucher had so corrupted the style of the French school that, with eyes accustomed to look only at the foreign and native masterpieces which now surround us, we can scarcely believe that Boucher's paintings could have been objects of admiration at a period so near the age of Louis XIV.

The Queen had not that enlightened judgment, or even that mere taste, which in Princes is sufficient to enable them to develop and protect great talents. She confessed frankly that she saw no merit in any portrait beyond the likeness. When she went to the Louvre, she would run hastily over all the little imitative subjects, and come out, as she acknowledged, without having once raised her eyes to the grander compositions.

There is no good portrait of the Queen, save that by Werthmüller, chief painter to the King of Sweden,

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"And yet," continues Grimm, "it cannot be denied that the manner of judging adopted at Court is very different from what it formerly was, now that it is allowable to applaud there as at other theatres. Formerly it was usual to listen in profound silence, and that silence, while it manifested much respect for the presence of Their Majesties, left a vast uncertainty as to the feelings of the majority of the audience. Since the Queen has permitted this important point of etiquette to be overlooked, it very seldom happens that the public of Paris fails to confirm the decisions at Fontainebleau."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

which was sent to Stockholm; and that by Madame Le Brun, which was saved from the revolutionary fury by the commissioners for the care of the furniture at Versailles. In the composition of the latter picture there reigns a striking analogy to that of Henrietta of France, the wife of the unfortunate Charles I., painted by Vandyke. Like Marie Antoinette, she is seated, surrounded by her children, and that resemblance adds to the melancholy interest raised by this beautiful production.

In admitting, with that candour which I will never lose sight of, that the Queen gave no direct encouragement to any art but that of music, I should be wrong to pass over in silence the patronage conferred by her and the Princes, brothers of the King, on the art of printing.[1]

To Marie Antoinette we are indebted for a splendid quarto edition of the works of Metastasio; to Monsieur the King's brother, for a quarto Tasso, embellished with engravings after Cochin; and to the Count d'Artois, for a small collection of select

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1 The King looked with interest on the productions of an art so serviceable to literature. In 1790 that Prince gave a proof of his particular goodwill to the bookselling trade. The following particulars of this transaction are found in a work which appeared about that time:

"A company consisting of the first Parisian booksellers, being on the eve of stopping payment, succeeded in laying before the King a statement of their distressed situation. The monarch was affected by it; he condescended to take from the Civil List the sum of which the company stood in immediate need, and became security for the repayment of the remainder of the 1,200,000 livres, which they wanted to borrow. Louis XVI. wrote with his own hand the following letter to M. Necker, at that time his Minister of Finance:

"'The interest I take in the welfare of this society, and of the numerous workmen they employ, as well in the country as in

works, which is considered one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the celebrated Didot's press.

In 1775, on the death of the Maréchal du Muy, the ascendency of the sect of innovators occasioned the call of M. de Saint-Germain to Court, that the important post of Minister of War might be entrusted to him. His first care was the abolition of the King's military household establishment, which had been an imposing and effectual rampart round the sovereign power.

It is to be observed that, at the period when the Chancellor Maupeou obtained the consent of Louis XV. to the destruction of the Parliament and the banishment of all the ancient magistrates, the *mousquetaires* were charged with the execution of the commission for this purpose; and that at the stroke of midnight, the presidents and members were all arrested, each by two *mousquetaires*.

In the spring of 1755 a popular insurrection had taken place in consequence of the high price of bread. M. Turgot's new regulation, which permitted unlimited trade in corn, was either its cause or the pretence for it;[1] and the King's household

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Paris, and who would have been out of work without prompt assistance (the *caisse d'escompte*, and other capitalists, to whom they have made application, being unable to help them), has induced me to advance them, as a loan out of the funds of my Civil List, the 50,000 crowns which they wanted indispensably on the 31st of last month. The same motive leads me to secure upon the same fund, such sums as they may be able to procure, in order, with the 50,000 crowns which I have advanced them, to make up the sum of 1,200,000 livres, to be repaid in ten years, including my advance: for the repayment of which I fix no particular time.—St. Cloud, the 4th of August, 1790.—(Signed) Louis.'"—Note by the Editor.

1 Economy and freedom were M. Turgot's two principles. At

troops had, upon that occasion, contributed mainly to the restoration of public tranquillity.

A great number of persons, enlightened by the disastrous events at the end of the reign of Louis XVI., have suspected M. de Saint-Germain of a treacherous confederacy in favour of schemes, formed long beforehand, it is true, by the enemies of good order; but by what fatality was the Queen drawn in to promote such objects? I could never discover the true cause of it, unless indeed in the marked favour shown to the captains and officers of the body-guards, who, in consequence of the reduction, became the only soldiers of their rank entrusted with the safety of the Sovereign; or else in the Queen's strong prejudice against the Duke d'Aiguillon, then commander of the light horse. M. de Saint-Germain, however, retained fifty gendarmes and fifty light horse to form a Royal escort on State occasions; but in 1787 the King disbanded both these military bodies. The Queen then remarked, with evident satisfaction, that at last she should see no more red-coats in the gallery of Versailles.[1]

From 1775 to 1781 the Queen passed the most pleasant part of her life, and that in which she indulged

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Court he insisted chiefly on the application of the former. His numerous retrenchments offended the nobles and clergy.

A female relative of the minister once asked a bishop whether it was not allowable to keep Easter and the Jubilee at the same time. "Why, madam," replied the prelate, "we live in economical times—perhaps we had better do so."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 The Queen said to M. de Saint-Germain, "What will you do with the forty-four gendarmes and forty-four light horse that you keep up? Probably they are to escort the King to the beds of justice?" "No, madam, they are to accompany him

most in the gratifications which on all sides offered themselves to her. In the little journeys to Choisy performances frequently took place at the theatre twice in one day—grand opera and French or Italian comedy at the usual hour, and at eleven at night parodies, in which the best actors of the Opera presented themselves in the most whimsical parts and costumes. The celebrated dancer, Guimard, always took the leading character in the latter performances. She danced better than she acted; her extreme leanness and her small hoarse voice added to the burlesque in the parodied characters of Ernelinde and Iphigénie.

The most magnificent and complimentary *fête* ever given to the Queen was one prepared for her by Monsieur the King's brother at Brunoy. That Prince did me the honour to admit me there, and I followed Her Majesty everywhere in the group that surrounded her. In roving about the gardens she found, in the first copse, knights in full armour asleep beneath the shade of trees, whence hung their spears and shields. The absence of the beauties who had incited the nephews of Charlemagne to lofty deeds is supposed to occasion this lethargic slumber. But the Queen appears at the entrance of the copse; they are on foot in an instant; melodious voices sing the cause of their disenchantment and their eagerness to signalise their skill and valour. They then hastened into a vast

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when *Te Deums* are sung." It must be understood that the Queen was for a total suppression, and for the King being guarded at Versailles, as the Empress, her mother, and the Emperor are at Vienna; and that would have been plain and right. ("Secret Correspondence of the Court: Reign of Louis XVI.")—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

arena, magnificently decorated exactly in the style of the ancient tournaments.

Fifty dancers, dressed as pages, presented to the knights twenty-five superb black horses and twenty-five of a dazzling whiteness, all most richly caparisoned. The party led by Augustus Vestris wore the Queen's colours. Picq, ballet-master at the Russian Court, commanded the opposing band. There was running at the black helmet, tilting and, lastly, desperate single combat, perfectly well imitated. Although the spectators were aware that the Queen's colours could not but be victorious, they did not the less enjoy the various and prolonged sensations occasioned by the apparent uncertainty of the triumph.

Nearly all the agreeable women of Paris, who are always ready to enjoy spectacles of this description, were ranged upon the steps which surrounded the area of the tourney. This assemblage completed the illusion. The Queen, surrounded by the Royal Family and the whole Court, was placed beneath an elevated canopy. A play, followed by a ballet pantomime and a ball, terminated the *fête*. Fireworks and illuminations were not spared. Finally, from a prodigious high scaffold, placed on a rising ground, shouts of "Vive Louis! Vive Marie Antoinette!" were sent forth in the air, in the midst of a very dark but calm night.

Pleasure was the sole pursuit of everyone of this young family, with the exception of the King. Their love of it was perpetually encouraged by a crowd of those officious people who, by anticipating the desires, and even the passions of Princes, find means of show-

ing their zeal, and so hope to gain or secure favour for themselves.

Who would have dared, by cold or solid reasonings, to check the amusements of a Queen, young, lively and handsome? A mother or a husband alone had the right to do it, and the King threw no impediment in the way of Marie Antoinette's inclinations. His long indifference had been followed by feelings of admiration and love. He was a slave to all the wishes of the Queen, who, delighted with the happy change in the mind and manners of the King, did not sufficiently conceal the satisfaction she felt at it, nor the ascendency she was gaining over him.

The King went to bed every night at eleven precisely; he was very methodical, and nothing was allowed to interfere with his rules. He had not, as yet, omitted a single night to share the nuptial bed; but the noise which the Queen unavoidably made, when she returned very late from the evenings which she spent with the Princess de Guéménée, or the Duke de Duras, at last annoyed the King, and it was amicably agreed that the Queen should apprise him when she intended to sit up late. The King then began to sleep in his own apartment, which had never before happened from the time of their marriage.

During the winter the opera-balls beguiled many of the Queen's nights; she attended them with a single lady of the palace, and Monsieur and the Count d'Artois were always there. Her people concealed their liveries under grey cloth overcoats. She always

thought she was not recognised, while all the time she was known to the whole assembly, from the first moment she entered the theatre. They pretended, however, not to recognise her, and some masquerade manœuvre was always adopted to give her the pleasure of fancying herself *incognito*.

Louis XVI. determined once to accompany the Queen to a masked ball; it was agreed that the King should hold not only the *grand* but the *petit coucher*, as if actually going to bed. The Queen went to his apartment through the inner corridors of the palace, followed by one of her women with a black domino; she assisted him to put it on, and they went alone to the chapel court, where a carriage waited for them, with the captain of the guard on duty, and a lady of the palace. The King was but little amused, spoke only to two or three persons, who knew him immediately, and found nothing to admire at the masquerade but Punches and Harlequins, which served as a joke against him for the Royal Family, who often amused themselves with laughing at him about it.

An event, very simple in itself, brought lamentable suspicions upon the conduct of the Queen. She was going out one evening with the Duchess de Luynes, lady of the palace. Her carriage broke down at the entrance into Paris; she was obliged to alight; the Duchess led her into a shop, while a footman called a *fiacre*. As they were masked, if they had but known how to keep silence, the event would never have been known; but to ride in a *fiacre* is an adventure so whimsical for a Queen, that she had hardly entered the opera-house when she could not

help saying to some persons whom she met there, "I came in a *fiacre;* is it not droll?"[1]

From that moment all Paris was informed of the adventure of the *fiacre;* it was said that everything connected with that night-adventure was mysterious; that the Queen had kept an assignation in a private house with a nobleman honoured by her kindness: the Duke de Coigny was openly named. He was,

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1 The amusement of the masquerade, the desire which the Queen felt to taste, at least, the pleasure of the *incognito* under the mask there, must have given rise to a number of those adventures, which form one of the amusements attached to disguise of that sort, and which the presence of a third person always renders innocent. The following anecdote appears in a work of the time:

"An adventure, which took place at the masked ball given by the Count de Viry, is whispered about. It was as follows:—After the banquet the Queen withdrew with her suite, and returned shortly afterwards, masked, to the ball. At three o'clock in the morning she was walking with the Duchess de la Vauguyon; the two masks were accosted by a young foreign nobleman, who was unmasked, and who conversed with them a long time, taking them for two women of quality with whom he was acquainted. The mistake gave rise to a singular conversation, which amused Her Majesty the more, inasmuch as the topics were light and agreeable, without being indiscreet. Two gentlemen in masks came up and joined the party; after laughing a good deal together, they separated. The two ladies intimated a desire to withdraw; the German Baron conducted them; a very plain carriage drew up, and when they were about to enter it, Madame de la Vauguyon unmasked. Judge of the stranger's surprise, and how it increased, when, on turning round, he also recognised the other lady, who had likewise unmasked; respect and a kind of confusion succeeded to familiarity. The affability of the charming Princess, however, reassured the foreigner, who besides had had the advantage of paying his court to Her Majesty, and being known to her. The raillery with which he had to reproach himself was only such as the mask sanctions, especially in France. The Queen recommended secrecy, and left him. He complied, no doubt, but to little purpose, as two or three spectators, who were there by accident, were not equally discreet. The foreigner, however, who was finely formed, amiable, and of exalted birth, well deserved the favour fortune threw in his way. Meeting the Queen a few days afterwards, she asked him if he had kept her secret in a tone which showed that she did not consider it of the slightest importance." ("Secret Correspondence of the Court: Reign of Louis XVI.")—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

indeed, very well received at Court, but equally so by the King and Queen. These suppositions of gallantry once set afloat, there were no longer any bounds to all the foolish conjectures of the gossips of the day, and still less to the calumnies circulated at Paris respecting the Queen; if, during the chase, or at cards, she spoke to Lord Edward Dillon, De Lambertye, or others whose names I cannot at this moment bring to my recollection, they were so many favoured lovers. The people of Paris did not know that none of those young persons were admitted into the Queen's private circle of friends, nor had even any claim to be introduced there; but the Queen went about Paris in disguise, and had made use of a *fiacre;* and, unfortunately, a single instance of levity gives room for the suspicion of others, and ill-disposed persons do not hesitate to presume that which could not really take place. Calm in consciousness of innocence, and well knowing that all about her must do justice to her private life, the Queen spoke of these false reports with contempt, contenting herself with the supposition that some vain folly in the young men above mentioned had given rise to them. She therefore left off speaking to them, or even looking at them. Their vanity took alarm at this, and the pleasure of revenge induced them either to say or to leave others to think that it was their misfortune to please no longer. Other young coxcombs, placing themselves near the private box which the Queen occupied *incognito* when she attended the public theatre at Versailles, had the presumption to imagine that they were noticed by her; and I have known

such notions entertained merely on account of the Queen's requesting one of those gentlemen to enquire behind the scenes whether it would be long before the commencement of the second piece.

The list of persons received into the Queen's closet, which I have given above, was placed in the hands of the gentlemen ushers of the chamber by the Princess de Lamballe; and the persons there enumerated were to present themselves to enjoy the distinction on those days whereon the Queen chose to be with her intimates in a private manner, and on no other; and this was only after she had been confined, or when she was slightly indisposed. People of the first rank at Court sometimes requested audiences of her; the Queen then received them in a room within that called the wardrobe-women's closet, and these women announced whoever was coming into Her Majesty's apartment.

I was one day in this cabinet when the Duke de Lauzun passed through it, after an occurrence which requires some explanation.

The Duke de Lauzun (since Duke de Biron), who made himself conspicuous in the Revolution, among the associates of the Duke d'Orleans, has left behind him some manuscript Memoirs, in which he calumniates the character of Marie Antoinette. He relates one anecdote respecting a heron's plume. The following is the true history of the matter.

The Duke de Lauzun had a good deal of original wit and something chivalrous in his manners. The Queen was accustomed to see him at the King's suppers, and at the house of the Princess de Guéménée, and always showed him attention. One day he made

his appearance at Madame de Guéménée's in uniform, and with the most magnificent plume of white heron's feathers that it was possible to behold. The Queen admired the plume, and he offered it to her through the Princess de Guéménée. As he wore it, the Queen had not imagined that he could think of giving it to her. Much embarrassed with the present which she had, as it were, drawn upon herself, she did not dare to refuse it, nor did she know whether she ought to make one in return; fearful, if she did give anything, of giving either too much or too little, she contented herself with wearing the plume once, and letting M. de Lauzun see her adorned with the present he had made her. In his secret Memoirs the Duke attaches an importance to his present of the *aigrette*, which proves him utterly unworthy of an honour accorded only to his name and rank.

His vanity magnified the value of the favour done him. A short time after the present of the heron plume he solicited an audience; the Queen granted it, as she would have done to any other nobleman of equal rank. I was in the room adjoining that in which he was received. A few minutes after his arrival, the Queen opened the door and said aloud, and in an angry tone of of voice, "Go, sir." M. de Lauzun bowed low and withdrew. The Queen was much agitated. She said to me, "That man shall never again come within my doors." A few years before the Revolution of 1789 the Marshal de Biron died. The Duke de Lauzun, heir to his name, aspired to the important post of colonel of the regiment of French guards. The Queen, however, procured it for the Duke du Châtelet: such is often the

origin of the most implacable hatred. The Duke de Biron espoused the cause of the Duke d'Orleans, and became one of the most violent enemies of Marie Antoinette.[1]

It is with reluctance that I enter very minutely on a defence of the Queen against two infamous accusations with which libellers have dared to swell their envenomed volumes. I mean the unworthy suspicions of too strong an attachment for the Count d'Artois, and of the motives for the close friendship which subsisted between the Queen, the Princess de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac. I do not believe that the Count d'Artois was, during the earlier years of his own youth, and that of the Queen, so much enamoured as has been said with the beauty and loveliness of his sister-in-law; but I can affirm that I always saw that Prince maintain the most respectful demeanour towards the Queen; that she always spoke of him, of his good nature and cheerfulness, with that freedom which never attends any other than the purest

1 The Memoirs of the Duke de Lauzun, still in manuscript while Madame Campan was compiling hers, have since been published. They were penned by the Duke de Lauzun at the solicitation of the Duchess de Fleury, daughter of the Duke de Coigny, a woman whose wit, grace and beauty were justly extolled. The edition which has appeared does not contain the anecdote of the heron plume. Did this arise from reserve on the part of the editors or some hiatus in the manuscript? Be this as it may, we have a manuscript which details this anecdote at full length, and we do not hesitate to publish it.* At this day, when the account given by Madame Campan contradicts that of the Duke de Lauzun; at this day, when his presumptuous, selfish and foolish character is known, what he says may retain its malignity but can gain no credit. We now see in his Memoirs nothing more than the false and despicable insinuations of a coxcomb deceived in his expectation, and whose wounded vanity seeks a revenge unworthy of a man of honour.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

* See *Historical Illustrations* (O).

sentiments, and that none of those about the Queen ever saw in the affection she manifested towards the Count d'Artois more than that of a kind and tender sister for her youngest brother. As to the intimate connection between Marie Antoinette and the ladies I have named, it never had, nor could have, any other motive than the very innocent wish to secure herself two *friends* in the midst of a numerous Court; and, notwithstanding this intimacy, that tone of dignified respect, observed by persons of the most exalted rank towards Royal Majesty, was never forgotten.[1]

The Queen, entirely occupied with the society of Madame de Polignac and amusements which succeeded each other in an unbroken series, had for some time found but little leisure for the Abbé de

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1 This testimony is confirmed by an historian, the following extract from whom will certainly be read with interest:

"We shall have occasion to quote a few fragments of letters, from which an idea of the strict friendship that united the Queen and the Duchess de Polignac may be drawn. The following note will be sufficient for the present. It was written by the Queen to the Duchess, in answer to a letter in which the latter, after an illness that had confined her for a few days in Paris, wrote to the Queen that she should soon have the honour of paying her respects to her:—

"'I am doubtless more impatient for our meeting than you, for to-morrow I shall come and dine with you at Paris.'

"And in fact the Queen did go and dine with her friend. It must be confessed that this strict friendship between a Sovereign and a subject appears the more extraordinary as being utterly unexampled. However, that it did exist cannot be denied. Unprincipled people, therefore, had no other course to pursue than to suppose a criminal motive for this friendship; and they succeeded but too well.

"When the real scheme of dethroning the unfortunate Louis XVI. was once more determined on, it was thought proper to begin by degrading him; the most efficacious way to do which was to attack the morals of the Queen. It was also essential to the success of this infernal plot that the Duchess de Polignac should be lowered in public opinion before the Princess herself was attacked. For if the Duchess could be made to

Vermond; he therefore resolved to retire from Court. The world did him the honour to believe that he had hazarded remonstrances upon his august pupil's frivolous employment of her time, and that, both as an ecclesiastic and as instructor, he was now, when at Court, out of his place. But the world deceived itself: his dissatisfaction arose purely from the favour shown to the Countess Jules. After a fortnight's absence, we saw him at Versailles again, resuming his usual functions. I will relate by-and-bye his motives for absenting himself, and the conditions for which he stipulated, upon his return.

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appear deserving of universal contempt, the opprobrium cast on her would stain her august friend also.

"Libels against Madame de Polignac, therefore, were not spared. The author of this history has been often asked whether he had read those libels? and who, unfortunately, has not? But he, in his turn, demanded that those who wrote them should own them, and produce their proofs. He was never answered; and all intelligent persons who were well acquainted with the Duke and Duchess de Polignac appeared to him convinced that the authors of those libels were vile calumniators, hired by the enemies of the King and Queen. He even interrogated the Duchess's servants, who had nothing more to hope for from their mistress; and their answers proved that she was beloved by her people, and that in the bosom of her family she led the most decorous and regular life.

"In short, the author has not met with a single person who had ever even received the slightest offence from the Duke de Polignac or his Duchess. Having to decide between heavy accusations, altogether unsupported by any kind of evidence, on the one hand, and indisputable facts on the other, he was naturally bound to pronounce for the latter; his character of an historian did not admit of his doing otherwise." ("History of Marie Antoinette," by Montjoie.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII

Joseph II. visits France—His reception at the Opera—*Fête* given to him by the Queen at Trianon—First pregnancy of the Queen—Voltaire's return to Paris—Duel between the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Bourbon—Return of the Chevalier d'Eon to France—Particulars relative to his missions, and the causes of his disguise—Night promenades upon the terrace of Trianon—Couplets against the Queen—Indignation of Louis XVI.—The birth of Madame.

From the time of Louis XVI.'s accession to the throne, the Queen had been expecting a visit from her brother the Emperor Joseph II. That Prince was the constant theme of her discourse. She boasted of his intelligence, his love of occupation, his military knowledge and the perfect simplicity of his manners. Those about Her Majesty ardently wished to see at Versailles a Prince so worthy of his rank. At length the coming of Joseph II., under the title of Count Falkenstein, was announced, and the very day on which he would be at Versailles was mentioned.[1] The first interview between the Queen and her august brother took place in the presence of all the Queen's household. It was extremely affecting; the feelings of nature excite the strongest

1 The Queen received the Emperor at Versailles, and did not go to meet him in a cabriolet, as is said in some of the collections of anecdotes respecting the Court of Louis XVI., especially in a very respectable work in which this false anecdote is inserted, as it is likewise in the *English Spy*, from which it was probably taken.—Note by Madame Campan.

interest when displayed by Sovereigns in all their unrestrained force.

The Emperor was at first generally admired in France; men of science, skilful officers and celebrated artists were sensible of the great extent of his information. He made less impression at Court, and very little in the private circle of the King and Queen. His manners were eccentric, his frankness often degenerated into rudeness, and his simplicity appeared evidently affected; from these characteristics he was looked upon rather as a singular than an admirable Prince. The Queen spoke to him about the apartment she had prepared for him in the castle. The Emperor answered that he would not accept of it, and that while travelling he always lodged at a *cabaret* (that was his very expression). The Queen insisted, and assured him that he should be at perfect liberty, and placed out of the reach of noise. He replied that he knew the château of Versailles was extensive enough. and that he might claim a place there as well as any of the other *blackguards* who were lodged in it, but that his *valet de chambre* had made up his camp-bed in a ready-furnished house, and there he would lodge.

He dined with the King and Queen, and supped with the whole family assembled together. He appeared to take an interest in the young Princess Elizabeth, then just past childhood, and blooming in all the freshness of that age. A report of an intended marriage between him and this young sister of the King was circulated at the time, but I believe it had no foundation in truth.

The table still continued to be attended by females

only when the Queen dined in private with the King, the Royal Family, or crowned heads.[1] I was present at the Queen's dinner almost every day. The Emperor would there speak much and fluently; he expressed himself in our language with facility, and the singularity of his expressions added a zest to his conversation. I have often heard him say that he liked *spectaculous* objects, when he meant to express such things as formed a show, or a scene worthy of interest. He disguised none of his prejudices upon the subject of the etiquette and customs of the Court of France, and even in the presence of the King aimed his sarcasms at them.[2] The King smiled, but never made

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1 The custom was that, even supposing dinner to have commenced, if a Princess of the Blood arrived and she was asked to sit down at the Queen's table, the comptrollers and gentlemen-in-waiting immediately came to attend and the Queen's women withdrew. These had succeeded the maids of honour in several parts of their service and had preserved some of their privileges. One day the Duchess d'Orleans arrived at Fontainebleau at the Queen's dinner-hour. The Queen invited her to the table, and herself motioned to her women to leave the room and let the men take their places. Her Majesty said she was resolved to continue a privilege which kept places of that description honourable and rendered them a fit resort for ladies of birth without fortune.

Madame de Misery, Baroness de Biache, the Queen's first lady of the chamber, to whom I was reversioner, was a daughter of the Count de Chemant, and her grandmother was a Montmorency. The Prince de Tingry, in the presence of the Queen, used to call her *cousin*.

The ancient household of the Kings of France conferred prerogatives acknowledged in the State. Many of the offices were tenable only by those of noble blood, and were sold at from 40,000 to 300,000 francs. A collection of edicts of the Kings in favour of the prerogatives and right of precedence of the persons holding office in the King's household is still in existence.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 Joseph II. had a taste, or perhaps we may say a talent, for satire. A collection of his letters has just been published, in which his bitter raillery spares neither the nobility nor the clergy, nor even his brother Kings. Two or three of these letters will be found at the end of the volume, letter (P); they belong to the subject

any answer; the Queen appeared to feel pain from them. The Emperor frequently terminated his observations upon the objects in Paris which he had admired by reproaching the King for remaining in ignorance of them. He could not conceive how such rich treasures of art should remain shut up in the dust of immense depositories,[1] and told him one day that but for the practice of placing some of them in the apartments of Versailles, he would not know even the principal *chefs-d'œuvre* that he possessed.[2] He also reproached him for not having visited the Hôtel des Invalides or the Military School, and even went so far as to tell him before us that he ought not only to know what Paris contained, but to travel in France and reside a few days in each of his large towns.

At last the Queen was really hurt at the Emperor's indiscreet sincerity, and gave him a few lectures upon the thoughtlessness with which he allowed himself to lecture others. One day she was busied in signing warrants and orders for payment for her

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treated of by Madame Campan, since they add a few touches more to the picture of Joseph II.

His caustic humour found, however, fair game in the etiquette observed at the Court of France. If we wish to form an idea of this tyranny, which annoyed princely personages every instant of the day, and followed them in a manner even to the nuptial bed, we must read a curious paper inserted by Madame Campan among her *Historical Illustrations* (No. 2).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 Shortly after the Emperor's departure the Count d'Angivillers laid before the King plans for the erection of the Museum, which was then begun.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 The Emperor loudly blamed the practice existing at that time of allowing shopkeepers to erect shops near the outward walls of all the palaces, and to establish something like a fair upon the staircases in the galleries of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and even up to each landing-place of the great staircases.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

household, and was conversing with M. Augeard, her secretary for such matters, who presented the papers one after another to be signed, and replaced them in his portfolio. While this was going forward the Emperor walked about the room; all at once he stopped to censure the Queen rather severely for signing all those papers without reading them, or at least without running her eye over them; and he spoke most judiciously to her upon the danger of signing her name inconsiderately. The Queen answered that very wise principles might be very ill applied; that her secretary for orders, who deserved her implicit confidence, was at that moment laying before her nothing but orders for payment of the quarter's expenses of her household, registered in the Chamber of Accounts; and that she ran no risk of giving her signature for any improper design.[1]

The Queen's toilette was likewise a never-failing subject for animadversion with the Emperor. He blamed her for having introduced too many new fashions, and teased her about her use of rouge, to which his eyes could not accustom themselves. One day, while she was laying on more of it than usual, before going to the play, he advised her to put on still more; and, pointing out a lady who was in the room, and was, in truth, highly painted, "A little more under the eyes," said the Emperor to the Queen; "lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does." The Queen entreated her brother

1 This anecdote is confirmed by the information Madame Campan gives respecting the order established in the accounts relating to the funds belonging to the Queen's privy purse, in her *Historical Illustrations* (No. 3).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

to cease observations of this sort, and at all events to address them, when they were so severe, to her alone. This manner of criticising established fashions and customs agreed very well with the sneering spirit which then prevailed, otherwise the Emperor would have been generally blamed. Those who from principle adhered to the ancient customs were the only persons displeased, and were, indeed, much offended with him for his misplaced frankness.

The Queen had made an appointment to meet him at the Italian theatre, but Her Majesty changed her mind, and went to the French theatre. She sent a page to the Italian theatre requesting that her brother would come to her. The Emperor left his box, lighted by the comedian Clairval, and attended by M. de la Ferté, comptroller of the Queen's privy purse, who was much hurt at hearing His Imperial Majesty, after condescendingly expressing his regret at not being present at the Italian performance, say to Clairval, "Your young Queen is very giddy; but, luckily, you Frenchmen have no great objection to that."

I was with my father-in-law in one of the Queen's apartments when the Emperor came to wait for her there, and, knowing that M. Campan did the duty of librarian, he conversed with him about such books as would of course be found in the Queen's library. After talking of our most celebrated authors, he casually said, "There are no works on finance or on administration here, of course."

These words were followed by his opinion on all that had been written on those topics, and the

different systems of our two famous ministers, Sully and Colbert; on the errors which were daily committed in France in points so essential to the prosperity of the empire, and on the reform he himself would make at Vienna as soon as he should be able. Holding M. Campan by the button, he spent more than an hour talking vehemently, and without the slightest reserve, about the French Government. This was certainly wrong, for the Emperor should have conversed with the secretary-librarian only upon matters connected with his office, if he had consulted delicacy and dignity. But he was so full of self-sufficiency respecting the science of government that he fell into this childish error. My father-in-law and myself continued in profound silence, as much from astonishment as from respect; and when we were left alone we agreed not to speak of this interview.

The Emperor was fond of telling secret anecdotes of the Italian Courts that he had visited. The jealous quarrels between the King and Queen of Naples amused him highly; he described to the life the manner and speech of that Sovereign, and the simplicity with which he used to go and solicit the first chamberlain to obtain permission to return to the nuptial bed, when the angry Queen had banished him from it. The time he was made to wait for this reconciliation was calculated between the Queen and her chamberlain, and always proportioned to the gravity of the offence. He also related several very amusing stories relative to the Court of Parma, of which he spoke with no little contempt. If what this Prince said

of those Courts, and even of Vienna, had been written down from day to day, the whole would have formed a very interesting collection. I recollect but one anecdote which calls to mind the infatuation of Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the system of the economists, and gives an idea of the judgment the Emperor had formed of him. The Emperor related to the King that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the King of Naples being together, the former talked much about the changes he had effected in his State. He said he had issued a vast number of new edicts, in order to carry the precepts of the economists into execution, and trusted that in so doing he was labouring for the welfare of his people. The King of Naples suffered him to go on speaking for a long time, and then merely asked him how many Neapolitan families there were in Tuscany. The Duke soon reckoned them up, as they were but few. "Well, brother," replied the King of Naples, "I do not understand the indifference of your people respecting this said welfare, for I have four times the number of Tuscan families settled in my States that you have of Neapolitan families in yours."

The Queen being at the Opera with the Emperor, the latter did not wish to show himself; but she took him by the hand, and with a little gentle force drew him forward to the first row of the box. This presentation to the public was most warmly received. The performance was *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and for the second time the chorus, "Chantons, célébrons notre Reine!" was called for with the greatest ardour, and sung in the midst of universal plaudits.

A *fête* of a novel description was given at Petit Trianon. The art with which the English garden was lighted, not illuminated, produced a charming effect: earthern lamps concealed by painted green boards threw light upon the beds of shrubs and flowers, and brought out their several tints in the most varied and pleasing manner. Several hundred burning faggots in the moat behind the Temple of Love kept up a blaze of light, which rendered the spot the most brilliant in the garden. After all, this evening's entertainment had nothing remarkable about it beyond that for which it was indebted to the good taste of the artists, yet it was much talked of. The situation did not allow of the admission of a great part of the Court; those who were uninvited were dissatisfied; and the people, who never forgive any *fêtes* but those they share in, contributed greatly to the envious exaggerations which were circulated as to the cost of this little *fête*, which were so ridiculously absurd as to state that the faggots burnt in the moat required the destruction of a whole forest. The Queen, being informed of these reports, was determined to know exactly how much wood had been consumed, and she found that fifteen hundred faggots had sufficed to keep up the fire until four o'clock in the morning.

The Emperor left France after staying a few months, and promised his sister to come and see her again.

All the officers of the Queen's chamber had taken many opportunities of serving him during his stay, and expected that he would make presents before his

departure. Their oath of office positively forbade them receiving a gift from any foreign Prince; they had, therefore, agreed to refuse the Emperor's presents at first, but to ask the time necessary for obtaining permission to accept them. The Emperor, probably informed of this custom, relieved the good people from the difficulty of getting themselves released from their oath, for he set off without making a single present.

The Countess d'Artois already had two children, while the Queen had not even a hope of giving heirs to the throne. There were many secret conjectures respecting the obstacles which could so long have opposed this. At last, about the latter end of 1777, the Queen, being alone in her closet, sent for my father-in-law and myself, and giving us her hand to kiss, told us that, looking upon us both as persons deeply interested in her happiness, she wished to receive our congratulations; that at length she really was the Queen of France, and that she hoped soon to have children; that up to that moment she had concealed her grief, but that she had shed many tears in secret.

We have calculated and found that she was brought to bed of Madame, daughter of the King, exactly a year after the confidence she had deigned to repose in us. This tardy consummation was not made public.

Dating from this long-delayed but happy moment, the King's attachment to the Queen assumed every characteristic of love. The good Lassone, first physician to the King and Queen, frequently spoke to me of the uneasiness that the King's indifference

the cause of which he had been so long in overcoming, had given him, and appeared to me at that time to entertain anxiety of a very different description.

In the winter of 1778 the King's permission for the return of Voltaire, after an absence of twenty-seven years, was obtained. A few austere or cautious persons considered this condescension on the part of the Court as very injudicious. The Emperor, on leaving France, passed by Ferney, and did not think fit to stop there. He had advised the Queen not to suffer Voltaire to be presented to her. A lady belonging to the Court learned the Emperor's opinion on that point, and reproached him with his want of enthusiasm towards the greatest genius of the age. He replied that, for the good of the people, he should always endeavour to profit by the knowledge of the philosophers, but that his own business of Sovereign would always prevent his ranking himself amongst the adepts of that sect. The clergy also took steps to hinder Voltaire's appearance at Court. Paris, however, carried the honours paid to the great poet to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. It was highly imprudent to give the people of Paris an opportunity of showing with how much pleasure they could maintain an opinion contrary to that of the Court. This was pointed out to the Queen, and she was told that, without conferring on Voltaire the honour of a presentation, she might see him in the State apartments. She was not very adverse to following this advice, and appeared embarrassed solely about what she should say to him in consenting to see him. She was recommended to talk to him about nothing but the *Henriade*, *Mérope*

and *Zaïre*. The Queen told those who had taken the liberty to make these observations to her that she would still consult a few other persons in whom she had great confidence. The next day she gave for answer that it was irrevocably decided Voltaire should not see any member of the Royal Family, his writings being full of principles which aimed too directly at religion and morals. "It is, however, strange," said the Queen as she gave this answer, "that, while we refuse to admit Voltaire into our presence as the leader of philosophical writers, Madame la Maréchale de Mouchy, with all the intriguing disposition of the sect, should have presented to me, some years ago, Madame Geoffrin, who owed her celebrity to the title of foster-mother of the philosophers."

When the intended duel of the Count d'Artois with the Prince de Bourbon was known, the Queen determined to see the Baron Besenval, who was to be one of the persons present at the meeting, privately, in order to communicate the King's intentions. I read with infinite pain the manner in which that simple fact is perverted in M. de Besenval's memoirs. He is right in saying that M. Campan led him through the upper corridors of the château, and introduced him into an apartment unknown to him; but the air of romance given to the interview is equally culpable and ridiculous. M. de Besenval says that he found himself, without knowing how he came there, in a plain apartment, *but very conveniently furnished*, of the existence of which he was till then utterly ignorant. He was astonished, he adds, *not that the Queen should have so many facilities, but that she should have ventured to procure them.* Ten printed sheets

of the woman Lamotte's impure libels contain nothing so injurious to the character of Marie Antoinette as these lines, written by a man whom she honoured by kindness thus undeserved. He could not possibly have had any opportunity of knowing the existence of these apartments, which consisted of a very small ante-chamber, a bedchamber and a closet. Ever since the Queen had occupied her own apartment this had been appropriated to Her Majesty's lady of honour in cases of confinement or sickness, and was actually in such use when the Queen was confined. It was so important that it should not be known the Queen had spoken to the Baron before the duel that she had determined to go through her inner room into this little apartment to which M. Campan was to conduct him. When men write upon times still in remembrance they should be scrupulously exact, and not indulge in any exaggerations or constructions of their own.

The Baron de Besenval, in his memoirs, appears mightily surprised at the Queen's sudden coolness, and in a very unfavourable manner refers to the fickleness of her disposition. I can explain the reason for the change by repeating what Her Majesty said to me at the time, and I will not alter one of her expressions. Speaking of the strange presumption of men, and the reserve with which women ought always to treat them, the Queen added that age did not deprive them of the hope of pleasing if they retained any agreeable qualities; that she had treated the Baron de Besenval as a brave Swiss, agreeable, polished and witty, whose grey hairs had induced her to look upon him as a man whom she might see without fear of censure

but that she had been much deceived. Her Majesty, after having enjoined me to the strictest secrecy upon what she was about to impart, informed me that finding herself alone with the Baron, he began to address her with so much gallantry that she was thrown into the utmost astonishment, and that he was mad enough to fall upon his knees and make her a declaration in form. The Queen added that she said to him, "Rise, sir; the King shall not be informed of an offence which would disgrace you for ever"; that the Baron grew pale, and stammered an apology; that she left her closet without saying another word, and that since that time she hardly ever spoke to him. The Queen said to me on this occasion, "It is delightful to have friends, but in a situation like mine it is sometimes difficult to adopt the friends of our friends."

The Baron, like a bold courtier, knew how to digest both the shame attendant on a step so blamable, and the resentment which had of course succeeded. He did not lose the honourable distinction of being on the list of persons received in the society of Trianon.

In the beginning of the year 1779 Chevalier d'Eon obtained permission to return to France, on condition that he should appear there in no other dress than that of a female. The Count de Vergennes entreated my father, M. Genet, chief clerk of foreign affairs, who had long known the Chevalier d'Eon, to receive that whimsical personage at his house, to guide and restrain, if possible, his restless disposition. The Queen, on learning his arrival at Versailles, sent a footman to desire my father to bring him into her presence. My father thought it his duty, first, to inform the minister

of Her Majesty's wishes. The Count de Vergennes expressed himself pleased with my father's prudence, and desired him to accompany him to the Queen. The minister had a few minutes' audience; Her Majesty came out of her closet with him, and finding my father in the room beyond it, condescended to express to him the regret she felt at having troubled him to no purpose; and added, smiling, that a few words which M. de Vergennes had just said to her had for ever cured her of her curiosity. The late discovery and confirmation, in London, respecting the true sex of this pretended woman, gives room for belief that the few words uttered by the minister for foreign affairs to the Queen contained merely a solution of the enigma. It is known that while the Chevalier d'Eon was minister plenipotentiary in London, he outrageously attacked the honour of the Count de Guerchy; and the Court of France in not permitting him to make his appearance again in his own country in any other dress than that of a woman, made some atonement for his insulting conduct towards a family of consideration.

The Chevalier d'Eon had been useful in Russia in the private espionage of Louis XV. While still very young, he had found means to introduce himself at the Court of the Empress Elizabeth, and had served that Sovereign in the capacity of reader. Resuming afterwards his military dress, he served with honour, and was wounded. Appointed chief secretary of legation, and afterwards minister plenipotentiary at London, he offended Count de Guerchy, the ambassador, by the most unpardonable insults. They were

of such a nature that the official order for the Chevalier's return to France was actually delivered to the King's Council; but Louis XV. delayed the departure of the courier who was to be the bearer of it, and sent off another courier, privately, who gave the Chevalier d'Eon a letter in his own writing, in which he said: "I know that you have served me as effectually in the dress of a woman as in that which you now wear. Resume it instantly; withdraw into the city; I warn you that the King yesterday signed an order for your return to France. You are not safe in your hotel, and you will here find too powerful enemies." I heard the Chevalier d'Eon repeat the contents of this letter, in which Louis XV. thus separated his personal existence from that of the King of France, several times at my father's. The Chevalier, or rather the *Chevalière*, d'Eon had preserved all the King's letters. Messieurs de Maurepas and de Vergennes wished to get these letters out of his hands, as they feared he would print them. This eccentric being had long solicited his return to France; but it was necessary to find a way of sparing the family he had offended the kind of insult they would see in his return; he was therefore made to resume the costume of that sex in which in France everything is pardoned. The desire to see his native land once more undoubtedly determined him to submit to the condition, but he consoled himself by contrasting the long train of his gown and his three deep ruffles with the attitude and conversation of a grenadier, which, however, made him very disagreeable company.

At last the event so long desired by the Queen,

and by all who wished her well, took place. Her Majesty became pregnant; the King was in ecstacies on the occasion. Never was there a more united or happier couple. The disposition of Louis XVI. was entirely altered, and was becoming prepossessing and conciliatory; he had submitted to the yoke of love, and the Queen was well compensated for the uneasiness which the King's indifference during the early part of their union had caused her.

The summer of 1778 was extremely hot. July and August passed, but the air was not cooled by a single shower. The Queen, incommoded by her size, spent whole days in close rooms, and could not sleep until she had breathed the fresh night air, which she did, walking with the Princesses and her brothers upon the terrace under her apartments. These promenades at first gave rise to no remarks; but it occurred to some of the party to enjoy the music of wind instruments during these fine summer nights. The musicians belonging to the chapel were ordered to perform pieces suited to instruments of that description, upon steps constructed in the middle of the garden. The Queen, seated on one of the terrace benches, enjoyed the effect of this music, surrounded by the whole of the Royal Family, with the exception of the King, who joined them but twice, disliking to break in upon his hour of going to bed. Nothing could be more innocent than these parties; yet Paris, France, nay, all Europe, were soon canvassing them in a manner most disadvantageous to the reputation of Marie Antoinette. It is true that all the inhabitants of Versailles chose to enjoy these serenades, and that

there was a crowd near the spot from eleven at night until two or three in the morning. The windows of the ground floor, occupied by Monsieur and Madame, were kept open, and the terrace was perfectly well lighted by the numerous wax candles burning in the two apartments. Lamps were likewise placed in the garden, and the lights of the orchestra illuminated the rest of the place.

I do not know whether a few inconsiderate females might not have ventured further, and wandered to the bottom of the park; it may have been so; but the Queen, Madame and the Countess d'Artois were always arm-in-arm, and never left the terrace. The Princesses were not remarkable when seated on the benches, being dressed in cambric muslin gowns, with large straw hats and muslin veils, a costume universally adopted by females at that time; but when standing up, their different figures always distinguished them, and the persons present stood on one side to let them pass. It is true that, when they seated themselves upon the benches, private individuals would sometimes, to their great amusement, come and sit down by their side. A young clerk in the war department, lively and of good address, either not knowing the Queen, or pretending not to know her, spoke to her. The beauty of the night and the delightful effect of the music, formed the topic of conversation. The Queen, fancying she was not recognised, amused herself by keeping up the *incognito*, and they talked of several private families of Versailles, who were perfectly well known to the Queen, as they all consisted of persons belonging to the

King's household, or her own. After thus passing a few minutes, the Queen and Princesses rose to walk, and on leaving the bench curtsied to the clerk. The young man knowing, or having subsequently discovered, that he had been conversing with the Queen, boasted of it in his office. On this being made known, he was desired to hold his tongue; and so little attention did he excite that the Revolution found him still a mere clerk as before. Another evening one of Monsieur's body-guard, in the same manner, came and seated himself near the Princesses, and knowing them, left the place where he was sitting, and came up to the Queen to tell her that he was very fortunate in being able to seize an opportunity of imploring the kindness of his Sovereign; that he was soliciting at Court—at the word soliciting, the Queen and Princesses rose hastily and withdrew into Madame's apartment.[1]

I was at the Queen's residence that very day. She talked of this little occurrence all the time of her *coucher;* though she only complained that one of Monsieur's guards should have the effrontery to speak to her. Her Majesty added that he ought to have respected her being *incognito*, and that that was not the place where he should have ventured to make a request. Madame had recognised him, and talked of making a complaint to his captain; the Queen opposed it, attributing his error to his ignorance and provincial origin.

The most scandalous tales were made up and

1 Soulavie has most criminally perverted these two facts.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

inserted in the libels of the day respecting these two insignificant occurrences, which I have related with scrupulous exactness. Nothing could be more false than those calumnious reports. It must be confessed, however, that such meetings were liable to serious ill consequences. I ventured to say as much to the Queen, and informed her that one evening, when Her Majesty had beckoned to me to go and speak to her, on the bench on which she was sitting I thought I recognised two women, deeply veiled, who were seated in profound silence by her side; that those women were no other than the Countess du Barry and her sister-in-law; and that my suspicions were confirmed when, at a few paces from the seat and nearer to Her Majesty, I met a tall footman belonging to Madame du Barry, and whom I had seen in her service all the time she resided at Court.

My advice was useless. Misled by the pleasure she found in these promenades, and lulled into security by the consciousness of blameless conduct, the Queen would not see the lamentable results by which they must necessarily be followed. This was very unfortunate, for, besides the mortifications they brought upon her, it is highly probable that they prompted the idea of the vile romance which gave rise to the Cardinal de Rohan's fatal error.

Having enjoyed these evening promenades about a month, the Queen ordered a private concert within the colonnade which contains the group of Pluto and Proserpine. Sentinels were placed at all the entrances to the grove, and ordered to admit within the colon-

nade only such persons as should produce tickets signed by my father-in-law. A fine concert was performed there by the musicians of the chapel and the female musicians belonging to the Queen's chamber. The Queen went with Mesdames de Polignac, de Chalon and d'Andlau, and Messieurs de Polignac, de Coigny, de Besenval and de Vaudreuil; there were also a few equerries present. Her Majesty gave me permission to attend the concert with some of my female relations. There was no music upon the terrace. The crowd of inquisitive people, whom the sentinels kept at a distance from the enclosure of the colonnade, went away highly discontented; and the most disgusting calumnies were circulated respecting this private concert.[1]

Many people wished to enjoy it, and it really was very delightful. The small number of the persons admitted, no doubt, occasioned jealousy, and gave rise to offensive comments, which were caught up by the public with avidity. It is very essential to know how far the proceedings of the great should be matters of calculation. I do not pretend here to apologise for the kind of amusement with which the Queen

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1 This anecdote is in the same manner detestably perverted in Soulavie's infamous collection; yet his six volumes are unfortunately admitted into libraries, and particularly into the libraries of foreigners.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.*

* On this passage we shall maintain the same reserve as on the one mentioned before. The Abbé Soulavie's calumnies against the Queen shall find no place in this work. No writer who has any respect for himself will repeat what he has ventured to say. As to those undiscerning foreigners who place Soulavie's work in their libraries, we must say they can have neither a very delicate taste nor very enlightened minds.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

indulged herself during this and the following summer; the consequences were so lamentable that the error was no doubt very great. The result will prove it. I shall not withhold that result, but what I have said respecting the character of these promenades may be relied on as true.

When the season for evening walks was at an end odious couplets were spread about Paris; the Queen was treated in them in the most insulting manner. Her pregnancy had ranked among her enemies persons attached to the only Prince who, for several years, had appeared likely to give heirs to the crown. People ventured upon the most inconsiderate language; and those improper conversations took place in societies wherein the imminent danger of violating, to so criminal an extent, both truth and the respect due to Sovereigns, ought to have been better understood. A few days before the Queen's confinement a whole volume of manuscript songs, concerning her and all the ladies about her anyway remarkable for rank or station, was thrown in at the "bull's-eye." This manuscript was immediately put into the hands of the King, who was highly incensed at it, and said that he had himself been at those promenades; that he had seen nothing connected with them but what was perfectly harmless; that such songs would disturb the harmony of twenty families of the Court and city; that it was a capital crime to have made any against the Queen herself, and that he would have the author of the infamous libels sought out, discovered and punished. A fortnight afterwards it was known publicly that

the verses were by M. Champcenetz de Riquebourg,[1] who was not even molested.

I was assured at the time that the King spoke to M. de Maurepas, before two of his most confidential servants, respecting the risk which he saw the Queen ran from these night walks upon the terrace of Versailles, the public venturing to censure them thus openly. The old minister had the cruel policy to answer the King that she should be suffered to go on, that she possessed talent, that her friends were very ambitious, and longed to see her take a part in public affairs, and that to let her acquire the reputation of levity would do no harm.[2] M. de Vergennes was as hostile to the Queen's influence as M. de Maurepas. It may, therefore, be fairly presumed—since the Prime Minister durst point out to his King an advantage to be gained by the Queen's degrading herself—that he and M. de Vergennes employed all those means within the reach of power-

1 This M. Champcenetz de Riquebourg was known as the author of a great many songs, some of which are very well written. Lively and satirical by nature, he did not lose either his cheerfulness or his carelessness before the revolutionary tribunal, where, after hearing his own sentence of condemnation read, he asked his judges if he might not be allowed to find a substitute.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 This specimen of artifice, so characteristic of an old politician, of a minister who sacrificed even the honour of his Sovereign to the preservation of his place, agrees well with the portrait of the Count de Maurepas drawn by Marmontel.* We quote those passages of it which bear most upon his conduct, on the occasion mentioned by Madame Campan.

"Watchful attention to preserve his ascendency over the King's mind and his predominance in the council rendered him jealous even of the objects of his own choice; this restlessness was the the only powerful emotion of his mind. Beyond this he had no energy, no activity of courage either for good or for evil; weakness without kindness, malice without rancour, resentment without anger,

* "Memoirs of Marmontel." Vol ii., Book xii. (H. S. Nichols, 1895.)

ful ministers, and availed themselves of the slightest errors of that unfortunate Princess, in order to ruin her in the opinion of the public.

The Queen's pregnancy advanced; *Te Deums* were sung and prayers offered up in all the cathedrals. At length, on the 11th of December, 1778, the Queen felt her pains come on. The Royal Family, Princes of the Blood and grand officers of State passed the night in the rooms adjoining the Queen's bed-chamber. Madame, the King's daughter, came into the world before midday on the 19th of December. The etiquette of allowing all persons indiscriminately to enter at the moment of the delivery of a Queen was observed so literally that at the instant when the accoucheur, Vermond, said aloud, "La Reine va s'accoucher," the torrents of inquisitive persons who poured into the chamber were so great and tumultuous that the rush was near destroying the Queen. During the night the King had taken the precaution to have the enormous tapestry screens which surrounded Her

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indifference for the future, which he was not to live to see, possibly a sincere anxiety for the public welfare, when he could promote it without any danger to himself, but chilled the moment it involved either his credit or his quiet—such to the last were the characteristics of the old statesman who served the young King as his guide and counsellor."

The former part of this portrait, remarkable as well for its faithful representation of the original as for the skill of the painter, will be found among *Historical Illustrations* (Q). We will only add to this note that the judgment formed by Madame Campan upon the culpable conduct of the Count de Maurepas is confirmed by a writer with whom, in other respects, she is very seldom in accordance.

"It is known," says Soulavie, "that in 1774, 1775 and 1776, M. de Maurepas stirred up private quarrels between Louis XVI. and his wife on pretence of the Queen's inconsiderate conduct. M. de Maurepas was fond of interfering in family disputes between man and wife. The go-betweens whom he made use of raised the strongest prejudices against the Queen."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Majesty's bed secured with cords. Had it not been for this foresight they certainly would have been thrown down upon her. It was impossible to move about the chamber, which was filled with so motley a crowd that anyone might have fancied himself in some place of public amusement. Two Savoyards got upon the furniture to obtain a better sight of the Queen, who was placed opposite the fireplace, upon a bed prepared for the moment of delivery. The noise and the sex of the infant—which the Queen was made acquainted with by a signal previously agreed upon, as it is said, with the Princess de Lamballe—or some error of the accoucheur, brought on symptoms which threatened the most fatal consequences; the accoucheur exclaimed, "Give her air—warm water—she must be bled in the foot!" The windows were caulked up; the King opened them with a strength which his affection for the Queen gave him at the moment. They were of great height and pasted over with strips of paper all round. The basin of hot water not being brought quickly enough, the accoucheur desired the chief surgeon to use his lancet without waiting for it. He did so; the blood streamed out freely, and the Queen opened her eyes. The joy which now succeeded to the most dreadful apprehensions could hardly be contained. The Princess de Lamballe was carried through the crowd in a state of insensibility. The *valets de chambre* and pages dragged out by the collar such inconsiderate persons as would not leave the room. This cruel etiquette was abolished ever afterwards. The Princes of the family, the Princes of the Blood, the chancellor and the

ministers are surely sufficient to attest the legitimacy of an hereditary prince. The Queen was snatched from the very jaws of death; she was not conscious of having been bled, and, on being replaced in bed, asked why she had a linen bandage upon her foot.

The delight which succeeded the moment of fear was equally lively and sincere. We were all embracing each other and shedding tears of joy. The Count d'Esterhazy and the Prince de Poix, to whom I was the first to announce that the Queen had spoken and was restored to life, inundated me with their tears, and embraced me in the midst of a whole room full of the nobility. When recalling those bursts of happiness, those transports of delight, that moment when Heaven gave us back again a Princess beloved by all about her, how often have I reflected upon that impenetrable and wholesome obscurity by which all knowledge of the future is concealed from us! What should we not have felt if, in the midst of our joyful delirium, a heavenly voice, unfolding the secret decree of Fate, had cried to us, "Bless not that human art which calls her back to life; weep, rather, for her return to a world fatal and cruel to the object of your affections. Ah! let her leave it honoured, beloved, regretted. You can now weep over her grave, you can now cover it with flowers—the day will come when all the furies of the earth, after having pierced her heart with a thousand envenomed darts, after having engraven on her noble and enchanting features the premature marks of age, will deliver her over to an execution more cruel than that inflicted upon criminals, will

deprive her body of burial, and will precipitate you in the same gulf with herself if you suffer the slightest demonstration of compassion at so dreadful a spectacle to escape you."

CHAPTER IX

Public rejoicings—Death of Maria Theresa; the Queen's affliction—Anecdotes of Maria Theresa—Birth of the Dauphin—Bankruptcy of the Prince de Guéménée—The Duchess de Polignac is appointed governess of the children of France—Jealousy of the Court people—Interesting particulars—Stay at Trianon—Mode of life there—Presumption of the Duke de Fronsac—American War—Franklin—M. de la Fayette—Order for admitting none but gentlemen to the rank of officer—Spirit of the Third Estate.

During the alarm for the Queen's life, regret at not possessing an heir to the throne was not even thought of. The King himself was wholly occupied with the care of preserving an adored wife. The young Princess was presented to the Queen. She pressed her to her truly maternal heart. "Poor little one," said she, "you are not what was wished for, but you are not on that account less dear to me. A son would have been rather the property of the State; you shall be mine; you shall have my undivided care, shall share all my happiness, and console me in all my troubles."

The King despatched a courier to Paris, and wrote letters himself to Vienna by the Queen's bedside. Part of the rejoicings ordered took place in the capital, and the age of the King and Queen affording ground for a presumption that they would have a numerous progeny, hope was again turned towards a new pregnancy.[1]

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1 The Queen's propitious delivery was celebrated throughout

A great number of attendants watched near the Queen during the first nights of her confinement. This made her uneasy; she knew how to feel for others, and ordered large arm-chairs for her women, the backs of which were capable of being let down by springs, and which served perfectly well instead of beds.

M. de Lassone, the chief physician, the chief surgeon, the chief apothecary, the principal officers of the buttery, &c., remained likewise nine nights without going to bed. The Royal children were in like manner watched for a long time, and one of the nurses remained nightly, up and dressed, during the first three years from their birth.

The Queen made her entry into Paris for the churching. One hundred maidens were portioned and married at Notre Dame. There were only a few popular acclamations, but Her Majesty was perfectly well received at the Opera.[1]

France. The birth of Madame inspired more than one poet. The following madrigal, by Imbert, was much esteemed:

"A Dauphin we asked of our Queen;
A Princess announces him near.
Since one of the Graces is seen,
Young Cupid will quickly appear."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 The acts of benevolence performed by the officers of the city did not prevent them from amusing the people with the usual noisy *fêtes*. There were illuminations, *feux de joie*, fireworks, fountains of wine, and distributions of bread and sausages. All the theatres of Paris were open *gratis*—that was a new treat to the public. Every theatre was full before noon, and the performance began at two o'clock. The French comedians performed *Zaïre* and the little piece called *Le Florentin*. In spite of all the precautions taken to preserve the King's box for the charcoal vendors, who were accustomed to occupy it on similar occasions, as the *poissardes*, or market-women, did that of the Queen, their places were occupied when they arrived. They were informed of this, and thought it very strange. These two chief classes of the lower

A few days after the Queen's recovery from her confinement, the Curé of the Madeleine de la Cité at Paris wrote to M. Campan, and requested a private interview with him; it was to desire he would deliver into the hands of the Queen a little box containing her wedding ring, with this note written by the Curé: "I have received under the seal of confession the ring which I send to Your Majesty, with an avowal that it was stolen from you in 1771, in order to be used in sorceries to prevent your having any children." On seeing her ring again, the Queen said that she had in fact lost it about seven years before, while washing her hands, and that she had resolved to use no endeavour to discover the superstitious woman who had done her the injury.

The Queen's attachment for the Countess Jules increased every day; she went frequently to her house at Paris, and even took up her own abode at the Château de la Muette, so that she might be nearer during her confinement.[1] She married

orders were seen disputing upon etiquette with almost as much pertinacity as noblemen or sovereign courts. They demanded to know why the boxes, appropriated to them by custom, had been suffered to be occupied. It was necessary to call the officer for the week, and the histrionic senate being assembled in consultation, the registers were inspected, and the legitimacy of the claim was acknowledged. An offer was then made to the charcoal vendors to go upon the stage, and they all sat there on the King's side, upon benches prepared for them. The *poissardes* followed and placed themselves on the opposite side. Such grave questions of precedence well deserve to be particularised in memoirs of the times. Since the Revolution neither the charcoal vendors nor the *poissardes* are distinguished in the gratis performances; all ranks are confounded together. It appears to us only just that everyone should know his rights and keep his place.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

1 The following extract from Montjoie describes the Queen's feelings towards her friend:

"The Duchess de Polignac," says Montjoie, in the "Life of

Mademoiselle de Polignac, who was scarcely thirteen years of age, to M. de Grammont, who, on account of this marriage, was made Duke de Guiche and captain of the King's guards in reversion after the Duke de Villeroi. The Duchess de Civrac, Madame Victoire's *dame d'honneur*, had been promised the place for the Duke de Lorges, her son; and all this much increased the number of discontented families at Court.

The name of favourite was too openly given to the Countess Jules by her friends: the lot of a favourite of a Queen is not, in France, a happy one; the favourites of Kings are treated, out of gallantry, with much greater indulgence.

A short time after the birth of Madame the Queen again became pregnant; she had mentioned it only to the King, to her physician and to a few persons

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Marie Antoinette," "actually sank under the fatigues of the kind of life which her devotion to the Queen had imposed upon her, and which, however, was so little to her taste. Her health declined in an alarming degree: the physicians ordered her the Bath waters. As it was the established custom of the Court that the governess of the children of France should never be absent from them, the Duchess saw herself, by this order of the physicians, placed in the alternative of either continuing an office, the duty of which her bad health prevented her from fulfilling, or of resigning. She tendered her resignation to the Queen, who, having listened to her in silence, with her eyes bathed in tears, replied in the following terms:

"'You ought not to part from me, nor can you do it—your heart could not suffer it. In the rank I fill, it is difficult to meet with a friend; and yet it is so useful—so comfortable to confide in an estimable person! You do not judge me as the common herd do; you know that the splendour which surrounds me adds nothing to my happiness; you are not ignorant that my mind, full of bitterness and troubles which I must conceal, feels the necessity for a heart that feels them. Ought I not then to thank Heaven for having given me a friend like you—faithful, feeling, attached to me for my own sake, and not for the sake of my rank? The benefit is inestimable! for God's sake do not deprive me of it.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

honoured with her intimate confidence, when having exerted her strength in pulling up one of the glasses of her carriage, she felt that she had hurt herself, and eight days afterwards she miscarried. The King spent the whole morning at her bedside consoling her, and manifesting the tenderest concern for her. The Queen wept exceedingly; the King took her affectionately in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers. The Queen repeated several times that she was glad she had not mentioned her pregnancy in her family; that people would not have failed to attribute her misfortune to some imprudence of her own, while in fact it had been occasioned by a very simple accident. The King enjoined silence among the small number of persons who were informed of this unfortunate occurrence, and it remained generally unknown. It was some time before the Queen recovered her health; the King was much interested in it, and waited impatiently for the moment when new hopes might be indulged. These particulars furnish an accurate idea of the manner in which this august couple lived together.

The Empress Maria Theresa did not enjoy the happiness of seeing her daughter give an heir to the Crown of France. That illustrious Princess terminated her mortal career about the close of 1780, after having proved by her example that, as in the instance of Queen Blanche, the talents of a Sovereign might be blended with the virtues of a pious Princess. The King was deeply affected at the death of the Empress; and on the arrival of the courier from Vienna, said that he could not

bring himself to afflict the Queen by informing her of an event which had grieved him so much. His Majesty thought the Abbé de Vermond, who had possessed the confidence of Maria Theresa during his stay at Vienna, the most proper person to discharge this painful duty towards the Queen. He sent his first *valet de chambre*, M. de Chamilly, to the Abbé on the evening of the day he received the despatches from Vienna, to order him to come the next day to the Queen before her breakfast hour, to acquit himself discreetly of the afflicting commission with which he was charged, and to let His Majesty know the moment of his entering the Queen's chamber. It was the King's intention to be there about a quarter of an hour after him, and he was punctual to his time. He was announced; the Abbé came out, and His Majesty said to him, as he drew up at the door to let him pass, "I thank you, M. l'Abbé for the service you have just done me." This was the only time during nineteen years that the King spoke to him.

So great was the Queen's grief that it was right to anticipate and provide against its effects. Within an hour after learning the event she put on temporary mourning, while waiting until her Court mourning should be ready; she kept herself shut up in her closet for several days, went out only to Mass, saw none but the Royal Family, and received none but the Princess de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac. She never ceased talking of the courage, the misfortunes, the abilities and pious virtues of her mother. The feelings of Christian

meekness never forsook that Princess. Her shroud and the dress in which she was to be buried, made entirely by her own hands, were found ready prepared in one of her rooms. The Queen found no greater comfort in her affliction than talking of her beloved mother; she was thoroughly versed in the various events which distinguished the Empress's reign, and in all the qualities which rendered her dear to her family, her intimates and her people. She often testified the regret she felt in thinking that the numerous duties of her august mother had prevented her watching in person over the education of her daughters, and modestly said that she herself would have been more worthy if she had had the good fortune to receive lessons directly from a Sovereign so enlightened and so deserving of admiration.[1]

These pages were penned long after I was witness to, and sometimes depositary of, things which would have been well worth recording. I regret the loss of several anecdotes of the Court of Maria Theresa of which I have only confused ideas remaining; but I cannot avoid relating one in particular, which struck me forcibly, and which still adheres to my memory. The Queen told me one day that her mother was left a widow at an age when her beauty was yet striking; that she was secretly informed of a scheme projected by

1 Without desiring to lessen the high estimation in which the virtues and character of Maria Theresa may be justly held, it cannot be denied that in strictness certain acts of her policy are censurable. The complaisance or the weakness of the other Cabinets of Europe did not excuse her. "A Bishop of St. Brieux, in a funeral oration upon Maria Theresa," says Chamfort, "got over the partition of Poland very easily: 'France,' said he, 'having taken no notice of the partition in question, I will do as France did, and be silent about it likewise.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

her three principal ministers, to make themselves agreeable to her; of a compact made between them, that the losers should not suffer themselves to be infected with any feeling of jealousy towards him who should be fortunate enough to gain his Sovereign's heart; and that they had sworn that the successful one should be always the friend and support of the other two. The Empress, being well assured of this fact, one day, after the breaking up of the council over which she had presided, turned the conversation upon the subject of female Sovereigns and the duties of their sex and rank; and then, applying her general reflections to herself in particular, she told them she hoped to guard herself all her life against weakness of the heart; but that if ever an irresistible feeling should make her alter her resolution, it should be only in favour of a man proof against ambition, not engaged in State affairs, accustomed and attached only to a private life and its calm enjoyments—in a word, if her heart should betray her so far as to lead her to love a man invested with any important office, from the moment he should discover her sentiments he should be contented to resign his place and his influence with the public. This was sufficient: the three ministers, more ambitious than amorous, gave up their projects for ever.

The Queen's second pregnancy was publicly known in the month of April; her health was excellent down to the moment of her confinement. At length, on the 22nd of October, 1781, she gave birth to a Dauphin.[1] So deep a silence prevailed in the room at the moment the

1 The first Dauphin, Louis, born 1781, died 1789.

child first saw the light that the Queen thought she had only produced a daughter; but after the Keeper of the Seals had declared the sex of the infant, the King went up to the Queen's bed and said to her, "Madam, you have fulfilled my wishes, and those of France; you are the mother of a Dauphin." The King's joy was boundless—tears streamed from his eyes, he gave his hand to everyone present without distinction, and his happiness raised him quite above his habitual manner. Cheerful and affable to all, he was incessantly taking occasion to introduce the words, *my son*, or *the Dauphin*. As soon as the Queen was in bed, she would see the long-looked-for infant. The Princess de Guéménée brought it to her. The Queen told her there was no necessity for commending the precious charge to her, but that, in order to enable her to attend to him more freely, she would herself share with her the cares which the education of her daughter required. When the Dauphin was settled in his apartment, he received the customary homages and visits. The Duke d'Angoulême,[1] meeting his father at the entrance of the Dauphin's apartment, said to him, "Oh, papa! how little my cousin is!" "The day will come when you will think him great enough, my dear," answered the Prince, almost involuntarily.

The birth of the Dauphin appeared to give joy to all classes. Men stopped one another in the streets, spoke without being acquainted, and those who were acquainted embraced each other. Alas! personal interest is much more frequently the source of transports such

1 Eldest son of the Count d'Artois, and till the birth of the Dauphin with near prospects of the succession.

as these than any sincere attachment to those who seem to occasion them. In the birth of a legitimate heir to the sovereign power every man beholds a pledge of prosperity and tranquillity.[1]

The rejoicings were equally splendid and ingenious. The artificers and tradesmen of Paris spent considerable sums in order to go to Versailles in a body with their various insignia. Their new and elegant dresses formed a most agreeable sight. Almost every troop had music with it. When they arrived at the court of the palace, they there ranged themselves ingeniously and presented a most interesting moving picture. Chimney-sweepers, quite as well dressed as those that appear upon the stage, carried an ornamented chimney, at the top of which was perched one of the smallest of their fraternity. The chairmen carried a sedan highly gilt, in which were to be seen a handsome nurse and a little Dauphin. The butchers made their appearance graced with their

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1 On the evening of the very day on which the Dauphin was born, Madame Billoni, an actress of the Italian theatre, who represented a fairy in the piece then performing, sang some pretty couplets, by Imbert, of which the following is the sense:

"On fairy pinions I advance,
Great tidings to impart;
An infant Prince is born to France,
And cheers each loyal heart.
Long may this cherished Dauphin wait
Ere he the throne ascend;
And long with glory rule the State,
Before his reign shall end."

M. Merand de Saint-Just made a quatrain on the same subject to the following effect:

"This infant Prince our hopes are centred in,
Will doubtless make us happy, rich and free;
And since with *somebody* he must begin,
My fervent prayer is—that it may be me!"

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

fat ox. Cooks, masons, blacksmiths, all trades, were on the alert. The smiths hammered away upon an anvil, the shoemakers finished off a little pair of boots for the Dauphin, and the tailors a little suit of the uniform of his regiment. The King remained a long time upon a balcony to enjoy the sight. The whole Court was delighted with it. So general was the enthusiasm, that (the police not having carefully examined the procession) the grave-diggers had the impudence to send their deputation also, with the emblematic devices of their ill-omened occupation. They were met by the Princess Sophie, the King's aunt, who was thrilled with horror at the sight, and entreated the King to have the audacious fellows driven out of the procession, which was then drawing up on the terrace.

The market-women came to congratulate the Queen, and were received with the ceremonies due to that body of dealers. They appeared to the number of fifty, dressed in black silk gowns, the old-established full dress of their order, and they almost all wore diamonds. The Princess de Chimay went to the door of the Queen's bedroom to receive three of these ladies, who were led up to the Queen's bed. One of them addressed Her Majesty in a speech written by M. de la Harpe. It was set down on the inside of a fan, to which the speaker repeatedly referred, but without any embarrassment. She was handsome, and had a remarkably fine voice. The Queen was affected by the address, and answered it with great affability, making a distinction between these women and the *poissardes*, who always left a disagreeable impression on her

mind.[1] The King ordered a substantial repast for all these women. One of His Majesty's *maîtres d'hotel*,[2] wearing his hat, sat as president, and did the honours of the table. The public were admitted, and numbers of people had the curiosity to go.

The *poissardes*' songs were numerous, and some of them tolerably good. The King and Queen were much pleased with the following one, and sang it several times during the Queen's confinement:

"Ne craignez pas, cher papa,
D'voir augmenter vot' famille
Le bon Dieu z'y pourvoira:
Fait's-en tant que Versaille en fourmille,
Y eût-il cent Bourbons cheu nous,
Y a du pain, du laurier pour tous."

The body-guards obtained the King's permission to give the Queen a dress-ball in the great room of the opera-house at Versailles. Her Majesty opened the ball in a minuet with a private, selected

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1 The *poissardes* spoke three addresses: one to the King, one to the Queen, and one to the Dauphin. Possibly the reader may wish to see them. To the King they said:

"Sire, if a son were due from heaven to a King who looks upon his people as his family, our prayers and our wishes have long interceded for one. At length they are heard. We are now certain that our children will be as happy as ourselves; for this child will be like you. You will teach him, Sire, to be as just and good as yourself. We will take upon ourselves to teach our children how to love and respect their King." To the Queen they said, among other things: "We have so long loved you, madam, without daring to say so to yourself, that all our respect is necessary to prevent our misusing the permission now given to us to express it." And to the Dauphin they said: "You do not understand the wishes we express around your cradle—they will some day be explained to you. They are all reducible to this, namely, that in you we may behold the image of those who gave you life." ("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. i.).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

2 Proofs of nobility, or at least of being noble in the third degree, were required for the office of *maître d'hotel*.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

by the corps, to whom the King granted the *bâton* of an exempt. The *fête* was most splendid. All was joy, happiness and peace.

The Dauphin was a year old when the Prince de Guéménée's bankruptcy compelled the Princess, his wife, who was governess to the children of France, to resign her situation.[1]

The Queen was at La Muette, where her daughter was undergoing inoculation. She sent for me, and condescended to say she wished to converse with me about a scheme which delighted her, but in the execution of which she foresaw some inconveniences. Her plan was to appoint the Duchess de Polignac to the office lately held by the Princess de Guéménée. She saw with ecstasy the facility which this appointment would give her to superintend the education of her children, without running any risk of hurting the pride of the governess; and that it would bring together in one place all the objects of her warmest affections—her children and her friend. "The friends of the Duchess de Polignac," continued the Queen, "will be gratified by the splen-

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1 Le Brun had deposited all his savings with the Prince de Guéménée, whose bankruptcy ruined him. He revenged himself by the following epigrammatic lines, in which may be seen the bitterness of a satirical poet and the resentment of a creditor:

"A prince full of titles—a sharper serene—
Eased our purses of millions a few;
See what troops of old men!—what despair in their mien!—
How humbly for justice they sue!
A kind rogue of a clerk (for like master like man),
Thus seeks to console them as well as he can:
'Take courage, old gentlemen, dry up your tears,
For princes of honour and conscience are made,
If you will but have patience, some odd fifty years,
Without loss or deduction you all will be paid.'"

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

dour and importance conferred by the employment. As to the Duchess, I know her. The place by no means suits her plain and quiet habits, nor the indolence (if I may use the expression) of her disposition. If she yields to my wish, then she will give me the greatest possible proof of her devotion to me." The Queen also spoke of the Princess de Chimay and the Duchess de Duras, whom the public pointed out as fit to fill the place of governess; but she thought the Princess de Chimay's piety too rigid; and as to the Duchess de Duras, her wit and knowledge quite frightened her. What the Queen dreaded as the consequence of her selection of the Duchess de Polignac was, principally, the jealousy of the courtiers, who would never fail to make her feel the mortifications inseparable from that elevation. The Queen showed so lively a desire to see the execution of her scheme that I had no doubt she would soon set at nought the obstacles she discovered. I was not mistaken. A few days afterwards the Duchess was invested with the office of governess.

The Queen's object in sending for me to converse about her scheme was, no doubt, to furnish me with the means of explaining the feelings which induced her to prefer a governess disposed by friendship to suffer her to enjoy all the privileges of a mother. Her Majesty knew that I saw a great deal of company.

The Queen frequently dined at the Duchess's after having been present at the King's private dinner. Sixty-one thousand francs were therefore added to the salary of the governess as a compensation for this increase of expense.

The Queen was tired of the excursions to Marly, and had no great difficulty in setting the King against them. He did not like the expense of them, for everybody was entertained there gratis. Louis XIV. established a kind of parade upon these excursions, differing from that of Versailles, but still more annoying. Card and supper parties occurred perpetually and occasioned much expense in dress.

On Sundays and holidays the fountains played, the public were admitted into the gardens, and there was always as great a crowd as at the *fêtes* of St. Cloud.

Every age has its peculiar complexion, and that very decidedly. Marly showed the colour of that of Louis XIV. even more than Versailles. Everything in the former place appeared to have been produced by the magic power of a fairy's wand.

The palaces and gardens of that seat of pleasure might be also compared to the scenic decorations of the fifth act of an opera. Not the slightest trace of all this splendour remains. The revolutionary spoilers even tore up from the bosom of the earth the pipes which served to supply the fountains. Possibly a brief description of this palace and the usages established there by Louis XIV. may be acceptable.

The very extensive garden of Marly rose by an imperceptible ascent up to the Pavilion of the Sun, which was occupied only by the King and his family. The pavilions of the twelve zodiacal signs bounded the two sides of the lawn. They were connected by elegant bowers impervious to the rays of the sun. The pavilions nearest to that of the sun were reserved

for the Princes of the Blood and the ministers, the rest were occupied by persons holding superior offices at Court, or by persons invited to stay at Marly. Each pavilion was named after fresco paintings, which covered its walls, and which were executed by the most celebrated artists of the age of Louis XIV.[1]

Upon a line with the upper pavilion there was, on the left, the chapel; on the right a pavilion, called La Perspective, which concealed a long suite of offices, containing a hundred lodging-rooms appropriated to the persons belonging to the service of the Court, kitchens, and spacious dining-rooms in which more than thirty tables were splendidly laid out.

During one half of Louis XV.'s reign the ladies still wore the Marly Court dress, so named by Louis XIV., and which differed but little from that devised for Versailles. The French gown, puckered in the back, and great hoops, succeeded this dress, and maintained their ground to the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

The diamonds, feathers, rouge, and embroidered stuffs spangled with gold, banished even the slightest traces of rural character from this spot; but the people loved to see the splendour of their Sovereign and a brilliant Court glittering in the shades of the woods.

After dinner, and before the hour for cards, the Queen, Princesses and their ladies paraded among the

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1 Her Royal Highness the Duchess de Berry has, at Rosney, a painting which exactly represents the mansion, pavilions and gardens of Marly. This resemblance alone is now sufficient to make the picture very valuable.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

clumps of trees, in little carriages, beneath canopies richly embroidered with gold, rolled forward by the King's livery servants. The trees were planted by Louis XIV., and were of prodigious height, which, however, was surpassed, in several of the groups, by fountains of the clearest water; while among others, cascades over white marble, the waters of which, being met by the sunbeams, looked like draperies of silver gauze and formed a contrast to the solemn darkness of the groves.

In the evening nothing more was necessary for any well-dressed man to procure admission to the Queen's card-parties than to be named and presented by some officer of the Court to the gentleman-usher of the card-room. This room, which was very large and of octagonal shape, rose to the very top of the Italian roof, and terminated in a cupola, furnished with balconies, in which females who had not been presented easily obtained leave to place themselves, and enjoy the sight of the brilliant assemblage.

Though not of the number of persons belonging to the Court, gentlemen admitted into this saloon were allowed to request one of the ladies seated with the Queen, at lansquenet or faro, to bet upon her cards with such gold or notes as they presented to her.

Rich people and the deep gamesters of Paris did not miss one of the evenings at the Marly saloon, and there were always very considerable sums won and lost.

Louis XVI. hated high play, and very often showed displeasure when the loss of large sums was men-

tioned.[1] The fashion of wearing a black coat without being in mourning had not then been introduced, and the King gave a few raps on the knuckles to certain Chevaliers de Saint-Louis dressed in this manner, who came to venture two or three louis in the hope that fortune would favour the handsome Duchesses who deigned to play them on their cards.[2]

Singular contrasts are often seen amidst the grandeur of Courts. In order to manage such high play at the Queen's faro-table it was necessary to have a banker provided with large sums of money, and this necessity placed at the table, to which none but the highest-titled persons were admitted in general, not only M. de Chalabre, who was the banker, but also a mere retired captain of foot, who officiated as his second. A low word, appropriated to express the manner in which the Court was attended there, was often heard. Gentlemen presented at Court, who had not been invited to stay at Marly, came there notwithstanding, as they did to Versailles, and returned again to Paris; under such circumstances, it was said such an one had been to Marly *en polisson;* and nothing appeared to me more odd than to hear an

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1 In 1790 an officer of the national guards was walking in the apartments of the Tuileries when the King, having observed him, asked him if he could play at backgammon. Upon his answering in the affirmative, the King sat down with him to play, and won nine francs of him, at a *petit écu*, or half-a-crown a game. The hour for attending the council being come, the King left him, promising him his revenge another time. ("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI." vol. i.)—NOTE BY EDITOR.

2 Bachaumont, in his Memoirs, which are often satirical and always somewhat questionable, speaks of the singular precautions taken at play at Court.

"The bankers at the Queen's table," says he, "in order to

agreeable Marquis, in answer to the inquiry of one of his intimates whether he was of the Royal party at Marly say, "No, I am only here *en polisson*"; meaning nothing more than, "I am here on the footing of all those whose nobility is of a later date than 1400." What powerful talents, how many persons of merit, who were unhappily destined too soon to attack the ancient monarchy, were in the class designated by the word *polisson*.

The Marly excursions were exceedingly expensive to the King. Besides the superior tables, those of the almoners, equerries, *maîtres d'hôtel*, &c., were all supplied with such a degree of magnificence as to allow of inviting strangers to them; and almost all the visitors from Paris were boarded at the expense of the Court.

The personal frugality of the unfortunate Prince, who sank beneath the weight of the national debts, thus enabled the Queen to indulge her predilection for her Petit Trianon; and for five or six years preceding the Revolution the Court very seldom visited Marly.

The King, always attentive to the comfort of his family, gave the Princesses his aunts the enjoyment of the château of Bellevue, and afterwards purchased the Princess de Guéménée's house, at the

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prevent the *mistakes* (I soften the harshness of his expression) which daily happen, have obtained permission from Her Majesty, that before beginning to play the table shall be bordered by a ribbon entirely round it, and that no other money than that upon the cards beyond the ribbon shall be considered as staked." He adds several other particulars, which denote unaccountable errors, but we have too little faith in their truth to repeat them. ("Bachaumont's Memoirs," vol. xii.)—NOTE BY EDITOR.

entrance to Paris, for Madame Elizabeth.[1] The Countess de Provence bought a small house at Montreuil; Monsieur already had Brunoy; the Countess d'Artois built Bagatelle; Versailles became in the estimation of all the members of the Royal Family the least agreeable of residences. They only fancied themselves at home in plainer houses, surrounded by English gardens. The taste for cascades and statues was entirely past.

The Queen occasionally remained a whole month at Petit Trianon, and had adopted all the ways of a country life. She entered the sitting-room without driving the ladies from their pianoforte or embroidery. The gentlemen continued their billiards or backgammon without suffering her presence to interrupt them. There was but little room in the small château of Trianon. Madame Elizabeth accompanied the Queen there, but the ladies of honour and ladies of the bed-chamber had no establishment at Trianon. When invited by the Queen, they came from Versailles to dinner. The King and Princes came regularly to sup. A white gown, a gauze kerchief and a straw hat were the uniform dress of the Princesses.[2] The pleasure of examining all the manufactories of the hamlet, seeing the cows milked

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1 Madame Elizabeth enjoyed this house for several years; but the King arranged that she should not sleep there, until she was twenty-five years of age. The Revolution broke out before that time.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 The historian of Marie Antoinette adds further points to this picture, and makes some judicious reflection, on the influence of a change of costume upon manners. See *Historical Illustrations* (R), the whole of which is by an intelligent observer.—NOTE BY EDITOR.

and fishing in the lake delighted the Queen; and every year she showed increased aversion to the pompous excursions to Marly.

The Queen at first intended to live at Trianon free from the trouble and display of all artificial amusements; but she changed her mind and determined to act plays, as it was then the fashion to do in most country houses. It was agreed that no other young man than the Count d'Artois should be admitted into the company of performers, and that the audience should consist only of the King, Monsieur and the Princesses, who did not play; but in order to stimulate the actors a little, the first boxes were to be occupied by the readers, the Queen's ladies, their sisters and daughters, making altogether about forty persons.

The Queen laughed heartily at the voice of M. d'Adhemar, formerly a very fine one, but latterly became rather tremulous. His shepherd's dress in Colin, in the *Devin du Village*, contrasted very ridiculously with his time of life, and the Queen repeatedly said that it would be difficult for malevolence itself to find anything to criticise in the choice of such a lover. The King was highly amused with these plays.

Louis XVI. was present at every performance; he was often waited for before they were begun. Caillot, a celebrated actor, who had long quitted the stage, and Dazincourt, both of acknowledged good character, were selected to give lessons, the first in comic opera, which was preferred as easiest, and the second in comedy. The office of hearer of rehearsals, prompter and stage

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT TRIANON

After the painting by Charles-Louis Muller

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manager was given to my father-in-law. The Duke de Fronsac, first gentleman of the chamber, was much hurt at this appointment. He thought himself called upon to make serious remonstrances upon the subject, and wrote to the Queen, who contented herself with making him the following answer: "You cannot be first gentleman when we are the actors. Besides, I have already intimated to you my determination respecting Trianon. I hold no Court there, I live like a private person, and M. Campan shall be always employed to execute orders relative to the private *fêtes* I choose to give there." This not putting a stop to the Duke's remonstrances, the King was obliged to interfere. The Duke continued obstinate, and insisted that his rights, as first gentleman of the chamber, allowed him to decline being represented by any deputy; that he was entitled to manage the private amusements as much as those which were public. It became absolutely necessary to end the argument in a positive manner.

The diminutive Duke de Fronsac never failed, whenever he came to pay his respects to the Queen at her toilet, to turn the conversation upon Trianon, in order to make some ironical remarks on my father-in-law, of whom, from the time of his appointment, he always spoke as "my colleague Campan." The Queen would shrug her shoulders and say, when he was gone, "It is quite shocking to find so little a man in the son of the Marshal de Richelieu."

La Gageure Imprévue was one of the pieces performed at Trianon. The Queen played Gotte; the Countess Diana, Madame de Clainville; Madame

Elizabeth, the young woman, and the Count d'Artois one of the men's characters. Colette, in the *Devin du Village* was really very well played by the Queen. They performed also, in the course of the following seasons, *Le Roi et le Fermier*, *Rose et Colas*, *Le Sorcier*, *L'Anglais à Bordeaux*, *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, *Le Barbier de Seville*, &c.[1]

So long as no strangers were admitted to these performances they were but little censured; but a profusion of praise enhanced the idea which the performers entertained of their talents, and made them look for a larger circle of admirers.

The Queen permitted the officers of the body-guards and the equerries of the King and Princes to be present

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1 These performances, in which Marie Antoinette delighted in taking a part, have been repeatedly censured. Montjoie himself, as may be seen in the *Historical Illustrations* (S), reproaches the Queen almost with severity, and makes observations which appear to us not to be quite correct. "Formerly," says he, "any private gentleman would have been disgraced upon its being known that he had turned actor, even in a family party." We will not decide whether it would have been more disgraceful in a private gentleman to act in a play, or, for instance, like the Count de Grammont, to back with a detachment of cavalry a game of piquet, in which art had corrected fortune; but we will observe that, in 1701, J. B. Rousseau's *Magic Girdle* was played by the *Princes of the Blood* before the Duchess of Burgundy. ("Memoirs of Voltaire," Amsterdam, 1785). Voltaire gives still more minute particulars of these performances, in which *private gentlemen* would no doubt have been induced to figure. "There was," says he (vol. xxi., p. 157) "a small theatre erected *in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon. The Duchess of Burgundy* and *the Duke of Orleans*, with *such persons of the Court* as were most conspicuous for talent, performed there. The eminent actor Baron instructed them and played with them. The majority of Duché's tragedies were composed for this theatre." We shall add but one word to these positive facts, which is, that the young and lovely Marie Antoinette might well see nothing wrong in an amusement tolerated by Madame de Maintenon, in the sour, hypocritical and bigoted Court of the latter years of Louis XIV.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

at the play. Private boxes were provided for some of the people belonging to the Court; a few more ladies were invited, and claims arose on all sides for the favour of admission.

The Queen refused to admit the officers of the body-guards of the Princes, the officers of the King's hundred Swiss guards, and many other persons, who were highly mortified at the refusal.

The company, for a private company, was good enough, and the acting was applauded to the skies, nevertheless, as the audience withdrew, criticisms were plainly heard, and a few of the visitors would observe that the piece was *royally ill-played*.

While delight at having given an heir to the throne of the Bourbons, and a succession of *fêtes* and amusements filled up the happy days of Marie Antoinette, the community was solely engrossed with the Anglo-American War. Two Kings, or rather their ministers, planted and propagated the love of liberty in the New World—the King of England, by shutting his ears and his heart against the continued and respectful representations of subjects at a distance from their native land, who had become numerous, rich and powerful through the resources of the soil they had fertilised; and the King of France, by giving support to a people in rebellion against their ancient Sovereign. Many young soldiers belonging to the first families of the country followed La Fayette's example, and broke through all the illusions of grandeur, and all the charms of luxury of amusements and of love, to go and tender their courage and their information to the revolted Americans. Beaumarchais, secretly

seconded by MM. de Maurepas and de Vergennes, obtained permission to send out to the Americans supplies of arms and clothing. Franklin appeared at Court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. Franklin, who to the reputation of a most skilful naturalist added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks.[1] Even in the Palace of Versailles Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's eyes, in the exhibition of Sèvres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was:

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

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1 Benjamin Franklin spent the earlier part of his life in the labour of a printing house. When the news of his death arrived in Paris, in 1790, a society of printers met in an apartment of the Cordeliers' convent to celebrate a funeral festival in honour of the American philosopher. His bust was elevated upon a column in the middle of the room. Upon the head was placed a civic crown; below the bust were compositors' cases, a press, and other emblems of the art which the sage had cultivated. While one printer was pronouncing an eulogium upon Franklin, workmen were printing it, and the speech, composed and pulled off as fast as uttered, was copiously distributed among the spectators brought together by this entertainment. The *Historical Illustrations* (T) contain some particulars respecting Benjamin Franklin.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame; however, the Countess Diana, having to keep up to her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American delegate, a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *vase de nuit* made at the Sèvres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana as a New Year's gift. The Queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies, and constantly opposed it. Far was she from foreseeing that a revolution, at such a distance, could excite one in which the day would come when a misguided populace would drag her from her palace to a death equally unjust and cruel. She only saw something ungenerous in the method which France adopted of checking the power of England.

However, as Queen of France, she enjoyed the sight of a whole people rendering homage to the prudence, courage and good qualities of a young Frenchman, and she shared the enthusiasm inspired by the conduct and military success of the Marquis de la Fayette. The Queen granted him several audiences on his first return from America, and until the 10th of August, on which day my house was plundered, I had preserved some lines from Gaston and Bayard, in which the friends of

M. de la Fayette saw the exact outline of his character, written by her own hand:

> . . . "Why talk of youth,
> When all the ripe experience of the old
> Dwells with him? In his schemes, profound and cool,
> He acts with wise precaution, and reserves
> For times of action his impetuous fire.
> To guard the camp, to scale the leaguered wall,
> Or dare the hottest of the fight, are toils
> That suit the impetuous bearing of his youth;
> Yet, like the grey-haired veteran, he can shun
> The field of peril. Still before my eyes
> I place his bright example, for I love
> His lofty courage, and his prudent thought.
> Gifted like him a warrior has no age."[1]

These lines were applauded and encored at the French theatre: all was delirium. There was no class of persons that did not heartily approve of the support given openly by the French Government to the cause of American independence. The Constitution desired for the new nation was digested at Paris, and while liberty, equality and the rights of man were commented upon by the Condorcets, Baillys, Mirabeaus, &c., the Minister Segur

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1 "During the American war a general officer in the service of the United States advanced with a score of men under the English batteries to reconnoitre their position. His aide-de-camp, struck by a ball, fell at his side, the officers and orderly dragoons fled precipitately. The general, though under the fire of the cannon, approached the wounded man to see whether he had any signs of life remaining or whether any help could be afforded him. Finding the wound had been mortal, he turned his eyes away with emotion, and slowly rejoined the group which had got out of the reach of the pieces. This instance of courage and humanity took place at the battle of Monmouth. General Clinton, who commanded the English troops, knew that the Marquis de la Fayette generally rode a white horse, it was upon a white horse that the general officer who retired so slowly was mounted; Clinton desired the gunners not to fire. This noble forbearance probably saved M. de la Fayette's life, for it was he himself. At the time he was but twenty-two years of age." ("Historical Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.").—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

published the King's edict, which, by repealing that of the 1st of November, 1750, declared all officers not noble by four generations incapable of filling the rank of captain, and denied all military rank to those who were not gentlemen, excepting sons of the Chevaliers de Saint-Louis.[1] The injustice and absurdity of this law was, no doubt, a secondary cause of the Revolution. To be aware of the extent of despair, nay, of rage, with which this law inspired the Third Estate, we should form part of that honourable class. The provinces were full of plebeian families, who for ages had lived as people of property upon their own domains and paid the subsidies. If these persons had several sons they would place one in the King's service, one in the Church, another in the Order of Malta as a *chevalier servant d'armes*, and one in the magistracy, while the eldest preserved the paternal manor. If the family were situated in a country celebrated for wine they would, besides selling their own produce, add a kind of commission trade in the wines of the canton. I have seen an individual of this justly respected class who had been long employed in diplomatic business, and even honoured with the title of minister plenipotentiary, the son-in-law and nephew of colonels and *majors de place*, and, on his mother's side, nephew of a lieutenant-general with a *cordon rouge*, unable to

1 We read the following anecdote upon this subject by Chamfort. He tells it with his usual caustic feeling. "M. de Segur having published an ordinance which prohibited the admission of any other than gentlemen into the artillery corps, and on the other hand none but well-educated persons being proper for admission, a curious scene took place; the Abbé Bossat, examiner of the pupils, gave certificates only to plebeians, while Cherin gave them only to gentlemen. Out of one hundred pupils there were not above four or five who were qualified in both respects."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

introduce his sons as junior lieutenants into a regiment of foot.

Another decision of the Court, but which could not be announced by an edict, was that all ecclesiastical benefices, from the humblest priory up to the richest abbey, should in future be appendages to nobility. Being the son of a village surgeon, the Abbé de Vermond, who had great influence in the disposition of benefices, was particularly struck with the justice of this decree of the King.

During the absence of the Abbé in an excursion he made for his health, I prevailed on the Queen to write a postscript to the petition of a curate, one of my friends, who was soliciting a priory near his curacy, with the intention of retiring to it. I obtained him his object. On the Abbé's return he heard of this, came to my house, and told me very harshly that I acted in a manner quite contrary to the King's wishes in obtaining similar favours; that the wealth of the church was for the future to be invariably devoted to the support of the poorer nobility; that it was the interest of the State that it should be so; and a plebeian priest, happy in a good curacy, had only to remain curate.

Can we, then, wonder at the line of conduct shortly afterwards adopted by the deputies of the Third Estate when called to the States-General?

CHAPTER X

Visit of the Grand Duke of Russia and his Duchess to France—Entertainment and supper at Trianon—Cardinal de Rohan—Cold reception given to Count d'Haga (Gustavus III., King of Sweden)—Peace with England—The English flock into France—Conduct to be observed at Court—Mission of the Chevalier de Bressac to the Queen—Court of Naples—Queen Caroline—The Minister Acton—Debates between the Courts of Naples and Madrid—Insolent reply of the Spanish Ambassador to Queen Caroline—Interference of France—MM. de Segur and de Castries appointed ministers through the Queen's influence—Treachery of M. de Maurepas towards M. Necker—Appointment of M. de Calonne—Judicious reflections of Marie Antoinette.

About the close of the last century several of the Northern Sovereigns took pleasure in travelling. Christian III., King of Denmark, visited the Court of France in 1763, during the reign of Louis XV. We saw the King of Sweden and Joseph II. at Versailles. The Grand Duke of Russia, son of Catherine II. (afterwards Paul I.) and the Princess of Würtemberg, his wife, likewise resolved to visit France. They travelled under the titles of the Count and Countess du Nord. They were presented on the 20th of May, 1782. The Queen received them with infinite grace and dignity. On the day of their arrival at Versailles they dined in private with the King and Queen.

The plain, unassuming appearance of Paul I. pleased Louis XVI. He spoke to him with more

confidence and cheerfulness than he had done to Joseph II. The Countess du Nord was not at first so successful with the Queen. This lady was of a fine height, very fat for her age, with all the stiffness of the German demeanour, well informed, and perhaps displayed her acquirements with rather too much confidence. At the moment the Count and Countess du Nord were presented, the Queen was exceedingly nervous. She withdrew into her closet before she went into the room where she was to dine with the illustrious travellers, and asked for a glass of water, confessing "she had just experienced how much more difficult it was to play the part of a Queen in the presence of other Sovereigns, or of Princes born to become so, than before courtiers."

She soon recovered from her first confusion, and made her reappearance with ease and confidence. The dinner was tolerably cheerful and the conversation very animated.

Brilliant entertainments were given at Court in honour of the King of Sweden and the Count du Nord. They were received in private by the King and Queen, but they were treated with much more ceremony than the Emperor, and Their Majesties always appeared to me to be very cautious before these personages. However, the King one day asked the Grand Duke of Russia if it were true that he could not rely on the fidelity of any one of those who accompanied him. The Prince answered him without hesitation, and before a considerable number of persons, that he should be very sorry to have with him even a poodle dog that was much attached to him,

because his mother would take care to have it thrown into the Seine, with a stone round its neck, before he should leave Paris. This reply, which I myself heard, quite thrilled me with horror, whether it depicted the disposition of Catherine or expressed the Prince's prejudice against her.

The Queen gave the Grand Duke a supper at Trianon, and had the gardens illuminated as they had been for the Emperor. The Cardinal de Rohan very indiscreetly ventured to introduce himself there without the Queen's knowledge. Having always been treated with the utmost coolness ever since his return from Vienna, he had not dared to ask her himself for permission to see the illumination; but he persuaded the porter of Trianon to admit him as soon as the Queen should have set out for Versailles, and His Eminence engaged to remain in the porter's lodge until all the carriages should have left the château. He did not keep his word; and while the porter was busy in the discharge of his duty, the Cardinal, who had kept on his red stockings, and merely thrown a greatcoat over him, went down into the garden, and, with an air of mystery, drew up in two different places to see the Royal Family and suite pass by.

Her Majesty was highly offended at this piece of boldness, and the next day ordered the porter to be discharged. There was a general feeling of disgust at the Cardinal's treachery to the unfortunate man, and of commiseration towards the latter for the loss of his place. Affected at the misfortune of the father of a family, I obtained his forgiveness, and since that time I have often regretted the feeling of the moment which

induced me to interfere. The notoriety of the discharge of the porter of Trianon, and the odium that circumstance would have fixed upon the Cardinal, would have made the Queen's dislike to him still more publicly known, and would, probably, have prevented the scandalous and notorious intrigue of the necklace, but for the artful manner in which the Cardinal introduced himself into the gardens of Trianon; but for the air of mystery which he affected whenever the Queen met him there, he would not have been able to say that he had been deceived by any emissary between the Queen and himself.

The Queen, who was much prejudiced against the King of Sweden, received him very coldly.[1] All that was said of the private character of that Sovereign—his connection with the Count de Vergennes from the time of the Revolution of Sweden in 1772, the character of his favourite Armfelt, and the prejudices of the monarch himself against the Swedes, who were well received at the Court of Versailles—formed the grounds of this dislike. He came one day, uninvited and unexpected, and requested to dine with the Queen. The Queen received him in the little closet, and sent for me immediately. She desired me to send for her clerk of the kitchen that she might be informed whether there was a proper dinner to set before Count d'Haga, and to add to it if necessary. The King of Sweden

1 Gustavus III., King of Sweden, travelled in France under the title of Count d'Haga. Upon his accession to the throne he managed the revolution which prostrated the authority of the Senate with equal skill, coolness and courage. He was assassinated in 1792, at a masked ball, by Ankerström.*—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

*For full particulars see "Courts of Norway and Sweden," Vol. II., page 143. (Nichols & Co., 1895.)

assured her that there would be enough for him; and I could not help smiling at the idea of augmenting the dinner provided for the King and Queen, not half of which would have made its appearance had they dined in private. The Queen looked significantly and seriously at me, and I withdrew. In the evening she asked me why I had looked so astonished when she ordered me to add to her dinner, saying that I ought instantly to have seen that she was giving the King of Sweden a lesson for his presumption. I owned to her that the scene had appeared to me so much in the bourgeois style that I had involuntarily thought of the cutlets on the gridiron, and the omelette, which in families in humble circumstances serve to piece out short commons. She was highly diverted with my answer, and repeated it to the King, who also laughed heartily at it.

The peace with England gave great satisfaction to all classes of society interested in the national honour. The departure of the English commissary from Dunkirk, who had been fixed at that place ever since the shameful peace of 1763 as inspector of our navy, occasioned an ecstasy of joy. The Government prudently communicated to the Englishman the order for his departure before the treaty was made public. But for that precaution the populace would have probably committed some excess or other, in order to make the agent of English power feel the effects of the resentment which was constantly increasing during his stay at that port. Those engaged in trade were the only persons dissatisfied with the treaty of 1783. That article which provided for the free admission of English goods annihilated at one blow the trade of

Rouen and the other manufacturing towns throughout the kingdom. French industry has since removed that superiority which secured to England the exclusive trade of the whole world. The English poured into Paris. A considerable number of them were presented at Court. The Queen paid them marked attention. Doubtless she wished them to distinguish between the esteem she had for their noble nation and the political views of the Government in the support it had afforded to the Americans. Discontent was, however, strongly manifested at Court, in consequence of the marks of favour bestowed by the Queen upon the English noblemen. These attentions were called infatuations. This was illiberal, and the Queen justly complained of such absurd jealousy.

The journey to Fontainebleau, and the winter at Paris and at Court, were extremely brilliant. The spring brought back with it those amusements which the Queen began to prefer to the splendour of *fêtes*. The most perfect harmony subsisted between the King and Queen; I never saw but one difference between the august couple. It was soon dispelled; the cause of it is still perfectly unknown to me.

My father-in-law, whose penetration and experience I respected greatly, recommended me, when he saw me placed in the service of a young Queen, to shun all kinds of confidence. "It procures," said he, "but a very fleeting and at the same time dangerous sort of favour; serve with zeal, to the best of your judgment, and never do more than obey. Instead of setting your wits to work to discover why an order or a commission which may appear of consequence

is given to you, use them to prevent the possibility of your knowing anything of the matter. I had occasion to avail myself of this wise and useful lesson. One morning at Trianon I went into the Queen's chamber when she was in bed; there were letters lying on the bed, and she was weeping bitterly. Her tears were mingled with sobs, which she occasionally interrupted by exclamations of, "*Ah! that I were dead! —wretches! monsters! What have I done to them?*" I offered her orange-flower water and ether. "*Leave me*," said she, "*if you love me: it would be better to kill me at once.*" At this moment she threw her arm over my shoulder and began weeping afresh. I saw that some weighty but concealed trouble oppressed her heart, that she wanted a confidante, and that that confidante ought to be no other than her friend. I told her so, and suggested sending for the Duchess de Polignac: this she strongly opposed. I renewed my arguments and solicitations, to procure her the consolation of a disclosure of which she stood in need, and her opposition grew weaker. I disengaged myself from her arms, and ran to the ante-chamber, where I knew that a horseman always waited, ready to mount and start at a moment's warning for Versailles. I ordered him to go at full speed, and tell the Duchess de Polignac that the Queen was very uneasy, and desired to see her instantly. The Duchess always had a carriage ready. In less than ten minutes she was at the Queen's door. I was the only person there, having been forbidden to send for the other women. Madame de Polignac came in; the Queen held out her arms to her, the Duchess rushed

towards her. I heard her sobs renewed, and withdrew.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the Queen, who had become calmer, rang to be dressed. I sent her woman in; she put on her gown and retired to her boudoir with the Duchess. Very soon afterwards the Count d'Artois arrived from Compiègne, where he had been with the King. He hastily crossed the ante-chamber and the chamber, and eagerly enquired where the Queen was. He remained half an hour with her and the Duchess; and on coming out told me the Queen asked for me. I found her seated on her couch by the side of her friend; her features had resumed their usual cheerful and gracious appearance. She held out her hand to me, and said to the Duchess, "I know I have made her so uncomfortable this morning that I must set her poor heart at ease." She then added, "You must have seen, on some fine summer's day, a black cloud suddenly appear and threaten to pour down upon the country and lay it waste. The lightest wind drives it away, and the blue sky and serene weather are restored. This is just the image of what has happened to me this morning." She afterwards told me that the King would return from Compiègne after hunting there, and sup with her; that I must send for her purveyor, to select with him, from his bill of fare, all such dishes as the King liked best; that she would have no others served up in the evening at her table; and that this was a mark of attention that she wished the King to observe. The Duchess de Polignac also took me

MARIE-THERESE-CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI, AND DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME

After the painting by the Baron Jean-Antoine Gros

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by the hand, and told me how happy she was that she had been with the Queen at a moment when she stood in need of a friend. I never knew what could have created in the Queen so lively and so transient an alarm; but I guessed from the particular care she took respecting the King that attempts had been made to irritate him against her; that the malice of her enemies had been promptly discovered and counteracted by the King's penetration and attachment; and that the Count d'Artois had hastened to bring her intelligence of it.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1787, during one of the Trianon excursions, that the Queen of Naples sent the Chevalier de Bressac to Her Majesty, on a secret mission relative to a projected marriage between the Hereditary Prince, her son, and Madame the King's daughter; in the absence of the lady of honour, he addressed himself to me. Notwithstanding he said a great deal to me about the close confidence with which the Queen of Naples honoured him, and about his letters of credit, I thought he had quite the air of an adventurer.[1] He had, indeed, private letters for the Queen, and his mission was not feigned. He talked to me very inconsiderately even before his admission, and entreated me to do all that lay in my power to dispose the Queen's mind in favour of his Sovereign's wishes. I declined it, assuring him that it did not belong to me to meddle with State affairs. He endeavoured, but in vain, to prove to me that the union contemplated by

1 I know that he afterwards spent several years shut up in the Castle de l'Œuf.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

the Queen of Naples ought not to looked upon in that light.

I procured M. de Bressac the audience he desired, but without suffering myself even to seem acquainted with the object of his mission. The Queen told me what it was: she thought him a person ill-chosen for the occasion; and yet she thought that the Queen, her sister, had done very well in not making use of a man fit to be avowed; it being impossible that what she solicited should take place. I had an opportunity on this occasion, as, indeed, on many others, of judging to what extent the Queen valued and loved France and the dignity of our Court. She then told me that Madame, in marrying her cousin, the Duke d'Angoulême, would not lose her rank as daughter of the Queen, and that her situation would be far more preferable to that of Queen of any other country; that there was nothing in Europe to be compared to the Court of France, and that it would be necessary, in order to avoid exposing a French Princess to feelings of deep regret, in case she should be married to a foreign Prince, to take her from the Palace of Versailles at seven years of age, and send her immediately to the Court in which she was to dwell; and that at twelve it would be too late, for that recollections and comparisons would ruin the happiness of all the rest of her life. The Queen looked upon the fate of her sisters as far beneath her own, and frequently mentioned the mortifications inflicted by the Court of Spain upon her sister, the Queen of Naples;[1] and of the necessity she was

1 The following extract may, perhaps, assist in pointing out the motive of these mortifications. It shows, at least, very plausibly

under of imploring the mediation of the King of France.

She showed me several letters that she had received from the Queen of Naples, relative to her differences with the Court of Madrid respecting the Minister Acton. She thought him useful to her people, inasmuch as he was a man of considerable information and great activity. In these letters she minutely acquainted Her Majesty with the nature of the affronts she had received, and represented Mr. Acton to her as a man whom malevolence itself could not suppose capable of interesting her otherwise than by his services. She had had to suffer the impertinence of a Spaniard named Las Casas, who had been sent her by the King, her father-in-law, to persuade

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how the Empress Maria Theresa hoped to promote her extensive schemes by the alliance of the Archduchess Caroline with the King of Naples, and what obstacles the Spanish branch of the Bourbons presented to designs the depth of which did not pass unperceived by them.

The observations about to be given are from the "Historical Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by the Abbé Soulavie; but the testimony of the Count d'Orloff, in the sensible, clear and instructive work which he has published on the kingdom of Naples, gives them great weight. We quote a passage of some length from M. d'Orloff's work (*see* letter U), and we recommend the perusal of it, because it describes truly, and in an interesting manner, the empire which Queen Caroline had acquired over her husband, the character of the Minister Acton, the just grounds of the resentment felt by the Court of Madrid, and the part played by France among all these differences. This is what the Abbé Soulavie says on this subject:

"Under the flourishing reigns of the House of Bourbon, France had fixed one of its branches in Spain, which again had thrown out scions into Italy. Maria Theresa was jealous of this. Inheriting all the ambition of the House of Austria, and all its views upon Italy, she had promised herself, during a profound peace, to reconquer that beautiful country by stratagem, by giving to the Court of Naples an Archduchess brought up at Vienna, and never likely to forget that she was the guardian of the interests of her family at Naples. Queen Caroline ably seconded the views of her mother, seeing in the city of Naples nothing more than a property formerly

her to dismiss Mr. Acton from the business of the State and from her intimacy. She complained bitterly to the Queen, her sister, of the disgusting proceedings of this *chargé d'affaires*, whom she told, in order to convince him of the nature of the feelings which attached her to Mr. Acton, that she would have portraits and busts of him executed by the most eminent artists of Italy, and that she would then send them to the King of Spain, to prove that nothing but the desire to retain a man of superior capacity had induced her to bestow on him the favour he enjoyed. This Las Casas dared to answer her that it would be a useless trouble; that the ugliness of a man did not always render him displeasing; and that the King of Spain had too much experience not to know that there was no accounting for the caprices of a woman.

Austrian, and particularly insecure in the hands of Ferdinand; and being remarkably apt at creating ministers submissive to her will, at retaining and defending them, and detaching them from the Court of Madrid, where the stem of the Neapolitan branch of the Bourbons reigned, she succeeded in giving her husband a disinclination to the family compact, in which the principal strength of the descendants of Louis XIV. lay, so devoted was she to her brother Joseph, the only divinity she adored.

"This conduct of Caroline, Queen of Naples, and the precautions taken by the House of Austria, in all its treaties of peace with France, to preserve some hold over Italy, develop the views of the House of Austria respecting that ancient inheritance of which it had been deprived by the courage and policy of the Bourbons. But for the firmness of Don Carlos, King of Naples, upon his accession to the throne of Spain, Austria would have repossessed that ancient domain by virtue of the reversionary clauses which Maria Theresa had artfully introduced into the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and which she had again procured to be inserted in the Treaty of 1758; an evident proof that Austria has not lost sight of the project of a new settlement in the bosom of Italy." Recent events add greatly to the weight of these conjectures respecting the ambitious policy of the House of Austria.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

This audacious reply filled the Queen of Naples with indignation, and her emotion caused her to miscarry on the same day. Through the intermediation of Louis XVI., the Queen of Naples obtained complete satisfaction in this affair, and Mr. Acton continued to hold the post of Prime Minister.[1]

Among the characteristics which denoted the great goodness of the Queen, her respect for personal liberty should have a place. I have seen her put up with the most troublesome importunities from people whose minds were deranged rather than have them arrested. Her patient benignity was put to a very disagreeable trial by an old member of the Bordeaux Parliament, named Castelnaux; this man declared himself a lover of the Queen, and was generally known by that appellation. For ten successive years did he follow the Court in all its excursions. Pale and wan, as people who are out of their senses usually are, his sinister appearance occasioned the most uncomfortable sensations. During the two hours that the Queen's public card-parties lasted, he would remain fixed opposite Her Majesty. He placed himself in the same manner before her eyes at chapel, and never failed to be at the King's dinner, or the *grand couvert*. At the theatre he invariably seated himself as near the Queen's box as possible. He always set off for Fontainebleau or St. Cloud the day before the Court, and when

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1 See *Historical Illustrations* (U), particulars respecting this minister, and his conduct towards France.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Her Majesty arrived at her various residences, the first person she met on getting out of her carriage was this melancholy madman. He never spoke to anyone. While the Queen was at Petit Trianon the passion of this unhappy man became still more annoying. He would hastily swallow his morsel at some eating-house, and spend all the rest of the day, even when it rained, in going round and round the garden, always walking at the edge of the moat. The Queen frequently met him when she was walking either alone or with her children; and yet she would not suffer any violence to be used to relieve her from this intolerable annoyance. Having one day given M. de Sèze permission to enter Trianon, she sent to desire he would come to me, and directed me to inform that celebrated advocate of M. de Castelnaux's derangement, and then to send for him, that M. de Sèze might have some conversation with him. He talked to him nearly an hour, and made considerable impression on his mind; and at last M. de Castelnaux requested me to inform the Queen that positively, since his presence was disagreeable to her, he would retire to his province. The Queen was very much rejoiced, and desired me to express her full satisfaction to M. de Sèze. Half an hour after M. de Sèze was gone the unhappy madman was announced to me. He came to tell me that he withdrew his promise, that he had not sufficient command of himself to give up seeing the Queen as often as possible. This new determination was a disagreeable message to take to Her Majesty; but how was I affected at hearing

her say, "Well, let him annoy me! but let him not be deprived of the blessing of freedom."[1]

The direct influence of the Queen on affairs during the earlier years of the reign was only shown in her obliging exertions to obtain from the King a revision of the decrees in two celebrated causes.[2]

If the King did not inspire the Queen with a lively feeling of love, it is at least quite certain that she yielded him a mixed tribute of enthusiasm and affection for the goodness of his disposition and the equity of which he gave so many accumulated proofs throughout his reign. One evening she returned very late; she came out of the King's closet, and said to M. de Misery and myself, drying her eyes, which were filled with tears, "You see me weeping, but do not be uneasy at it: these are the sweetest tears that a wife can shed; they are caused by the impression which the justice and goodness of the King have made upon me; he has just complied with my request for a revision of the proceedings against

1 On the fatal arrest of the King and Queen at Varennes, this unfortunate Castelnaux attempted to starve himself to death. The people in whose house he lived, becoming uneasy at his absence, had the door of his room forced open, where he was found stretched helpless on the floor. I do not know what became of him after the 10th of August.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 The Queen did not venture to meddle with those two causes further than to solicit a revision of them; for it was contrary to her principles to interfere in matters of justice, and never did she avail herself of her influence to bias the tribunals. The Duchess de Praslin, through a criminal caprice, carried her enmity to her husband so far as to disinherit her children in favour of the family of M. de Guéménée. The Duchess de Choiseul, who was warmly interested in this affair, one day entreated the Queen, in my presence, at least to condescend to ask the First President when the cause would be called on. The Queen replied that she could not even do that, for it would manifest an interest which it was her duty not to show.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier, victims of the Duke d'Aiguillon's hatred to the Duke de Choiseul. He has been equally just to the Duke de Guines in his affair with Le Tort. It is a happy thing for a Queen to be able to admire and esteem him who has admitted her to a participation of his throne; and as to you, I congratulate you upon your having to live under the sceptre of so virtuous a Sovereign." Our tears of affection mingled with those of the Queen; she condescended to suffer us to kiss her charming hands. This affecting scene is not yet effaced from my recollection—and was it under the sway of Sovereigns so merciful and so feeling that we endured horrors for which the most cruel tyranny would have been no excuse? And were these the beings, so august, so formed by Divine Providence for the happiness of the people, whom we had the anguish of seeing sacrificed to a rage equally senseless and barbarous?

The Queen laid before the King all the memorials of the Duke de Guines, who, during his embassy to England, was involved in difficulties by a secretary who speculated in the public funds in London on his own account, but in such a manner as to throw a suspicion of it on the ambassador. Messieurs de Vergennes and Turgot, bearing but little goodwill to the Duke de Guines, who was the friend of the Duke de Choiseul, were not disposed to render the ambassador any service. The Queen succeeded in fixing the King's particular attention on this affair, and the innocence of the Duke de Guines triumphed through the equity of Louis XVI.

An incessant underhand war was carried on between the friends and partisans of M. de Choiseul, who were called the Austrians, and those who sided with Messieurs d'Aiguillon, de Maurepas and de Vergennes, who, for the same reason, kept up the intrigues carried on at Court and in Paris against the Queen. Marie Antoinette, on her part, supported those who had suffered in this political quarrel, and it was this feeling which led her to ask for a revision of the proceedings against Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier. The first, a colonel and inspector of artillery, and the second a proprietor of a foundry at St. Etienne, were, under the ministry of the Duke d'Aiguillon, condemned to imprisonment for twenty years and a day, for having withdrawn from the arsenals of France, by order of the Duke de Choiseul, a vast number of muskets, which were thrown out as being of no value except as old iron, while in point of fact the greater part of those muskets were immediately embarked and sold to the Americans. It appears that the Duke de Choiseul imparted to the Queen, as grounds of defence for the accused, the political views which led him to authorise that reduction and sale in the manner in which it had been executed. What rendered the case of Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier more unfavourable was, that the artillery officer who made the reduction in the capacity of inspector was, through a clandestine marriage, brother-in-law of the owner of the foundry who became the purchaser of the rejected arms. The innocence of the two prisoners was nevertheless made apparent, and they came to Versailles with their

wives and children to throw themselves at the feet of their benefactress. This affecting scene took place in the grand gallery, at the entrance to the Queen's apartment. She wished to restrain the women from kneeling, saying that "they had only had justice done them, and that she ought at that very moment to be congratulated upon the most substantial happiness attendent upon her station, that of laying just appeals before the King."[1]

Whenever she had to express her thoughts in public, the Queen always used the most appropriate, elegant and striking language, notwithstanding the difficulty a foreigner might be expected to experience. She answered all addresses herself, and persevered in that custom, which she first learned at the Court of Maria Theresa. The Princesses of the House of Bourbon had long ceased to take the trouble of pronouncing their answers in such cases. Madame Adelaide blamed the Queen for not doing as they did, assuring her that it was quite sufficient to mutter a few words that might sound like an answer, while the addressers, solely occupied with what they themselves had just been saying, would always take it for granted that a proper answer had been returned. The Queen saw that idleness alone had pointed out such a course of proceeding, and that as the practice

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1 There is an engraving of the time which represents this scene of gratitude and kindness tolerably well. This piece has the merit of representing the places, costumes and the personal likeness of the principal personages with accuracy. Among the latter we recognise M. the Count de Provence (His Majesty Louis XVIII.), Madame the Countess de Provence, M. the Count and Madame the Countess d'Artois, and the Emperor Joseph II.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

even of muttering a few words showed the necessity of answering in some way, it must be more proper to reply plainly, distinctly and in the best style possible. Sometimes, indeed, when apprised of the subject of the address, she would write down her answer in the morning, not to learn it by heart, but in order to settle the ideas or sentiments she wished to introduce into it.

The influence of the Countess de Polignac increased daily, and her friends availed themselves of it to effect changes in the Ministry. The dismissal of M. de Montbarrey, a man without talents or character, was generally approved of. It was justly attributed to the Queen. He had been placed in the administration by M. de Maurepas, and backed by his aged wife; both of course became more inveterate than ever against the Queen and the Polignac circle.

The appointment of M. de Segur to the place of Minister at War, and of M. de Castries to that of Minister of Marine were wholly the work of that circle. The Queen always dreaded making ministers; her favourite often wept when the men of her circle compelled her to interfere. Men blame women for meddling in business, and yet in Courts it is continually the men themselves who make use of the influence of the women in matters with which the latter ought to have nothing to do.

On the day when M. de Segur was presented to the Queen on his new appointment, she said to me: "You have just seen a minister of my making. I am very glad, as far as regards the King's service, that he is appointed, for I think the selection a very

good one; but I almost regret the part I have taken in this appointment. I take a responsibility upon myself. I was fortunate in being free from any; and in order to relieve myself from this as much as possible, I have just promised M. de Segur, and that upon my word of honour, not to back any petition nor to clog any of his operations by solicitations on behalf of my *protégés*."

During the first administration of M. Necker, whose ambition had not then drawn him into schemes repugnant to his better judgment, and whose views appeared to the Queen to be very judicious, she indulged in hopes of the restoration of the finances. Knowing that M. de Maurepas wished to drive M. Necker to give in his resignation, she urged him to have patience until the death of an old man whom the King kept about him from a fondness for his first choice and out of respect for his advanced age. She even went so far as to tell him that M. de Maurepas was always ill and that his end could not be very distant. M. Necker would not wait for that event. The Queen's prediction was fulfilled. M. de Maurepas ended his days immediately after a journey to Fontainebleau in 1781.[1]

M. Necker had retired. He had been exasperated by a piece of treachery in the old minister for which he could not forgive him. I knew something of this

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1 "Louis XVI.," says the "Biographie Universelle," "deeply regretted Maurepas. During his last illness he went himself to inform him of the birth of the Dauphin, 'to announce it to his friend and rejoice with him'; these were his very expressions. The day after his funeral, he said with an air of great affliction, 'Ah! I shall no longer hear my friend overhead every morning.'" A simple and affecting eulogy, though little merited by him who was the object of it.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

intrigue at the time it took place; it has since been fully explained to me by Madame la Maréchale de Beauvau. M. Necker saw that his credit at Court was drooping, and fearing lest that circumstance should injure his financial operations, he wrote to the King requesting that His Majesty would grant him some favour which might show the public that he had not lost the confidence of his Sovereign. He concluded his letter by pointing out five different requests — such as an office, *or* such a mark of distinction, *or* such a badge of honour, and so on, and handed it to M. de Maurepas. The *ors* were changed into *ands;* and the King was displeased at M. Necker's ambition, and the assurance with which he displayed it.

Madame la Maréchale de Beauvau assures me that Marshal de Castries saw the minute of M. Necker's letter perfectly in accordance with what he had told him, and that he likewise saw the altered copy.[1]

The interest which the Queen took in M. Necker decreased during his retirement, and at last changed into strong prejudice against him. He wrote too much about the measures he would have pursued, and the benefits that would have resulted to the State from them. The ministers who succeeded him thought their operations embarrassed by the care that M. Necker and his partisans incessantly took to occupy the public with his plans; his friends were too ardent. The Queen discerned a

1 I have this anecdote under that lady's hand.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

party spirit in these combinations and sided wholly with his enemies.

After those inefficient Comptrollers-General, Messieurs Joly, de Fleury and d'Ormesson, it became necessary to resort to a man of more acknowledged talent, and the Queen's friends at that time combining with the Count d'Artois, and, from I know not what motive, with M. de Vergennes, got M. de Calonne appointed. The Queen was highly displeased at this, and her close intimacy with the Duchess de Polignac thenceforth began gradually to dissolve. It was at this period she said that when Sovereigns chose favourites they raised powers about them which, being flattered at first for their master's sake, were afterwards flattered for their own; formed a party in the State, acted alone, and caused the odium of their actions to fall upon the Sovereigns to whom they owed their influence.

The inconveniences attendant on the private life of a Sovereign then struck the Queen in all their bearings. She talked to me about it in confidence, and often told me that I was the only person aware of the vexations that her social habits brought upon her; but that she must bear the anxieties of which she herself was the sole author; that the appearance of fickleness in a friendship such as that which she had contracted with the Duchess, or a total rupture, would be attended with still greater evils, and could only produce fresh calamities. It was not that she had to reproach Madame de Polignac with a single fault which could make her regret the choice she had made of her for a friend,

but she had not foreseen the inconvenience of having to support the friends of our friends which society obliges one to do.

Her Majesty, continuing to converse with me upon the difficulties she had met with in private life, told me that ambitious men without merit sometimes found means to gain their ends by dint of importunity, and that she had to blame herself for having procured M. d'Adhemar's appointment to the London Embassy, merely because he teased her into it at the Duchess's house. She added, however, to this avowal that it was at a time of perfect peace with the English; that the minister knew the inefficiency of M. d'Adhemar as well as she did, and that he could do neither harm nor good.

Often in conversations of unreserved frankness the Queen owned that she had purchased rather dearly a piece of experience which would make her carefully watch over the conduct of her daughters-in-law, and that she would be particularly scrupulous about the qualifications of the ladies who might be their attendants; that no consideration of rank or favour should bias her in so important a choice. She attributed several of her youthful errors to a lady of great levity, whom she found in her palace on her arrival in France. She also determined to forbid the Princesses whom she could control the practice of singing with professors, and said sincerely, and with as much severity as her slanderers could have done, "I ought to have heard Garat sing, and not to have sung duets with him." Thus impartially did she speak of her youth.

CHAPTER XI

The Queen is dissatisfied with the appointment of M. de Calonne —Acts of benevolence—Purchase of St. Cloud—Regulations of internal police: *in the Queen's name*—State of France—Beaumarchais — *Marriage of Figaro* — Character of M. de Vaudreuil.

The Queen did not sufficiently conceal the dissatisfaction she felt at having been unable to prevent the appointment of M. de Calonne. She even one day went so far as to say at the Duchess's, in the midst of the partisans and protectors of that minister, that the finances of France passed alternately from the hands of an honest man without talent into those of a skilful knave. M. de Calonne was, therefore, far from acting in concert with the Queen all the time that he continued in place; and, while dull verses were circulated about Paris describing the Queen and her favourite dipping at pleasure into the coffers of the Comptroller-General, the Queen was avoiding all communication with him.

During the long and severe winter of 1783-4, the King gave 3,000,000 livres for the relief of the indigent. M. de Calonne, who felt the necessity of making advances to the Queen, caught at this opportunity of showing her his respect and devotion, but in vain. He came and offered to place in her hands 1,000,000 of the 3,000,000, to be distributed in

her name and under her direction. His proposal was rejected. The Queen answered that the charity ought to be wholly distributed in the King's name, and that she would this year debar herself of even the slightest enjoyments, in order to contribute to the relief of the unfortunate all that her savings would enable her to give.

The moment M. de Calonne left the closet the Queen sent for me. "Congratulate me, my dear," said she; "I have just escaped a snare, or at least a matter which eventually might have caused me much regret." She related the conversation which had taken place, word for word, to me, adding, "That man will complete the ruin of the national finances. It is said that I placed him in his situation. The people are made to believe that I am extravagant, yet I have refused to suffer a sum of money from the Royal Treasury, although destined for the most laudable purpose, to pass through my hands."

The Queen, making monthly retrenchments from the expenditure of her privy purse, and not having spent the gifts customary at the period of her confinement, was in possession of from five to six hundred thousand francs, her own savings. She made use of from two to three hundred thousand francs of this, which her principal women sent to M. Lenoir, to the curates of Paris and Versailles, and to the *Sœurs Hospitalières*, and so distributed them among families in need.

Desirous to implant in the breast of her daughter, not only a desire to succour the unfortunate, but those qualities necessary for the due discharge of that sacred

duty, the Queen incessantly talked to her, though she was yet very young, about the sufferings of the poor during a season so inclement. The Princess already had a sum of from eight to ten thousand francs for charitable purposes, and the Queen made her distribute a part of it herself.

Wishing to give her children yet another lesson of beneficence, she desired me on New Year's Eve to get from Paris, as in other years, all the fashionable playthings, and have them spread out in her closet. Then, taking her children by the hand, she showed them all the dolls and toys which were ranged there, and told them that she had intended to give them some handsome New Year's gifts, but that the cold made the poor so wretched that all her money was spent in blankets and clothes to protect them from the rigour of the season, and in supplying them with bread, so that this year they would only have the pleasure of looking at the new playthings. When she returned with her children into her sitting-room, she said there was still an unavoidable expense to be incurred; that assuredly many mothers would at that season think as she did; that the toyman must lose by it, and therefore she gave him fifty louis to repay him for the cost of his journey, and console him for having sold nothing.

The purchase of St. Cloud, a matter very simple in itself, had, on account of the prevailing spirit, very unfavourable consequences to the Queen.

The Palace of Versailles, pulled to pieces in the interior by a variety of new arrangements, and mutiated in point of uniformity, partly by the removal of the ambassadors' staircase, and partly by that of the

peristyle of columns placed at the bottom of the marble court, was equally in want of substantial and ornamental repair. The King therefore desired M. Micque to lay before him several plans for the repairs of the palace. He consulted me on certain arrangements analogous to some of those adopted in the Queen's establishment, and in my presence asked M. Micque how much money would be wanted for the execution of the whole work, and how many years he would be in completing it. I forget how many millions of livres were mentioned; but I remember M. Micque replied that six years would be sufficient time for performing the whole undertaking if the Treasury made the necessary advances from time to time without any delay. "And how many years shall you require," said the King, "if the advances are not punctually made?" "Ten, Sire," replied the architect. "We must then reckon upon ten years," said His Majesty, "and put off this great undertaking until the year 1790; *it will occupy the rest of the century.*" The King afterwards talked of the depreciation of property which took place at Versailles whilst the Regent removed the Court of Louis XV. to the Tuileries, and said that he must consider measures to prevent that inconvenience. It was the desire to do this that promoted the purchase of St. Cloud. The Queen first conceived the idea of it one day when she was riding out with the Duchess de Polignac and the Countess Diana. She mentioned it to the King, who was much pleased with the thought, the purchase confirming him in the intention, which he had entertained for ten years, of quitting Versailles.

The King determined that the ministers, public officers, pages, and a considerable part of his stabling, should remain at Versailles. Messieurs de Breteuil and de Calonne were instructed to treat with the Duke d'Orleans for the purchase of St. Cloud; at first they hoped to be able to conclude the business by a mere exchange. The value of Choisy, La Muette and one forest was equivalent to the sum demanded by the House of Orleans; and in the exchange which the Queen expected she saw there was a saving to be made, instead of an increase of expense. By this arrangement the government of Choisy, in the hands of the Duke de Coigny, and that of La Muette, in the hands of the Marshal de Soubise, would be suppressed. At the same time the two *concierges*, and all the servants employed in these two Royal houses, would be reduced. But while the treaty was going forward Messieurs de Breteuil and de Calonne gave up the point of exchange, and some millions in specie were substituted for Choisy and La Muette.

The Queen advised the King to give her St. Cloud as a means of avoiding the establishment of a governor, her plan being to have merely a housekeeper there; by which means the governor's expenses would be saved. The King agreed, and St. Cloud was purchased for the Queen. She provided the same liveries for the porters at the gates and servants of the castle as for those at Trianon. The housekeeper at the latter place had put up some regulations of internal police, with these words: "*By order of the Queen.*" The same thing was done at St. Cloud. The Queen's livery at the door of a palace,

where it was expected none but that of the King would be seen, and the words, "By order of the Queen," at the head of the printed papers pasted near the iron gates, caused a great sensation and produced a very unfortunate effect, not only among the common people, but also among persons of a superior class. They saw in it an attack upon the customs of monarchy, and customs are nearly equal to laws. The Queen heard of this, but she thought that her dignity would be compromised if she made any change in the form of these regulations, though they might have been altogether superseded without any inconvenience. "My name is not out of place," said she, "in gardens belonging to myself; surely I may give orders there without infringing on the rights of the State." This was the only answer she made to the representations which a few faithful servants ventured to make to her on the subject. The discontent of the Parisians on this occasion probably induced M. d'Espremenil, upon the first troubles about the Parliament, to say that it was *impolitic* and *immoral* in a Queen of France to possess palaces of her own:[1] thus a change, effected through an economical motive,

1 The Queen never forgot this affront of M. d'Espremenil's; she said that as it was offered at a time when social order had not been disturbed, she had felt the severest mortification at it. Shortly before the downfall of the throne M. d'Espremenil, having openly espoused the King's side, was insulted in the gardens of the Tuileries by the Jacobins, and so ill-treated that he was carried home very ill. Somebody recommended the Queen, on account of the Royalist principles he then professed, to send and enquire after him. She replied that she was truly grieved at what had happened to M. d'Espremenil, but that mere policy should never induce her to show any particular solicitude about the man who had been the first to make so insulting an attack upon her character.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

assumed a very different character in the eyes of the public.

The Queen was very much dissatisfied with the manner in which M. de Calonne had managed this matter. The Abbé de Vermond, the most active and persevering of that minister's enemies, saw with delight that the expedients of those from whom alone new resources might be expected were gradually becoming exhausted, because the period when the Archbishop of Toulouse would be placed over the finances was thereby hastened.

The Royal navy had resumed an imposing attitude during the war for the independence of America; a glorious peace with England had compensated for the former attacks of our enemies upon the fame of France; and the throne was surrounded by numerous heirs. The sole ground of uneasiness was in the finances, but that uneasiness related only to the manner in which they were administered. In a word, France felt confidence in its own strength and resources, when two events, which seem scarcely worthy of a place in history, but which have, nevertheless, an important one in that of the French Revolution, introduced a spirit of sarcasm and contempt, not only against the highest ranks, but even against the most august personages. I allude to a comedy and a great swindling transaction.

Beaumarchais had long possessed a brilliant reputation in certain circles in Paris for his wit and musical talents, and at the theatres for dramas more or less indifferent, when his comedy of *The Barber of Seville* procured him a more decided reputation upon the

French stage. His Memoirs against M. Goësman had amused Paris by the ridicule they threw upon a Parliament which was disliked, and his admission to an intimacy with M. de Maurepas procured him a degree of influence over important affairs. Thus honourably situated, he became ambitious of the dangerous reputation of giving a general impulse to the minds of the people of the capital by a kind of drama, in which the most respected manners and customs were held up to popular derision and the ridicule of the new philosophers. After several years of prosperity, the minds of the French had become more generally turned to criticism and ridicule; and when Beaumarchais had finished his monstrous but diverting *Marriage of Figaro*, all people of any consequence were eager for the gratification of hearing it read, for the censors of the police had decided that the piece should not be performed. These readings of *Figaro* grew so numerous through the author's politic complaisance, that people were daily heard to say, "I have been (or I am going to be) at the reading of Beaumarchais' play." The desire to see it performed became universal: an expression that he had the art to insert in his work compelled, as it were, the approbation of the superior nobility, or of persons in power, who aimed at the honour of being ranked among the magnanimous. He made his Figaro say that "*none but little minds dreaded little books.*" The Baron de Breteuil and all the men of Madame de Polignac's circle entered the lists as the warmest protectors of the comedy. Solicitations to the King became so pressing that His Majesty determined to judge for himself of a work which so

much engrossed the public attention, and desired me to ask M. le Noir, lieutenant of police, for the manuscript of the *Marriage of Figaro*. One morning I received a note from the Queen, ordering me to be with her at three o'clock, and not to come without having dined, for she should detain me some time. When I got to the Queen's inner closet I found her alone with the King; a chair and a small table were ready placed opposite to them, and upon the table lay an enormous manuscript in several books. The King said to me, "That is Beaumarchais' comedy; you must read it to us. You will find several parts troublesome, on account of the erasures and references. I have already run it over, but I wish the Queen to be acquainted with the work. You will not mention this reading to anyone."

I began. The King frequently interrupted me by remarks, either of praise or censure, which were always just. He frequently exclaimed, "That's in bad taste; this man continually brings the Italian *concetti* on the stage." At that soliloquy of Figaro in which he attacks various points of government, but aims most particularly at State prisons, the King rose up and said indignantly, "That's detestable; that shall never be played; the Bastille must be destroyed before the licence to act this play can be any other than an act of the most dangerous folly. This man scoffs at everything that is to be respected in a government." Surely the King here gave a decision to which experience must have reconciled all the enthusiastic admirers of the whimsical production in question. "It will not be played, then?" said the Queen.

"No, certainly," replied Louis XVI.; "you may rely upon that."

Still, it was constantly reported in company that *Figaro* was about to be performed. There were even many wagers laid upon the subject. I never should have laid any myself, fancying myself much better informed as to the probability than anybody else; if I had, however, I should have been completely deceived. The protectors of Beaumarchais, or rather of his work, persuading themselves that they should certainly succeed in their scheme of rendering it popular in spite of the King's prohibition, distributed the parts in the *Marriage of Figaro* among the actors of the Théâtre Française. Beaumarchais had made them enter into the spirit of his characters, and they determined to enjoy at least one performance of this pretended *chef-d'œuvre* of the drama. The first gentleman of the chamber agreed that M. de la Ferte should lend the theatre of the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs at Paris, which was used for rehearsals of the Opera. Tickets were distributed to a vast number of persons of the first rank in society, and the day for the performance was fixed. The King heard of these arrangements only on the very morning of that day, and signed a *lettre-de-cachet*,[1] which prohibited the performance. When the messenger who brought the order arrived he found a part of the theatre already filled with spectators, and the streets leading to the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs were filled with

1 A *lettre-de-cachet* was any written order proceeding from the King's will. The term was not confined merely to orders for arrest.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

carriages; the piece was not performed. This prohibition of the King's was looked upon as an attack on public liberty.

The disappointment produced so strong a discontent that the words *oppression* and *tyranny* were uttered with no less passion and bitterness at that time than during the time which immediately preceded the downfall of the throne. Beaumarchais was so far put off his guard by rage as to exclaim, "Well, gentlemen, he won't suffer it to be played here; now I swear it shall be played—perhaps in the very choir of Nôtre Dame!" There was something prophetic in these words.[1] It was generally insinuated, shortly afterwards, that Beaumarchais had at length determined to suppress all those parts of his work which could be obnoxious to government, and on pretence of judging of the sacrifices made by the author, M. de Vaudreuil obtained permission to have this far-famed *Marriage of Figaro* performed at his country house. M. Campan was asked there. He had frequently heard the work read, and did not now find the alterations that had been announced; this he observed to several persons belonging to the Court, who maintained that the author had made all the prescribed suppressions. Everybody came to talk to him about it. M. Campan was so astonished at these assertions in favour of an obvious falsehood that he replied by a quotation from Beaumarchais

1 The Keeper of the Seals had constantly opposed the performance of this play. The King said in his presence one day, "You will see that Beaumarchais will have more weight than the Keeper of the Seals." Did that Prince imagine he was speaking the truth so accurately?—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

himself, and assuming the tone of Basil in the *Barber of Seville*, he said: "Faith, gentlemen, I don't know who is deceived here; you all seem to be in the secret." They then came to the point, and earnestly begged him to tell the Queen positively that all which had been pronounced reprehensible in M. de Beaumarchais' play had been cut out. My father-in-law contented himself with replying that his situation at Court not allowing of his giving an opinion, except in case the Queen should first speak of the piece to him, he could not say what he thought of it unless she should ask him. The Queen said nothing to him about the matter. Permission to perform this play was at length obtained. The Queen thought the people of Paris would be finely tricked when they saw merely an ill-conceived piece, devoid of interest, as it must appear since it was deprived of its satire.[1] Under the persuasion that there was not a passage left capable of malicious or dangerous application, Monsieur attended the first performance in a public box. The mad enthusiasm of the public in favour of the piece, and Monsieur's just displeasure, are well known. The author was sent to prison soon afterwards, though his work was extolled to the skies, and though the Court durst not suspend its performance.[2]

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1 This was the opinion of Louis XVI. also. "The King," says Grimm, "made sure that the public would judge unfavourably of the work. He said to the Marquis de Montesquieu, who was going to see the first representation, 'Well, what do you augur of its success?' 'Sire, I hope the piece will fail.' 'And so do I,' replied the King."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

2 "There is something still more ridiculous than my piece," said Beaumarchais himself; "that is, its success." Mademoiselle

The Queen testified her displeasure against all who had assisted the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* to deceive the King into giving his consent that it should be represented. Her reproaches were more particularly directed against M. de Vaudreuil for having had it performed at his house. The violent

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Arnould foresaw it the first day, and exclaimed, "It is a production that will fail fifty nights successively."

There was as crowded an audience on the seventy-second night as on the first. A circumstance related by Grimm enhanced the public curiosity. The following is extracted from his correspondence:

"*Answer of M. de Beaumarchais to the Duke de Villequier, who requested the use of his private box for some ladies who wished to see 'Figaro' without being seen.*

"I have no respect, M. le Duc, for women who indulge themselves in seeing any play which they think indecorous provided they can do so in secret. I lend myself to no such fancies. I have given my piece to the public to amuse, and not to instruct, not to give any compounding prudes the pleasure of going to admire it in a private box and balancing their account with conscience by slandering it in company. To indulge in the pleasure of vice and assume the credit of virtue is the hypocrisy of the age. My piece is not of a doubtful nature; it must be patronised in good earnest or avoided altogether; therefore, with my respects to you, M. le Duc, I shall keep my box."

"This letter," adds Grimm, "was circulated all over Paris for a week. At first it was said to be addressed to the Duke de Villequier, and afterwards to the Duke d'Aumont. It got, in this form, as far as Versailles, where it was pronounced, as it deserved to be, an extraordinary piece of impertinence. It seemed the more insolent inasmuch as it was well known that certain very great ladies had declared that if they did go to see the *Marriage of Figaro* it should be only in a private box. The most zealous partisans of M. de Beaumarchais did not dare even to attempt to vindicate him. After having enjoyed this new flash of celebrity, owing either to his own consideration or to the threats of his enemies, M. de Beaumarchais was compelled to announce publicly that his famous letter never was written to a duke or peer, but to one of his own friends, and that upon the first spur of dissatisfaction."

It was proved that the letter was written to a president of one of the parliaments, whereupon indignation subsided; for that which appeared impertinent when addressed to men of the Court was deemed so no longer when addressed to one of the long robe.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

and domineering disposition of her favourite's friend at last became disagreeable to her.

One evening, on the Queen's return from the Duchess's, she desired her *valet de chambre* to bring her billiard cue into her closet, and ordered me to open the box that contained it. I was surprised at not finding the padlock belonging to it, the key of which the Queen wore on her watch-chain. I opened the box and took out the cue, broken in two. It was of ivory, and formed of a single elephant's tooth; the butt was of gold and very tastefully wrought. "There," said she; "that is the way M. de Vaudreuil has treated a thing I valued so highly. I had laid it upon the couch while I was talking to the Duchess in the saloon; he had the assurance to make use of it, and in a fit of passion about a blocked ball, he struck the cue so violently against the table that he broke it in two. The noise brought me back into the billiard-room; I did not say a word to him, but my looks showed him how angry I was. He was the more hurt at the accident, inasmuch as he aspires to the post of governor to the Dauphin, and with that object in view, it is not wise to expose such a fault as passion. I never thought of him for the place. It is quite enough to have consulted my heart only in the choice of a governess, and I will not suffer that of governor to the Dauphin to be at all affected by the influence of my friends. I should be responsible for it to the nation.

"The poor man," continued the Queen, "does not know that my determination is made; for I have never remarked upon the subject to the Duchess.

Therefore, judge of the sort of evening he must have passed. Besides, this is not the first occurrence that has shown me that, however Queens may be wearied with formality at home, they cannot amuse themselves elsewhere without lessening their dignity."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY MADAME CAMPAN.

Note No. 1, Pages 73, 103.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

First Office: the Superintendent.

Queen Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV., had Mademoiselle de Clermont, a Princess of the Blood, as the superintendent of her household. Mademoiselle de Clermont died, and the Queen requested the King not to have the vacancy filled up, the privileges of the office of superintendent being so extensive that they were felt as a restraint on the Sovereign; they included a right to nominate to employments, to determine differences between the holders of offices, to dismiss,[1] or suspend the servants, &c. There was therefore no superintendent after Mademoiselle de Clermont, and Queen Marie Antoinette had none at the time of her accession. But shortly afterwards the Queen, interesting herself for the young Princess de Lamballe, who was left a widow and childless, determined to give her greater personal consideration by fixing her at Court, and therefore appointed her superintendent of her household. She constantly resided at Versailles in the commencement of her service, and was very scrupulous in the punctual execution of all the duties of her place. The Queen checked her a little with respect to those which stood in the way of her inclinations, and the intimacy between the Queen and Madame de Polignac being afterwards formed, she attended the Court with less assiduity. Her devoted attachment led her, at the moment when all the eminent persons in the kingdom were yielding to the system of emigration, to return to France, and not to leave the Queen, who was then deprived of all her friends, and of that intimate connection which had occasioned a kind of distance between the Queen and the superintendent. The tragic end of this interesting Princess must heighten the feeling excited by her zeal and fidelity. The Princess superintendent was, moreover, head of the Queen's Council; but her functions in that capacity could only become important in case of a regency.

1 The servants were suspended by order of the head of the household for a fortnight, a month, or more. Dismissal was more common than suspension, but resignations were signed by the parties themselves. It must not be forgotten that all the offices were trusts, and that the holders of them had been sworn before the Queen, the superintendent, the lady of honour or the first gentleman usher.

Lady of Honour, the Princess de Chimay.

The place of lady of honour losing many of its advantages, in consequence of the appointment of a superintendent, Madame la Maréchale de Mouchy gave in her resignation. When the Queen conferred that title upon the Princess de Lamballe, the lady of honour appointed to the offices administered the oaths in the absence of the superintendent, made presentations and sent invitations in the Queen's name for the excursions to Marly, Choisy and Fontainebleau; for balls, suppers, and hunting parties; all changes in the furniture, and the linen and the laces for the bed and toilette, were likewise made under her orders. The head woman of the Queen's wardrobe managed these matters jointly with the lady of honour. Up to the time when M. de Silhouette was appointed comptroller-general, cloths, napkins, chemises and lace had been renewed every three years; that minister prevailed on Louis XV. to decide that they should be renewed only once in five years. M. Necker, during his first administration, increased the interval of renewal by two years, so that it took place only every seven years. The whole of the old articles belonged to the lady of honour. When a foreign Princess was married to the heir presumptive or a son of France, it was the etiquette to go and meet her with her wedding clothes; the young Princess was undressed in the pavilion usually built upon the frontiers for the occasion, and every article of her apparel, without exception, was changed; notwithstanding which, the foreign Courts furnished their Princesses also with rich wedding clothes, which were considered the lawful perquisites of the lady of honour and the tire-woman. It is to be observed that emoluments and profits of all kinds generally belonged to the great offices. On the death of Maria Leckzinska, the whole of her chamber furniture was given up to the Countess de Noailles, afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy, with the exception of two large rock-crystal lustres, which Louis XV. ordered should be preserved as appurtenances to the Crown. The tire-woman was entrusted with the care of ordering materials, robes and Court dresses, and of checking and paying bills; all accounts were submitted to her and were paid only on her signature and by her order, from shoes up to Lyons embroidered dresses. I believe the fixed annual sum for this division of expenditure was 100,000 francs, but there might be additional sums when the funds appropriated to this purpose were insufficient. The tire-woman sold the cast-off gowns and ornaments for her own benefit; the lace for head-dresses, ruffles and gowns was provided by her, and kept distinct from those of which the lady of honour had the direction. There was a secretary of the wardrobe, to whom the care of keeping the books, accounts of payments, and correspondence relating to this department was confided.

The tire-woman had likewise under her order a principal under tire-woman, charged with the care and preservation of all the Queen's dresses, two women to fold and press such articles as required it, two valets, and one porter of the wardrobe. The latter brought every morning into the Queen's apartments baskets covered with taffety, containing all that she was to wear during the day, and large cloths

of green taffety covering the robes, and the full dresses. The valet of the wardrobes on duty presented every morning a large book to the first *femme de chambre*, containing patterns of the gowns, full dresses, undresses, &c. Every pattern was marked to show to which sort it belonged. The first *femme de chambre* presented this book to the Queen, on her awaking, with a pincushion: Her Majesty stuck pins in those articles which she chose for the day: one for the dress, one for the afternoon undress, and one for the full evening dress for card or supper parties in the private apartments. The book was then taken back to the wardrobe, and all that was wanted for the day was soon after brought in, in large taffety wrappers. The wardrobe woman who had the care of the linen, in her turn, brought in a covered basket containing two or three chemises, handkerchiefs and napkins; the morning basket was called *prêt du jour;* in the evening she brought in one containing the night-gown and night-cap, and the stockings for the next morning; this basket was called *prêt de la nuit;* they were in the department of the lady of honour, the tire-woman having nothing to do with the linen. Nothing was put in order or taken care of by the Queen's women. As soon as the toilet was over, the valets and porter belonging to the wardrobe were called in, and they carried all away in a heap, in the taffety wrappers, to the tire-woman's wardrobe, where all were folded up again, hung up, examined and cleaned with so much regularity and care that even the cast-off clothes scarcely looked as if they had been worn. The tire-woman's wardrobe consisted of three large rooms surrounded with closets, some furnished with drawers and others with shelves; there were also large tables in each of these rooms, on which the gowns and dresses were spread out and folded up.

For the winter the Queen had generally twelve full dresses, twelve undresses called fancy dresses, and twelve rich hoop petticoats for the card and supper parties in the smaller apartments.

She had as many for the summer. Those for the spring served likewise for the autumn. All these dresses were discarded at the end of each season, unless indeed she retained some that she particularly liked. I am not speaking of muslin or cambric muslin gowns, or others of the same kind; they were lately introduced; but such as these were not renewed at each returning season, they were kept several years. The chief women were charged with the keeping, care and examination of the diamonds. This important duty was formerly confided to the tire-woman, but for many years had been included in the business of the first *femmes de chambre.*

The Queen's Bed-chamber.

There was formerly but one first *femme de chambre.* The large income derived from the place, and the favour by which it was generally accompanied, rendered a division of it necessary.

The Queen had two, and two reversioners.

The incumbents were Madame de Misery, a daughter of the

Count de Chemant, and, on the side of her mother, who descended from a Montmorency, cousin to the Prince de Tingry, who always called her cousin, even before the Queen.

Madame Thibault, formerly *femme de chambre* of Queen Maria Leckzinska.

The reversioners were Madame Campan and Madame Regnier de Jarjaye, whose husband was a staff officer with the rank of colonel.

The duty of the chief *femmes de chambre* was to attend to the performance of the whole service of the bed-chamber; to receive the Queen's orders for her times of rising, dressing, going out and making journeys. They were, moreover, charged with the Queen's privy purse and the payment of pensions and gratifications. The diamonds, too, were entrusted to them. They did the honours of the service when the ladies of honour or tire-women were absent, and in the same manner acted for them in making presentations to the Queen. Their appointments did not exceed 12,000 francs; but all the wax candles of the bed-chamber, closets and card-room belonged to them daily, whether lighted or not, and this perquisite raised their income to more than 50,000 francs each. The candles for the great closet of the saloon of the nobility, the room preceding the Queen's chamber and those for the ante-chambers and corridors, belonged to the servants of the chamber. The undress gowns were, whenever left off, carried, by order of the tire-woman, to the chief *femmes de chambre*. The Court full dresses, with all other accessories of the Queen's toilette, belonged to the tire-woman herself.

The Queens were very circumspect in the choice of their principal women; they generally took care to select them from among the twelve ordinary women whom they knew well, in order to keep this confidential situation exempt from the intrigues of the Court and capital. Queen Marie Antoinette, who knew Madame Campan when she was reader to the daughters of Louis XV. and wished to have her as first woman, made her a promise of that place; but for several years she filled the situation of ordinary woman. A lady of noble family, much beloved by the Queen, who distinguished her, upon her arrival in France, from among the women and who flattered herself with the hopes of becoming first woman, was disappointed of the place, in consequence of her imprudence in taking advantage of the kindness of the young Dauphiness, who twice paid her debts, at the time she was expecting to be appointed first woman. The Dauphiness, when she became Queen, assigned as the reason for her refusal that it was very imprudent to trust money to persons known to be extravagant and thoughtless, as it exposed the honour of families, as well as the deposit, to danger. The Queen, however, softened down her refusal by placing the lady's children at St. Cyr and the military school, and granting them pensions. At the period of the Constitution, when it was proposed to reform the household by abolishing the titles of ladies of honour and gentlemen ushers, and the King determined to introduce the

strictest economy into all parts of his own expenses and those of the Queen, it was decided that the daily renewal of the wax candles should be discontinued. The office of first woman was by this reduction deprived of its greatest revenue. The King, after consulting with M. de Laporte, fixed the income of the first women at 24,000 livres each, with the addition of the functions and perquisites of the tire-women, whose office was suppressed. He observed at the same time that the first women ought to be selected from among persons of merit and good birth and that their income ought to be sufficient to place them above intrigue or corruption. The plan of the household, formed after the constitutional laws, was decreed, but the military part was the only one put in execution.

The Queen had twelve women in ordinary:

Madame de Malherbe, the wife of the Queen's *maître d'hôtel*, late commissary at war; she died since the Revolution.

Madame de Fregal, daughter of M. Emengard de Beauval, mayor of Compiègne and lieutenant of the hunt, wife of a cavalry captain; she is living at her own estate in Picardy, upon her property.

Madame Regnier de Jarjaye (first woman in reversion). Her husband has left the service. They are living at Paris in easy circumstances.

Madame Campan, also first woman in reversion, and reader to the Princesses, daughters of Louis XV., had long discharged the duties of first woman only, Madame de Misery, her principal, having retired to her estate of Biache, near Peronne.

Madame Auguié, who fell a victim to the Revolution for lending the Queen twenty-five louis during the two days she passed at the Feuillans. M. Auguié was at that time receiver-general of the finances of the Duchy of Lorraine and Bar, and commissioner of the subsistence tax.

Madame Terasse de Marelles. Her husband has a place under Government. Her daughter married the brother of M. Miot, a counsellor of State.

Mademoiselle de Marolles, one of the ladies of St. Cyr. She remains poor and has retired to her own country, in the neighbourhood of Tours.

Madame Cardon, widow of the Mayor of Arras, has some fortune and lives upon her estate.

Madame Arcambal. Her husband and father-in-law are in the War Department.

Madame de Gougenot. Her husband, a gentleman and very rich, receiver-general of taxes, and the King's *maître d'hôtel*, died a victim to the Revolution. She lives at Paris in retirement and affluence. She would have been extremely rich if she had had any children.

Madame de Beauvast, wife of a commissary at war, formerly one of the King's musketeers, and a Chevalier de St. Louis, is very poor.

Madame le Vacher, dead. Her husband is at present receiver of the tolls of Marseilles.

Madame Henri. Her husband is now in the War Office. Her father had a principal charge in the liquidation of the Civil List. They have a number of children.

The eight senior women of the Queen had incomes of 3,600 francs.

The other four had 2,400 livres.

They had 300 livres less when they had lodgings in the Castle of Versailles, or apartments assigned them. When the King went to Compiègne in July, and Fontainebleau in October, 300 livres a journey were added to their appointments to defray the expenses of moving. It must be observed that these journeys even if economically performed, cost from a 1,000 to 1,200 livres. But the husbands of these ladies all had honourable and lucrative situations, and the appointments of places of this description were not at all thought of—the support and protection of the Queen were the only things that made them canvassed for. I remember when the poorest among them had an income of from 15,000 to 20,000 francs, and some of them, from their husbands' circumstances, had from 60,000 to 80,000 francs a year; but these fortunes came from financial employments or places of hereditary property, and were in no way drawn from the Royal Treasury, the pensions granted being few and inconsiderable.

There was no pension granted to the first women; when they retired they retained the whole emolument of their places, which was too considerable to admit of their being indemnified for it. Those who had the places in reversion acted for them and received a salary of 6,000 livres.

The *femmes de chambre* in ordinary were allowed 4,000 livres pension, after a service of thirty years; 3,000, after one of twenty-five years; and 2,000, after one of twenty years.

The twelve women served in turns, four every week; two of these every day alternately; so that the four women who had served one week were the next fortnight at leisure, unless a substitute were wanted; and in the week of duty they had intervals of two or three days. There was no table appointed for the female service, except when the Court left Versailles. The first women had their kitchen and cook. The others had their dinners taken to them in their apartment.

Wardrobe Woman, the person named R——.

This woman was entrusted with all matters relating to her place, but as her service lasted all the year round, she was very useful in several particulars of internal domestic service, which would have been otherwise but ill performed by women of the class of those who served the Queen. Her utility and the kindness of her mistress had unfortunately made her services but too indispensable. Some particulars relative to the departure for Varennes could not be concealed from her; and it appears clear that she betrayed the Queen's secret to some of the deputies or members of the Commune of Paris. She was under the immediate orders of the first *femme de chambre*, who frequently, in case of a vacancy,

procured the place for her own *femme de chambre*. When the Queen, on her return from Varennes, dismissed this woman R——, she put the governess of Madame Campan's son in her place.

There were also two bathing-women, charged with all that belonged to the bath, who made it their peculiar care. The flowers, vases, porcelain, and all the ornaments of the apartment, were arranged every morning by a wardrobe woman who had no other business.

Master of the Wardrobe.

This office, important as it may be about a Prince, was but a mere name about a Princess; the tire-woman being charged with all that related to his department, and having under her orders a secretary of the wardrobe for correspondence and payment of demands. The income of the master of the wardrobe was, notwithstanding, 60,000 francs. The office was held by the Count de la Mortière, who died a general some years ago, and in the reversion by M. Ponjaud, farmer-general. Its only prerogative was the right of entrance into the chamber.

First Valet de Chambre.

The functions of the first *femme de chambre* had in the same manner reduced this office to the mere title, and a right of entrance to the toilette. The salary was 40,000 francs.

Trainbearer in Ordinary.

This office had daily and assiduous duties attached to it. To hold it, it was necessary to be either noble, the son of an ennobled person or decorated with the cross of St. Louis; the first gentleman usher, being obliged to receive him into his carriage when attending the Court *en suite*, would not otherwise have consented to sit with him. This officer suffered a continual mortification, being obliged by etiquette to give up the Queen's train to her page whenever Her Majesty entered the chapel or the inner apartments of the King; so that after having borne the train in the great apartment and the mirror gallery, he gave it up to the page at the entrance to the chapel and the King's apartment. He kept the Queen's mantle or pelisse, but handed them to the first gentleman usher or the first equerry if the Queen wished to make use of them. This practice was called doing the honours of the service, and was always observed by the inferior officer to the superior.

Secretaries for Orders: MM. Augeard and Beaugeard.

The business of these officers was to get orders for the payment of her household signed by the Queen, which she did punctually every three months at her dressing hour.

These secretaries were also to answer letters of etiquette, such as those from Sovereigns upon births, deaths, &c. The Queen merely signed letters of this nature.

The private secretary of the secretaries for orders took every Sunday, from a table in the Queen's room, the whole of the

memorials which had been presented to her in the course of the week. He made an abstract of them, and they were sent to the different ministers. Generally, the solicitors got very little by them, unless in some extraordinary cases of hardship; but they were, at all events, sure that the original certificates and family documents, which are often imprudently annexed to memorials and petitions, would be faithfully returned. The Queen took into her private closet all those memorials to which she intended to add postscripts, or which she wished to give to the ministers herself.

Superintendent of Finances, Demesnes and Affairs—M. Bertier, Intendant of Paris.

This office was almost entirely a sinecure.

Intendant of the Household and Finances, M. Gabriel de Saint-Charles.

A sinecure.

Reader, the Abbé de Vermond.

This modest title gives a very inadequate idea of the office and power of the man. Having been the Queen's tutor before her marriage, he retained an absolute power over her mind. He was her private secretary, confidant, and (unfortunately) her adviser.

Readers: the Countess de Neuilly; Madame de la Borde, in reversion.

A few years ago, this lady married M. de Rohan Chabot; her first husband fell a victim to the Revolution. He was first *valet de chambre* to Louis XV., and brother of the Countess d'Angiviller.

The office of female reader was a sinecure under the reign of Marie Antoinette, the Abbé de Vermond objecting to the female readers having the advantage of reading to the Queen. He did not, however, object to the women, or first women, officiating for her. Madame Campan generally had that honour.

Secretary of the Closet, M. Campan.

He was entrusted with every part of the correspondence which did not belong to the secretaries for orders or the Abbé de Vermond. He enjoyed the confidence of his mistress, and succeeded the Abbé de Vermond, who emigrated on the 17th of July, 1789, until his death in September, 1791. The Queen could not refrain from tears at his death, which was occasioned by the grief experienced by that faithful servant during the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution. His blood underwent a complete revulsion in the night between the 5th and 6th of October, at Versailles, and the first symptoms of a dropsy in the chest showed themselves the very next day.

M. Campan was, besides, librarian to the Queen from the time of her arrival in France, though she suffered M. Moreau, historiographer of France, to retain the title. She came from Versailles strongly prepossessed against that literary man, whose political character had, in truth, suffered during the parliamentary troubles towards the close of the reign of Louis XV. She caused it to be

intimated to him that she wished him to give up the keys of her library to M. Campan, but that, out of respect to the King's appointment, she left him his title and the salary of his office.

It is to be presumed that the Abbé de Vermond, while fulfilling his duties of tutor at Vienna, was startled at the appointment of a literary character to the situation of librarian to the young Dauphiness; the more especially as M. Moreau, elated with his new honour, had printed a work entitled, "Library of Madame the Dauphiness," in which he traced out a course of history and general study for the Princess. The Abbé de Vermond, determined to have the sole charge of duties of that kind, planned his fall so skilfully, long beforehand, that it took place on his very first step. M. Moreau died lately, at an advanced age, at his estate of Chambourcy, near St. Germain. His disgrace, at which he was greatly hurt, probably preserved his life and fortune.

The Queen had—

Two *valets de chambre* in ordinary.

An usher in ordinary.

(The duty of the offices denominated *ordinary* was to act as substitutes for those who could not perform their quarterly service.)

Four ushers for the chamber, serving by the quarter.

Two ushers of the closet.

Two ushers of the ante-chamber.

Eight *valets de chambre*, per quarter.

Six servants of the chamber, or rather, we may say (in order to convey a more accurate idea of this office), *valets de chambre* of the sleeping-room. These six places about the King and Queen were greatly preferred to those of *valet de chambre*, because they were much more in the inner apartments. Those of the King were raised gradually to 8,000 francs.

An ordinary valet of the wardrobe.

Two valets of the wardrobe, each serving six months.

A porter of the wardrobe, who carried the taffety wrappers, cloths and baskets, from the chamber to the tiring wardrobe.

An Ordinary Keeper of the Wardrobe of the Chamber: M. Bonnefri du Plan.

He was also house steward of Petit Trianon. It was he who designed and executed the press, or rather the kind of secretaire, appropriated to the Queen's jewels, and which is at this moment at St. Cloud. His name and the year in which that piece of furniture, remarkable for its richness and the paintings with which it is ornamented, was made, are engraved upon a plate of copper, which is at the bottom of it. Boulard, an eminent upholsterer of Paris, was long a servant of the wardrobe under the orders of Bonnefri.

Four Valets de Chambre Upholsterers.

They came to make the bed in the morning, and turn it down in the evening.

The Queen had two hairdressers attached to her person. They were the brother and cousin of Leonard, the celebrated hairdresser.

The latter also held a place as hairdresser, but did not quit Paris, and came only on Sundays at noon to the Queen's toilet. He also came to Versailles on holidays and at balls. He is now at St. Petersburg.

His brother was guillotined at Paris; his cousin died in emigration. They were very good and faithful servants.

Medical Department.

A chief physician: M. Vicq d'Azyr, after the death of M. de Lassone.

A physician in ordinary: M. de Lassone, the son.

A chief surgeon: M. de Chairgnac.

A surgeon in ordinary officiating for the household.

Two common surgeons to attend to the livery servants, kitchen servants and stable servants.

A body apothecary.

A common apothecary.

A well-furnished dispensary, from which the inferior servants received the necessary drugs and remedies. All above the class of footmen, or kitchen servants, thought it beneath them to avail themselves of this right, but they had liberty to do so.

Officers of the Mouth.

A chief maître d'hôtel: the Marquis de Talaru.

A maître d'hôtel in ordinary: M. Chalut de Verin. M. de Guimps, in reversion.

MM. Dufour and Campan, the son, in reversion.

Cosson de Guimps.

De Malherbe, in reversion.

Despriez, Moreau d'Olibois, in reversion.

Clément de Ris.

These places required nobility. The maîtres d'hôtel officiated for the gentlemen ushers in case the Queen should happen to want them when going in grand procession. Quarterly at Versailles, as well as on journeys, they did the honours of a table to which were admitted the lieutenant and exempt of the guards upon duty, the gentleman usher in ordinary, as well as the one for the quarter and the Queen's almoner.

The Queen had:

One gentleman serving in ordinary.

Twelve gentlemen serving by the quarter.

Their duty was to serve up at the dinners of the King and Queen, and at the *grand couvert*. Notwithstanding the title *gentleman*, this place did not require nobility.

A Comptroller-General of the Queen's Household: M. Mercier de la Source.

This officer inspected and regulated all the expenses of the mouth, being a kind of medium between the Queen's household and the Royal treasury; he had power, upon the Queen's mere demand, in case of extraordinary expense, to draw for additional supplies. The Queen availed herself of this privilege but very

seldom, and then only for things relative to the arts which she patronised. It was accordingly M. de la Source who fixed the sum granted for the quarto edition of Metastasio, a tribute which the Queen thought due from her to that celebrated author, her old Italian master at the Court of Vienna.

Four comptrollers of the mouth serving by the quarter.

A comptroller in ordinary, specially charged with the Queen's table.

Stables.

Chief equerry: the Count de Tessé.
The Duke de Polignac, in reversion.
Processional equerry: M. de Salvost.
Governor of the pages: M. de Perdreauville.
A preceptor.
An almoner.
And all the masters employed in the education of the King's pages.
Twelve pages.
Chevalier d'honneur: the Count de Saulx Tavarmes.
An equerry in ordinary: M. Petit de Vievigne.
Quarterly equerries:
M. de Wallans.
M. de Billey.
Chevalier de Vaussay de Beauregard.
Count de Saint Angel.

Chapel.

A grand almoner: the Bishop Duke de Laon.
A first almoner: the Bishop de Meaux.
Almoner in ordinary: the Abbé de Beaufoil de Saint Aulaire.
Confessor, the Abbé Poupast.
Four quarterly almoners.
An almoner in ordinary.
Four quarterly chaplains.
A chaplain in ordinary.
Chapel boys.
Four quarterly chapel boys
A chapel boy in ordinary.
Two chapel summoners.

There were besides a great number of officers, especially for the mouth, such as esquire of the mouth, chief butler, head of the buttery officers, &c. But they had no opportunity of serving directly about the Queen.

The Queen had twelve footmen.

The Versailles almanac and old catalogues enumerate all the inferior offices.

Note No. 2, Page 140.

PARTICULARS OF ETIQUETTE.

The Queen's Manner of Living and the Arrangement of her Time.

When the King slept in the Queen's apartment, he always rose

before her; the exact hour was communicated to the head *femme de chambre*, who entered, preceded by a servant of the bedchamber bearing a taper; she crossed the room and unbolted the door which separated the Queen's apartment from that of the King. She there found the first *valet de chambre* for the quarter and a servant of the chamber. They entered, opened the bed curtains on the King's side, and presented him slippers generally, as well as the dressing-gown, which he put on, of gold or silver stuff. The first *valet de chambre* took down a short sword, which was always laid within the railing on the King's side. When the King slept with the Queen this sword was brought upon the arm-chair appropriated to the King, and which was placed near the Queen's bed, within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed. The first *femme de chambre* conducted the King to the door, bolted it again, and, leaving the Queen's chamber, did not return until the hour appointed by Her Majesty the evening before. At night the Queen went to bed before the King; the first *femme de chambre* remained seated at the foot of her bed until the arrival of His Majesty, in order, as in the morning, to see the King's attendants out, and bolt the door after them. The Queen awoke habitually at eight o'clock, and breakfasted at nine, frequently in bed, and sometimes, after she had risen, at a small table placed opposite her couch.

In order to describe the Queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that *service* of every kind was *honour*, and had not any other denomination. *To do the honours of the service* was to present the service to an officer of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed: thus, supposing the Queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver gilt waiter, upon which were placed a covered goblet and a small decanter; but should the lady of honour come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Countess d'Artois came in at the moment, the waiter went again from the lady of honour into the hands of the Princess, before it reached the Queen. It must be observed, however, that if a Princess of the Blood, instead of a Princess of the Family, entered, the service went directly from the first woman to the Princess of the Blood, the lady of honour being excused from transferring to any but Princesses of the Royal Family. Nothing was presented directly to the Queen; her handkerchief or her gloves were placed upon a long salver of gold or silver gilt, which was placed as a piece of furniture of ceremony upon a side table, and was called the *gantière*. The first woman presented to her in this manner all that she asked for, unless the tire-woman, the lady of honour or a Princess were present, and then the gradation, pointed out in the instance of the glass of water, was always observed.

Whether the Queen breakfasted in bed or up, those entitled to the *petites entrées* were equally admitted. This privilege belonged of right to her chief physician, chief surgeon, physician in ordinary, reader, closet secretary, the King's four first *valets de chambre* and their reversioners, and the King's chief physicians and surgeons. There were frequently from ten to twelve persons at this first *entrée*.

The lady of honour, or the superintendent, if present, placed the breakfast equipage upon the bed; the Princess de Lamballe frequently performed that office.

As soon as the Queen rose the wardrobe woman was admitted to take away the pillows and put the bed into a fit state to be made by some of the *valets de chambre*. She undrew the curtains, and the bed was not generally made until the Queen was gone to Mass. Generally, excepting at St. Cloud, where the Queen bathed in an apartment below her own, a slipper bath was rolled into her room, and her bathers brought everything that was necessary for the bath. The Queen bathed in a large chemise of English flannel buttoned down to the bottom; its sleeves throughout, as well as the collar, were lined with linen. When she came out of the bath the first woman held up a cloth to conceal her entirely from the sight of her women, and then threw it over her shoulders. The bathers wrapped her in it and dried her completely; she then put on a long and wide open chemise, entirely trimmed with lace, and afterwards a white taffety bedgown. The wardrobe woman warmed the bed. The slippers were of dimity, trimmed with lace. Thus dressed, the Queen went to bed again, and the bathers and servants of the chamber took away the bathing apparatus. The Queen, replaced in bed, took a book or her tapestry work. On her bathing mornings she breakfasted in the bath. The tray was placed on the cover of the bath. These minute details are given here only to do justice to the Queen's scrupulous modesty. Her temperance was equally remarkable; she breakfasted on coffee or chocolate; at dinner ate nothing but white meat, drank water only, and supped on broth, a wing of a fowl, and small biscuits, which she soaked in a glass of water.

The public toilette took place at noon. The toilette table was drawn forward into the middle of the room. This piece of furniture was generally the richest and most ornamental of all in the apartment of the Princesses. The Queen used it in the same manner and place for undressing herself in the evening. She went to bed laced in corsets trimmed with ribbon, and sleeves trimmed with lace, and wore a large neck handkerchief. The Queen's combing cloth was presented by her first woman if she was alone at the commencement of the toilette; or, as well as the other articles, by the ladies of honour if they were come. At noon the women who had been in attendance four-and-twenty hours were relieved by two women in full dress; the first woman went also to dress herself. The *grandes entrées* were admitted during the toilette; sofas were placed in circles for the superintendent, the ladies of honour and tire-woman, and the governess of the children of France when she came there. The duties of the ladies of the bedchamber, having nothing to do with any kind of domestic or private functions, did not begin until the hour of going out to Mass; they waited in the great closet and entered when the toilette was over. The Princes of the Blood, captains of the guards, and all great officers having the entry, paid their court at the time of the toilette. The Queen saluted by nodding her head, or bending her body, or leaning upon her toilette table, as if moving to rise; the latter mode of

salutation was for the Princes of the Blood. The King's brothers also came very generally to pay their respects to Her Majesty while her hair was dressing. In the earlier years of the reign the first part of the dressing was performed in the bedchamber, and according to the laws of etiquette; that is to say, the lady of honour put on the chemise and poured out the water for the hands; the tire-woman put on the skirt of the gown or full dress, adjusted the handkerchief, and tied on the necklace. But when the young Queen became more seriously devoted to fashion, and the head-dress attained so extravagant a height that it became necessary to put on the chemise from below; when, in short, she determined to have her milliner, Mademoiselle Bertin, with her whilst she was dressing, whom the ladies would have refused to admit to any share in the honour of attending on the Queen, the dressing in the bedchamber was discontinued, and the Queen, leaving her toilette, withdrew into her closet to dress.

On returning into her chamber, the Queen, standing about the middle of it, surrounded by the superintendent, the ladies of honour and tire-women, her ladies of the bedchamber, the first gentleman usher, the chief equerry, her clergy ready to attend her to Mass, the Princesses of the Royal Family who happened to come, accompanied by all their attendants, ladies and tire-women, passed in order into the gallery as in going to Mass. The Queen's signatures were generally given at the moment of entry into the chamber. The secretary for orders presented the pen. Presentations of colonels, on taking leave, were usually made at this time. Those of ladies and such as had a right to the *tabouret*, or sitting in the Royal presence, were made on Sunday evenings before card-playing began, on their coming in to pay their respects. Ambassadors were introduced to the Queen on Tuesday mornings, accompanied by the attendant of ambassadors on duty, and M. de Sequeville, the secretary for the ambassadors. The attendant in waiting usually came to the Queen at her toilette to apprise her of the presentations which would be made of foreigners. The usher of the chamber, stationed at the entrance, opened the folding doors to none but the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family, and announced them aloud. Quitting his post he came forward to name to the lady of honour the persons who came to be presented or who came to take leave; that lady again named them to the Queen at the moment they saluted her; if she and the tire-woman were absent the first woman took the place and did that duty. The ladies of the bedchamber, chosen solely as companions for the Queen, had no domestic duties to fulfil, however opinion might dignify such offices in a monarchical government. The King's letter in appointing them, among other instructions of etiquette, ran thus, "Having chosen you to bear the Queen company." There were hardly any emolumeuts accruing from this place, which was purely honorary.

The Queen heard Mass with the King in the tribune facing the grand altar and the music, with the exception of the days of high ceremony, when their chairs were placed below upon velvet carpets fringed with gold. These days were marked by the name of *grand chapel days*.

The Queen named the collector beforehand, and informed her of it through her lady of honour, who was besides desired to send the purse to her. The collectors were almost always chosen from among those who had been recently presented. After returning from Mass the Queen dined every Sunday with the King only in public in the Cabinet of the Nobility, a room which adjoined her chamber. Titled ladies having the honours sat during the dinner upon sofas placed on each side of the table; ladies without titles stood around the table; the captain of the guards and the first gentleman of the chamber were behind the King's chair; behind that of the Queen were her first *maître d'hôtel*, her first gentleman usher and the chief equerry. The Queen's *maître d'hôtel* was furnished with a large staff, six or seven feet in length, ornamented with golden *fleurs de lis* and surmounted by *fleurs de lis* in the form of a crown. He entered the room with this badge of his office to announce that the Queen was served. The comptroller put into his hands the card of the dinner; in the absence of the *maître d'hôtel* he presented it to the Queen himself, otherwise he only did him the honours of the service. The *maître d'hôtel* did not leave his place, he merely gave the orders for serving up and removing; the comptroller and gentleman serving placed the various dishes upon the table, receiving them from the inferior servants.

The Prince nearest to the Crown presented water to wash the King's hands at the moment he placed himself at table, and a Princess did the same service to the Queen.

The table service was formerly performed for the Queen by the lady of honour and four women in full dress; this part of the women's service was transferred to them on the suppression of the office of maids of honour. The Queen put an end to this etiquette in the first year of her reign. When the dinner was over the Queen returned without the King to her apartment with her women, and took off her hoop and train.

Note 3, Page 141.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVY PURSE.

Manner of Managing the Funds.

The first woman served by the month, and gave the accounts of the privy purse to the Queen herself at the end of every month. After having examined them the Queen wrote at the bottom of the last page, "*Approved—Marie Antoinette.*" Each of the first women carried home her account thus audited, leaving in the office of their apartments in the castle the receipts for the pensions or other matters which she had paid during her month's service. In the same office was a statement of the pensions; it was taken away on the 10th of August, and probably, mixed with a number of other things, carried to the Commune of Paris. The Assembly having decreed that charitable pensions should be continued, and not finding the statement of them, passed another decree, authorising the

pensioners to demand certificates from the officers or sub-officers of the Queen's chambers. As there was no longer in France either superintendent or lady of honour, the first *femmes de chambre* were, after the reduction, authorised to give these certificates. The supply of the privy purse was handed over on the first of every month to the Queen. M. Randon de la Tour presented her this sum at noon, the hour of her toilette; it was always in gold, and contained in a white leather purse lined with taffety and embroidered with silver. The funds of the privy purse amounted to 300,000 livres. The monthly divisions of them were not equal; the January purse was the richest; those which corresponded in point of time with the affairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent were also richer than the others. This was an ancient etiquette, arising from a custom which was formerly in use, for the Kings to present the Queens with money, to enable them to make purchases at the fairs. This sum of 300,000 livres was merely play-money for the Queen, or for acts of beneficence, or any presents she might be desirous of making. Her toilette was furnished from other sources, even to her rouge and gloves. The Queen retained all the old pensioners of Maria Leckzinska, the wife of Louis XV. Out of her 300,000 livres she paid to the amount of 80,000 livres annually in pensions or alms, and saved out of the rest. Every month the first woman put away two or three hundred louis, which had not been spent, in a strong chest in the Queen's inner closet.

Out of these savings the Queen, in the course of several years, paid for a pair of ear-rings, formed of pear-shaped diamonds of equal size, and a single diamond, which she bought of Bœhmer, the jeweller, in 1774. They were not completely paid for until 1780. Having seen that the young Queen took so much time to discharge, out of her savings, a debt she had contracted for an article that had tempted her, and which she did not like to make the public money pay for, Bœhmer ought never to have lent himself to the belief that, eight or ten years afterwards, she would, without the King's knowledge, have purchased an ornament at 1,500,000 livres. But the desire to dispose of so expensive an article as the famous necklace, the history of which is so generally, and at the same time so imperfectly known, and the hope of being paid in some way or other, induced him to believe that which he ought not to have thought even probable. The Queen had more than 110,000 livres in gold in her apartment at the Tuileries a few days before the 10th of August; deceived by an artful fellow, who called himself the friend of Pétion, and promised to interest him for the King in case of any attack upon the Tuileries, she preserved but 1,500 louis d'or, which were taken to the Assembly on the taking of the Tuileries. She had changed eighty and some odd thousands into assignats, to make up a sum of 100,000 francs, which was to be remitted to the mayor. It was agreed that Pétion should make a private signal on seeing the King on the 9th of August; but he did not make it, and this circumstance, and still more his conduct on the disastrous 10th, produced a conviction that the mediator was nothing more than a mere thief.

The Queen's privy purse being thus prudently administered, and having always exceeded her wants, and as she had even made some investments of money, it is not difficult to give credit to an important truth, namely, that she never drew an extraordinary sum from the public Treasury. She was, however, unjustly accused of having done so in all the provinces, and even in Paris, where people most distinguished for rank and education adopt and promulgate opinions unfavourable to the great with unaccountable levity.

END OF THE HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS COLLECTED BY

MADAME CAMPAN

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

AND

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

Note (A), Page 18.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, grand-nephew of the Cardinal de Richelieu, was the Dauphin's intimate friend; and that which the Prince, on account of the discretion necessary in the heir to the Crown, could only contemplate the Duke executed. Choiseul, on the other hand, born in Lorraine, and the son of an ambassador of the husband of Maria Theresa, a foreigner in France, a subject and relative of the Emperor, was wholly devoted to the interests of the Court of Vienna, and strong in the power of Madame de Pompadour, whom the Empress had intoxicated with pride and vanity, by calling her cousin and making her suitable presents; he was supported by all the influence of the Parliaments, of which he called himself the *protector*, and was the declared enemy of the Jesuits, ever since he had manifested his hatred to their general at Rome.

These circumstances, and his extraordinary vanity, rendered him careless as to making his court to the Dauphin who held opinions diametrically opposite to his own respecting the King's authority over the Parliaments and the policy of France with respect to the House of Austria. Bold and vain, yet reflecting and profound, with a great deal of consistency and perseverance in his schemes, he possessed all the requisite qualities for becoming with impunity the primary agent of the Court of Vienna in France, at a time when the King appeared subdued by fear; for confirming the alliance of 1756, driving the Abbé de Bernis from an Administration in which he had not done enough for the Court of Vienna, and destroying, no matter by what means, every obstacle raised against his plans. Born to a fortune below mediocrity, and having but little to lose, his system presented to him the prospect of that pomp and power which we have since seen him attain. To gain and secure them he had, in the Legation from Vienna, in Madame de Grammont his sister, a polite and intrepid woman, and in the King's favourite mistress, a council amply provided with powerful means of promoting his objects.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, his enemy, held very different principles. Constantly supported in secret by the Dauphin in all his

opposition to the new policy, inheriting all the principles of his great uncle Richelieu, who established despotism in France, and was the founder of the hatred of the Bourbons against the House of Austria, he was incapable of conducting the business of the State otherwise than by following the system of a military government. As a friend of the Dauphin he daily but secretly lamented with him over the Austrian alliance. He loved the Jesuits, and was the secret foe of the Parliaments which showed a strong inclination in favour of liberty. He detested the new philosophers, and formed a powerful party against them at the head of the Jesuits of St. Sulpice and the bigots of the Court. The Choiseul party had everything to fear, while the Aiguillon party had everything to hope, from a new reign and the accession of the Dauphin to the crown. Such were the two characters and the two opposite systems of government by which France was agitated towards the close of the reign of Louis XV.

On the one hand the Duke de Choiseul, with his Austrian alliance, his Jansenists, Parliaments and philosophers, attacks the Jesuits within and sacrifices the glory and preponderance of France without, to the interests and the vanity of the House of Austria. On the other hand the Duke d'Aiguillon, siding with the Jesuits, either to save them from falling or to set them up again after their fall, labours with them to ruin the Parliaments and establish absolute authority. While forging fetters for the nation, D'Aiguillon was desirous to free the second-rate Powers in friendship with France from the thraldom in which they were held by the monstrous union of the three great Powers, France, Russia and Austria. The Duke de Choiseul in forming that union was preparing for the subjection of Poland, Prussia and Turkey at some distant period. So that the Duke de Choiseul by his principles became the tyrant of the inferior Powers, frightened as they were by the Grand Alliance, and favoured liberty in the interior of France; while D'Aiguillon sought to relieve the inferior Powers and tyrannise over the interior. And thus, with Choiseuls, Grammonts and Pompadours, the Duke de Choiseul annihilated the system of Henry IV., of the Richelieus, Davauxs, Mazarins, of Louis XIV., of the Serviens, of the Belle-Isles, and even of Cardinal Fleury, who twice made war upon Austria, and took from her, either by force or treaty, the kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies, Lorraine and Barrois. And thus, on the other hand, D'Aiguillon laboured to strengthen the despotism established by his great uncle in the interior. ("Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by Soulavie, vol. i.)

Note (B), Page 30.

"Some time before the Ambassador's departure, there happened to me," says the Abbé Georgel, "an adventure which became the source of most important discoveries, and the happy consequences of which rank among the most valuable services rendered by the embassy of Prince Louis de Rohan.

"Returning one evening to the hotel, the porter gave me a note carefully sealed up and addressed to me. I read as follows:

he should pursue under such and such circumstances, either with respect to the King or Madame the Dauphiness and our administration. A separate letter communicated the manner in which this disclosure was made; this letter informed the minister that I was the indirect agent in it. Our courier returned promptly. It is my duty here to speak the truth and do complete justice to the Duke d'Aiguillon. The Prince de Soubise informed his cousin that the minister had spoken at the Council in the warmest and most flattering terms of the importance of this discovery, and the signal service rendered to the State by the Ambassador. The official despatch of Duke d'Aiguillon and a letter in his own hand, of which I have the original, are couched in language which seems to efface even the slightest traces of the coolness and dislike till then shown.

"'I sincerely and feelingly share,' said he, 'both in the satisfaction with which the King acknowledges your service, and the credit which this discovery throws upon your mission.' The Ambassador is afterwards recommended to preserve the thread of this secret and important communication at any price, and a *carte blanche* is given to both him and myself for the sums we should judge useful or necessary for that purpose.

"The King, who had put the Prince de Soubise in possession of the secret of his private policy, confessed to him that our discovery had created terror among the chief agents of the secret administration. Count de Broglie in particular was very much alarmed at it. He dreaded, from the known disposition of Louis XV., all the consequences which might follow in case the Duke d'Aiguillon should happen to penetrate the veil to him till then impenetrable. His Majesty reassured him by informing him of the precautions taken and the formal order given by him to Prince Louis to preserve the most inviolable secrecy on this subject. Such an order had in fact been transmitted by the Prince de Soubise, accompanied by the most flattering and honourable testimonies of the King's satisfaction and goodwill.

"After this discovery, an extraordinary courier was sent off every fortnight with the new communications with the same care and precautions as before. The absence and excursions of the Ambassador, and even his return home during a whole year that I remained alone charged with the King's business, neither interrupted nor opposed any obstacle to the departure of couriers thus important. The masked man even seemed to redouble his zeal at every succeeding interview."

Note (*C*), *Page 31*.

"To great distrust of his own powers," says the Abbé Georgel, "and a total surrender of will in the affairs of the government of his kingdom, Louis XV. added excessive curiosity to know the secret of the intrigues of his Court, the reports circulated about Paris, the private lives of his ministers and their conduct in the concerns of their offices. Besides the lieutenant of police, he had secret agents at Versailles and Paris. Laroche, one of his *valets de chambre*, was the medium of this clandestine inquisition. Jeannet,

the inspector of the post, and after him the Baron d'Ogny, went every Sunday to the King to give him an account of the discoveries they had made by opening letters. These two confidants made extracts for the King from such letters as they thought proper to unseal. The ministers themselves are subjected to this unaccountable inquisition. The danger of such a practice is sufficiently obvious when we reflect on the possibility of either animosity or personal interest, or in short any private motives, interfering with these extracts. Twenty clerks, unknown to the Administration, were night and day secretly occupied in intercepting letters and making extracts from them. It was by these means that Louis XV. discovered the correspondence of the Count d'Argenson with one of his favourite mistresses, in which that minister, so much distinguished by his master, expressed himself with very little reserve or respect concerning the King's character. His sudden and unexpected disgrace followed very close upon the violation of the letters.

"In accordance with his distrustful and inquisitive disposition, this monarch had likewise contrived for himself a secret administration in the European Courts absolutely unknown to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The King, to whom this mystery was a positive enjoyment, was desirous of judging by these means of the conduct of his ministers at the several Courts, and comparing their reports with those transmitted to him by his secret administration. The agents and correspondence of this dark policy were paid by the King himself out of his private purse. They were selected by the secret minister, who transacted the business immediately with His Majesty, and vouched to him for the prudence of the persons to whom, through his instrumentality, the King's instructions were entrusted. The thickest veil was spread over this concealed diplomacy. The secret minister attended the King by intricate ways known only to the confidential *valet de chambre* who introduced him on appointed days and hours.

"For conducting this correspondence, the preference was given either to an ambassador or to a secretary, when his discretion could be relied on; but if it was thought right to keep the knowledge of it from both of them, measures were taken for sending and keeping near them the instruments of this anti-ministerial league. Thus, during the embassy of the Prince de Rohan, Count de Broglie sent the young Count de Guibert to travel in Germany, who, under various pretences, stayed at Venice for a long period of time.

"Having had opportunities of making enquiries respecting this strange policy of Louis XV., I have been assured by well-informed persons that it was suggested to him by the old Abbé de Broglie, the uncle of the Marshal and the Count."

To these interesting particulars must be added those which the Abbé Soulavie gives of the secret administration of Louis XV., of the espionage over the Courts and the violation of letters. From what we have just read, it will be seen that the Abbé Soulavie was often well informed and sometimes veracious: the two testimonies support each other.

head of the list; he was the leader of the Lorraine and Austrian party; he first organised it in France. The Montazets were absolutely sold to the party, so that, subsequently, the Abbé de Montazet became Archbishop of Lyons, through the interest of the Duke de Choiseul, for his Jansenistic opinions, and for the spirit of persecution which he displayed against the Sulpicians and the Jesuit party in general.

As to the Count de Broglie, the Empress must have been completely deceived by that skilful politician. He was the director of the famous secret correspondence, which incessantly laboured against the interest of Maria Theresa, by secretly thwarting the Austrian alliance of 1756.

Count de Broglie was not a man to sell his secret and his country: he was even persecuted by the Prince de Kaunitz. The recommendation, then, of the Count de Broglie is the result of some of those incomprehensible acts of diplomatists who are skilled in the art of disguising their principles, when they have any, or affecting a great variety of them, according to circumstances. The profound secrecy constantly kept by the agents of the private correspondence under the Count de Broglie induces a belief that he was among the number of the former. ("Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by Soulavie.)

Note (*E*), *Page 49.*

The Abbé Georgel, secretary to the embassy at Vienna, a man of talent, of whom we have before spoken in page 48 of this volume, thus relates the recall of the cardinal in his Memoirs. His narrative in some respects confirms that of Madame Campan. Nothing illustrates history as well as this accordance between different testimonies.

"On the departure of Prince Louis de Rohan for Compiègne, where the new King held his Court, I remained at Vienna, charged with the transaction of the affairs of France with the Austrian ministry. I consequently received instructions to continue the negotiations, as entrusted with the political correspondence, with our ministry and the King's Ambassador at Constantinople. Upon his arrival the Prince de Rohan heard of the complaints of Maria Theresa, and the steps already taken in her name by Marie Antoinette for his recall. He had an audience of the King: it was short, and far from satisfactory. Louis XVI. listened to him a few minutes, and then abruptly said, 'I will soon let you know my pleasure.'

"He never could obtain an audience of the Queen, and, without deigning to receive him, she sent for the letter which her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, had given him for her. His relatives did not conceal from him that the prejudices of the King and Queen against him were very strong. They advised him not to make any attempts to return to Vienna, saying they would be quite thrown away, and would only give more publicity to his disgrace. The new Minister for Foreign Affairs was still at Stockholm, and he who held the office in the interim had not sufficient influence to second any

request of Prince Louis to return to Vienna with effect; he therefore remained in this state of perplexity and suspense more than two months, deeming his honour interested in his return to his embassy. He felt himself called upon to write a letter to the King, in which he described his situation in terms calculated to interest the monarch's justice and feelings. His letter remained unanswered; but Louis XVI. told the Countess de Marsan, a cousin of the Ambassador, that the embassy to Vienna was intended for a man preferred by the Empress, and selected by the Queen, whom he had been unable to refuse. It was soon understood that the Baron de Breteuil was the person. On receiving this intelligence Prince Louis could no longer retain any doubt of his complete disgrace, or of the mortifications he would have to endure under the new reign."

Note (F), Page 55.

Christopher de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, the ardent apostle of frequent communion, arrived at Paris with the intention of soliciting in public the administration of the Sacrament to the King, and secretly retarding it as much as possible. The ceremony could not take place without the previous and public expulsion of the concubine, according to the canons of the Church and the Jesuitical party, of which Christopher was the leader. This party, which had made use of Madame du Barry to suppress the Parliaments, to support the Duke of Aiguillon, and ruin the Choiseul faction, did not very willingly consent to disgrace her canonically after such striking services. The Archbishop of Paris had always said openly that she had rendered the most signal services to religion.[1] This monolist party was joined by the Dukes de Richelieu, de Fronsac, d'Aiguillon, Bertin, Maupeou, and Terray. Madame du Barry being their support with the weak and pusillanimous King, they were bound to defend her, and prevent a degradation and retaliation such as the Duchess of Châteauroux had meditated in a similar case in 1745.

The opposite party, the Choiseuls, which was very active in every direction, sought on the other hand to accelerate a religious ceremony which was to annihilate a favourite, who had driven their leader, the Duke de Choiseul, from the Court. It was amusing to see the latter party, which was the scourge of religion in France, calling it to their aid, during the King's sickness, in order to revenge themselves on Madame du Barry; while the party of the Archbishop and the bigots, in their turn, combined to prevent Louis XV. from receiving the Sacrament. "At that time they were coolly jobbing and bargaining about the King's conscience and compunction," said the Cardinal de Luynes to me.

There was consequently an absolute uproar at Court. The question was, whether the King should, or should not, receive the Sacrament immediately? "Must we," said the Maréchal de Richelieu, "must we suffer Madame du Barry to be sent away with

1 That the rigid Christopher de Beaumont should have said any such thing we think very doubtful; for our part we do not believe a word of it.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

ignominy, and can we forget her services, and expose ourselves to her vengeance in case of her return? or rather shall we await the extremity of the invalid to effect a mere separation, and proceed, without noise or exposure, to a plain administration of the Sacrament?" Such was the ferment, and such the state of men's minds at Court, when, on the 1st of May, the Archbishop of Paris presented himself for the first time to the sick monarch at half-past eleven o'clock in the morning. He had scarcely reached the door of the King's antechamber, when Marshal Richelieu went to meet him, and conjured him not to kill the King by a *theological proposition*,[1] which had killed so many sick persons. "But if you are curious to hear some pretty little elegant sins," said he to the prelate, "place yourself there, Monsieur Archbishop, and I will confess, and teach you such as you have not heard since you became Archbishop of Paris. If, however, you will absolutely confess the King, and repeat here the scenes of the Archbishop of Soissons at Metz, if you will send away Madame du Barry with disgrace, reflect on the consequences and your own interests. You complete the triumph of the Duke de Choiseul, your inveterate enemy, from whom Madame du Barry has contributed so much to deliver you, and you persecute your friend for the benefit of your foe. Yes, sir, I repeat it, your friend; and so much is she your friend that she said to me yesterday, 'Let the Archbishop leave us alone; he shall have his cardinal's cap. I take it upon myself, and will answer for it.'"

The Archbishop of Paris readily understood that this business of the Sacrament would meet with considerable opposition. He went into the King's bedchamber and found there Madame Adelaide, the Duke d'Aumont, the Bishop of Senlis and the Marshal Richelieu, in whose presence the Archbishop resolved not to say one word about confession for that day. This circumspection so pleased Louis XV. that, on the Archbishop's withdrawing, he had Madame du Barry called in, and kissed her beautiful hands again with his wonted affection.

On the 2nd of May the King found himself a little better. Madame du Barry had brought him two confidential physicians, Lorry and Borden, who were enjoined to conceal the nature of his sickness from him, and remain silent as to his real situation, in order to keep off the priests and save her from a humiliating dismissal. The King's improvement allowed of Madame du Barry's resuming her free manners with him, and diverting him by her usual playfulness and conversation. But La Martinière, who was of the Choiseul party, and to whom they durst not refuse his right of entry, and who felt offended at the confidence placed in Lorry and Borden, did not conceal from the King either the nature or the danger of his sickness. He answered his questions as to the nature of the pustules, which multiplied all over him in a frightful manner: "Sire, these pimples are three days in forming, three in suppurating, and three in drying." The King, who had not for-

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1 The truth of these particulars is confirmed by Besenval's Memoirs, vol. i.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

gotten that he had had the small-pox, being convinced of the malignity of the sickness, sent for Madame du Barry and said to her, "My love, I have got the small-pox, and my illness is very dangerous on account of my age and other disorders. I ought not to forget that I am the *most Christian King, and the eldest son of the Church*. I am sixty-four; the time is perhaps approaching when we must separate. I wish to prevent a scene like that at Metz. Apprise the Duke d'Aiguillon of what I say to you, that he may arrange with you if my sickness grows worse; so that we may part without any publicity."

The Jansenists and the Duke de Choiseul's party triumphed in the Archbishop's failure. They publicly said that the Duke d'Aiguillon and the Archbishop of Paris had resolved to let the King die without receiving the Sacraments rather than disturb Madame du Barry. Annoyed by these remarks, Beaumont determined to go and reside at Lazaristes, his house at Versailles, to deceive the public, avail himself of the King's last moments, and sacrifice Madame du Barry when the monarch's condition should become desperate. He arrived at Versailles on the 3rd of May, but did not see the King. The prelate was no longer impelled by that impetuosity of zeal which we have known him to possess, nor had he his old affectation of contempt for all politeness and the common observances of good society when called upon to fulfil his duty. He had no other object than, under existing circumstances, to humble the enemies of his party, and to support the favourite who had assisted it to overcome them to the utmost.

A contrary zeal animated the Bishop of Carcassonne, who was at daggers drawn with Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon. The complaisant spirit of the latter had elevated him to his dignities and to his places at Court. Less of the Christian than the courtier, he thought, with the Richelieus and the mistress, that the monarch ought not to be terrified by any remarks relative to the administration of the Sacraments. He said, with them, that the mere mention of the Sacraments might make a very dangerous impression upon the King's mind. The Bishop of Carcassonne (a second Fitz-James, Bishop of Soissons, who acted the same part at Metz), on the contrary, urged "that the King ought to receive the Sacraments; and, by expelling the concubine, to give an example of repentance to France and Christian Europe, which he had scandalised."

"By what right," said Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon, "do you instruct me?" "There is my authority," replied the Bishop of Carcassonne, holding up his pectoral cross. "Learn, Monseigneur, to respect this authority, and do not suffer your King to die without the Sacraments of the Church, of which he, the most Christian King, is the eldest son." Amidst this confusion the disgraceful scenes of Metz were about to be renewed, when the Duke d'Aiguillon and the Archbishop of Paris, who witnessed the discussion, thought fit to put an end to it. D'Aiguillon went to receive the King's orders relative to Madame du Barry. "She must be taken quietly to your seat at Ruelle," said the King. "I shall be grateful for the care Madame d'Aiguillon may take of her."

Madame du Barry saw the King again for a moment on the evening of the 4th, and promised to return to Court upon his recovery. Madame d'Aiguillon took with her Mademoiselle du Barry and Madame de Serre, in her carriage to Ruelle, to wait the event. She was scarcely gone when the King asked for her. *She is gone*, was the answer. From that moment the disorder gained ground; he thought himself a dead man, without the possibility of recovery.

The 5th and 6th passed without a word of confession, viaticum or extreme unction. The Duke de Fronsac threatened to throw the curate of Versailles out of the window if he dared to utter them. It is from himself I have the story. But on the 7th, at three in the morning, the King *imperatively* called for the Abbé Maudoux. Confession lasted seventeen minutes. The Dukes de la Vrillière and d'Aiguillon wished to delay the viaticum; but La Martinière, to complete the expulsion of Madame du Barry, said to the King, "Sire, I have seen Your Majesty in very trying circumstances, but never admired you as I have done to-day. No doubt Your Majesty will immediately finish what you have so well begun." The King had his confessor Maudoux called back. This was a poor priest who had been placed about him for some years before because he was old and blind. He gave him absolution.

As to the formal renunciation desired by the Choiseul party, in order to humble and annihilate Madame du Barry with solemnity, it was no more mentioned. The Grand Almoner, in concert with the Archbishop, composed a formula which was thus proclaimed in presence of the viaticum: "Although the King owes an account of his conduct to none but God alone, he declares his repentance at having scandalised his subjects, and is desirous to live solely for the maintenance of religion and the happiness of his people." Descents and openings of the shrine of St. Geneviève were afterwards multiplied to obtain his recovery.

On the 8th and 9th the disorder grew worse, and the King beheld the whole surface of his body coming off piecemeal and corrupted. Deserted by his friends and by that crowd of courtiers which had so long crowded before him, the only consolation presented to him was the piety of his daughters.[1] ("Historical and Political Memoirs," by Soulavie, vol. i.)

Note (G), Page 59.

When the Duke de Choiseul's exclusion from the Administration was determined on, nothing remained but to choose among the three candidates who were dear to the late Dauphin and to the children of Louis XV., especially as they had been exiled through

1 These notes relative to the last sickness of Louis XV. were furnished to me by M. de la Borde, his first *valet de chambre*, who has left some valuable memoirs of the Court of Louis XV.; by the Abbé Dupinet, canon of Notre Dame, who had them from the Archbishop of Paris; by the Cardinal de Luynes, Madame d'Aiguillon, the Duke de Fronsac and Marshal Richelieu. I have had recourse to both parties for the account of the intrigues by which the expiring King was tormented.—NOTE BY SOULAVIE.

the intrigues of Madame de Pompadour, who was so much detested by the Royal Family. The Dauphin had recommended them to his successor. The three ministers were the Cardinal de Bernis, M. de Maurepas and M. de Machault. The cardinal was at once set aside although proposed by Madame Adelaide, who, however, observed that the cardinal might have had, in the first treaty of 1756 with Austria, a claim to form a party with the Queen.

M. de Machault being found more impartial upon the question relative to foreign policy, Louis XVI. decided in his favour. He did so the rather because M. de Machault had the very highest reputation for strict probity. Under these circumstances he wrote the former Keeper of the Seals a letter of invitation, in which he depicts the timid and hesitating character of his mind. He tells him that he shares the grief of all France upon the death of Louis XV., whereas all France heard the news of it with ecstasy. He observes that he has high duties to fulfil, that he is deficient in the knowledge necessary for governing, and he invokes the probity and talents of M. de Machault.

The Abbé de Radonvilliers, hovering about the young King under these circumstances, in order to put in a word to suit his own ends, alarmed at the idea of the return of the inflexible and severe Machault, the enemy of the priesthood, remarked to Madame Adelaide that the principles of the old minister were very rigid and very Jansenistical, and that he would be quite misplaced in a Court the character of which had changed very much during the latter years of Louis XV. He added that violent and terrible measures must be expected if he returned, because he had grown rusty in his exile, while M. de Maurepas had during his preserved the ease, grace and wit of a Frenchman. He also remarked that the King's letter recalling M. de Machault would do equally well for M. de Maurepas, and proposed to request the King merely to change the envelope.

The ex-Jesuit Radonvilliers had a motive which he kept to himself. The Jesuits and Sulpicians could not endure M. de Machault since, by the edict of 1748, he proscribed all donations of funded property to the clergy in France. Maurepas, on the contrary, was the friend of M. d'Aiguillon, devoted to the Jesuits and detested by the Parliaments. The young King, yielding to these observations, suffered the letter signed in favour of M. de Machault to be addressed to M. de Maurepas. Radonvilliers and D'Aiguillon, without being aware of it, prepared the downfall of the State. M. de Maurepas was much beneath his place in all affairs relative to the preservation of a great empire. M. de Machault, on the other hand, was a deep and reflecting man, capable of preserving it as the empires of Russia, Turkey, England and Austria have been preserved. Machault had an anticipating mind, but Maurepas never appeared to care for the existence of the State beyond the duration of his own life. The Abbé de Radonvilliers, observing that the Duke d'Aiguillon was the last and only partisan the Jesuits had left in the Cabinet of Versailles, imagined that M. de Maurepas, the Duke's uncle, would keep him there. The *esprit de corps* at this conjuncture favoured the most contemptible of the three candidates,

and M. de Maurepas, who had neither genius, decision of character nor views sufficiently elevated for a Prime Minister, was preferred. ("Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by Soulavie, vol. ii.)

Note (H), Page 61.

A List of Several Persons recommended by the Dauphin to such one of his Children as shall succeed Louis XV. (Entrusted to the care of M. M. de Nicolai with many other papers.)

M. de Maurepas is an old minister who has preserved, as far as I can learn, his attachment to the true principles of policy which Madame de Pompadour mistook and betrayed.

The Duke d'Aiguillon belongs to a House which rendered itself illustrious by a political system which France will sooner or later be compelled for its safety to adopt again. He will be matured by age, and will be useful in many respects. His principles upon the subject of the Royal authority are as pure as those of his family, which have been without a flaw from the time of Cardinal de Richelieu.

My father has sent out of the way a man of unbending temper and some errors of judgment, but a man of worth—M. de Machault. The clergy detest him for his severities towards them; time has greatly moderated him.

M. de Trudaine enjoys a high reputation for probity and attachment, combined with great acquirements.

The Cardinal de Bernis is at length rewarded for the services he has rendered the House of Austria. But his political system with relation to that Power was conceived with more moderation than that of the Duke de Choiseul. He was sent away because he did not do enough for the Empress, and remembered that he was a Frenchman. If he moderates his well-known resentment against the powerful party of the clergy, who are much attached to our House, he may become very useful.

M. de Nivernois has quickness, and is a man of polished manners; he may be sent on embassies where these qualities are indispensable. It is in that way that he must be employed.

M. de Castries is fit for military matters; he is honourable and well-informed.

M. du Muy is virtue personified. He inherits all the good qualities that were possessed by M. de Montausier, as I understand from report. He will be found steadfast in virtue and honour,

MM. de Saint-Priest rose through Madame de Pompadour, but they have capacity and inspiring dispositions. A distinction should be carefully made between the father on the one hand, and the son and the Chevalier on the other. The Chevalier may one day become very useful.

Count de Périgord is a prudent and worthy man.

Count de Broglie possesses activity and talent, and is capable of forming political combinations.

The Marshal de Broglie is qualified to command in war.

The Count d'Estaing is equal to his station.

The information of M. de Bourcet may be relied on. The same of Baron d'Espagnac.

M. de Vergennes is fit for embassies; he has a well-ordered mind, is wise, and is capable of carrying on a protracted affair on good principles.

There are in the Parliament, in the families of the President, men very much attached to their duties; there are also some among the councillors.

M. the President Ogier is of a fit temperament for stormy and difficult negotiations; but there are among the magistracy some violent spirits, and men guided by others, who are unfit to be employed elsewhere than in Parliament on account of their restlessness.

As to the clergy, M. de Jarente has introduced into that body many persons who deserve to remain unknown. He has taken the course directly contrary to that adopted by his predecessor, who wished to have an exemplary clergy—a clergy interested in the cause of religion. M. de Jarente chooses persons too much like himself.

The Bishop of Verdun is too well known to need recommendation; the same may be said of all his family, the attachment of which is undeniable.

The Duke de la Vauguyon is equally too well known to require recommendation. He had it too much at heart to render his pupils polished, enlightened and able Princes ever to be forgotten. I can say the same in favour of the persons entrusted with the education of the children of France.

As for M. the old Bishop of Limoges, his virtue, candour and delicacy speak for themselves.

There are other persons very worthy of recommendation; but, besides that they are in office, they are connected either by friendship or relationship with those above mentioned; I shall therefore not speak of them.

The Archbishop of Paris (de Beaumont) is to be looked upon as one of the pillars of religion, whom the family is bound both in conscience and for its own sake to maintain, *cost what it will*. The affectionate mother of my children will say more about it. She knows well how to distinguish between good and evil, and it is not necessary here to demonstrate how worthy she is of the tenderest attention.—(Soulavie's "Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. i.)

Note (I), Page 78.

"Before the time of Francis Stephen, the Imperial Court of Germany was the most magnificent and the most pompous of all Europe. Nowhere was what is called etiquette observed more rigorously or more scrupulously. Francis suffered it to continue in high ceremonies, but banished it from the privacy of the Court. The Empress-Queen readily acceded to this alteration, which accorded perfectly well with her natural benevolence. They substituted, therefore, for the ancient etiquette the ease and even the

familiarity which they had so successfully indulged in at Luneville. They lived in the midst of those who came about them just as private individuals live among their equals. Except on days of ceremony their table was frugal, and they received at it persons of merit of both sexes, without distinction of birth. In their amusements they carefully discarded all restraint, and their dress in no way distinguished them from those who shared in the diversions. In short, they both received, with truly winning affability, all who had to approach them. Their mode of reception was even more prepossessing towards the humble than towards the great, the poor man than the rich.

It is impossible to help envying the happiness of Sovereigns who can descend to such familiarity with impunity, for it must be delightful occasionally to forget the burden of Royalty and taste the pleasures of private life. But Marie Antoinette deceived herself in thinking that she also could open her heart to those delicious emotions which are never felt by those who keep themselves at too great a distance from the rest of mankind. She did not know the disposition of our nation, which, as La Bruyère says, requires seriousness and severity in its masters, and by the time she had learned that truth the lesson came too late. ("History of Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of France," by Montjoie.)

Note (K) Page 86.

A few days before the Dauphin's marriage, it was reported that Mademoiselle de Lorraine, daughter of the Countess de Brionne, and sister of the Prince de Lambesc, grand écuyer of France, was to dance her minuet at the dress-ball immediately after the Princes and Princesses of the Blood; and that the King had granted her that distinction just after an audience which His Majesty had given to the Count de Mercy, the ambassador of the Emperor and Empress. Although the etiquette and forms of a dress-ball are by no means the object of these pages, it must not be supposed that they are quite unproductive of matter to the philosophic mind; besides, it is always interesting to note whatever characterises the spirit of a Court, a nation, or of the age. The intelligence about Mademoiselle de Lorraine's minuet caused the greatest fermentation among the dukes and peers, who, upon this occasion, enlisted all the superior Nobility of the kingdom in their cause. They set it down for an incontrovertible principle that there could not be any intermediate rank between the Princes of the Blood and the superior Nobility, and that, consequently, Mademoiselle de Lorraine could have no rank distinct from that of the women of quality presented at Court.

The Archbishop of Rheims, the first ecclesiastical peer, being unwell, they met at the house of the Bishop of Noyon, the second ecclesiastical peer, brother of the Maréchal de Broglie. They drew up a memorial to be presented to the King. The dukes and peers, in signing it, left intervals between their signatures, so that the superior Nobility might sign without any particular order, and

without distinction of title or rank. The Bishop of Noyon presented this memorial about the minuet to His Majesty.

The request was hardly known when the following parody on it was publicly circulated:

Sire, the Great, one and all,
See, with sorrow and pain,
A Princess of Lorraine
Take the lead at the ball.
If Your Majesty mean
Such affronts to project,
Such marked disrespect,
They will quit the gay scene,
And leave fiddlers and all.
Then think what is said,
The agreement is made.
Signed, Bishop of Noyon,
De Villette, Beaufremont, &c.

In fact, it was openly said that if the King's answer were unfavourable, all the women of quality would find themselves suddenly indisposed, and not one of them would dance at the ball. This versified petition is not without point in other respects. Independently of the absurdity of a prelate's presiding over deliberations, and guiding the measures and struggles of the French Nobility, upon the subject of a minuet, the names of some ancient and illustrious Houses are enclosed in it, between two grandees of the monarchy of very recent date. This may be taken for a joke, but it is a certain fact; and it is a positive truth that the Marquis de Villette, the son of a treasurer of war extraordinary, who never distinguished himself down to the present time further than by a few trifling compositions and some tolerably glaring slips of youth, was permitted to sign a petition at the bottom of which we read the names of Beaufremont, Clermont and Montmorency. No doubt his descendants will be grateful to him for this signature. They will say: "One of our ancestors signed the famous Minuet Petition on the marriage of the grandson of Louis XV., in concert with all the peers and all the superior Nobility of the kingdom; so that our name was thenceforward classed among the most illustrious in the kingdom." They may also say: "In 1770, at the dress-ball on the marriage of the Dauphin, a Villette disputed the point of precedence with the Princess of the House of Lorraine. It is the great Villette," one of his grandsons will add, "who published, at his own expense, a eulogium upon *Charles V.*, and one upon Henry IV., which have not escaped the attacks of time either in the archives of literature or in those of our House." And they will say the truth. There are plenty of historical proofs which rest on no better foundation. (Grimm's "Correspondence," vol. vii., p. 143.)

The following are particulars added by Soulavie to those we have just read:

"Maria Theresa knew the Court of Versailles well, and yet she so far erred as to demand diplomatically, through M. de Mercy, her Ambassador, that Mademoiselle de Lorraine, her relation, and the Prince de Lambesc, should rank next after the

Princes of the Blood in the entertainments on the marriage of her daughter with the Dauphin of France.

"Louis XV., in order to gratify the Dauphiness, who desired it, and Maria Theresa, who demanded it, thought fit to make it an affair of State. He knew the jealousy of the grandees of his Court with relation to their rights of etiquette, and he desired them, by virtue of the submission and attachment which they owed him, and which they had manifested to him as well as to his predecessors, not to contradict him on this occasion. He signified his desire to mark his gratitude to the Empress for the present she made to France of her daughter, and had recourse to the language of friendship, and appealed to their feelings on that occasion to obtain this condescension from the grandees of the State.

"The docility of the Nobles to Louis XV. had altered for some years, and the King did not calculate on the obstacles the Dukes would throw in the way of this new assumption. The ladies of the Court, from whom Louis XV. had a right to expect the most submission and deference, played an obstinate and haughty part, opposing an insurmountable resistance to the King's request that Mademoiselle de Lorraine might be suffered to dance immediately after the Princesses of the Blood. They were firm in their resolution of depriving themselves of the pleasure of the ball rather than suffer their right to dance first to be infringed upon. Among all these ladies Madame de Bouillon distinguished herself most by the asperity of her refusals and observations. Louis XV. showed himself so much offended at them that she came no more to Court. The Dauphiness, on her part, was so vexed that she procured one of the letters that Louis XV. had written to the peers and shut it up in her desk, saying, 'I will remember it.' However, in order to put an end to the matter, Mademoiselle de Lorraine agreed to dance with the Duchess de Duras, whose situation kept her at Court. This middle course diminished the scandal of the affair and the *éclat* of the retreat and return to Paris of the titled ladies who had refused to dance at the wedding of the young Princess." ("Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. i.)

Note (*L*), *Page 88.*

The dresses worn by the principal dignitaries at the consecration were, on account both of their richness and their ancient form, among the most interesting objects of that solemnity. The lay peers were clad in vests of gold stuff which came down over the hips; they had girdles of gold, silver and violet-coloured silk mixed, and over the long vest a ducal mantle of violet cloth, lined and edged with ermine; the round collar was likewise of ermine, and everyone wore a crown upon a cap of violet satin, and the collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost over the mantle.

The captain of the hundred Swiss of the King's guard was dressed in silver stuff, with an embroidered shoulder-belt of the same; a black mantle lined with cloth of silver and, as well as his trunk-hose, trimmed with lace, and a black cap surmounted with a plume of feathers. The grand master and the master of the cere-

monies were dressed in silver stuff doublets, black velvet breeches intersected by bands, and cloaks of black velvet trimmed with silver lace, with caps of black velvet surmounted with white feathers.

Everything being arranged for giving suitable pomp and splendour to the consecration, on Sunday, the 11th of June, as early as six in the morning, the canons, in their copes, arrived in the choir and placed themselves in the upper stalls. They were soon followed by the Archbishop, Duke de Rheims, the cardinals and prelates invited, the ministers, the marshals of France, the counsellors of State and the deputies of the various companies. Everyone took the place appointed for him without any confusion.

At about half-past six the lay peers arrived from the archiepiscopal palace. Monsieur represented the Duke of Burgundy; M. the Count d'Artois, the Duke of Normandy; and the Duke of Orleans represented the Duke of Aquitaine. The remainder of the ancient peers of France, the Counts of Thoulouse, Flanders and Champagne were represented by the Duke de Chartres, the Prince de Condé and the Duke de Bourbon, who wore Counts' coronets.

The ecclesiastical peers continued hooded and mitred during the whole ceremony.

At seven the Bishop Duke de Laon and the Bishop Count de Beauvais set out to fetch the King. These two prelates, in their pontifical dresses, with their reliquaries suspended from their necks, were preceded by all the canons of the church of Rheims, among whom were the musicians. The chanter and sub-chanter walked after the clergy and before the Marquis de Dreux, grand master of the ceremonies, who immediately preceded the Bishops Duke de Laon and Count de Beauvais. They passed through a covered gallery and came to the King's door, which, according to custom from time immemorial, they found shut. The chanter strikes upon it with his bâton, and the great chamberlain, without opening, says to him, "What is it you require?" "We ask for the King," replies the principal ecclesiastical peer." "The King sleeps," returns the great chamberlain. Then the grand chanter begins striking again; the bishop asks for the King, and the same answer is given. At length the chanter strikes a third time, and the great chamberlain having answered, "The King sleeps," the ecclesiastical peer who has already spoken pronounces these words, which remove every obstacle: "*We demand Louis XVI., whom God has given us for our King.*" Immediately the chamber doors open and another scene begins. The grand master of the ceremonies leads the bishops to His Majesty, who is stretched upon a State bed; they salute him profoundly. The monarch is clothed in a long crimson waistcoat trimmed with gold galoon and, as well as the shirt, open at those places where he is to be anointed. Above the waistcoat he has a long robe of silver stuff, and upon his head a cap of black velvet ornamented with a string of diamonds, a plume and a white double aigrette. The ecclesiastical peer presents the holy water to the King, and repeats the following prayer: "Almighty and everlasting God, who hast raised Thy servant Louis to the regal dignity, grant him throughout his

reign to seek the good of his subjects, and that he may never wander from the paths of truth and justice." This prayer ended, the two bishops take His Majesty, the one by the right arm and the other by the left, and, raising him from the bed, conduct him in pompous procession through the covered gallery to the church, chanting appropriate prayers.

About seven, the King having reached the church and everyone having taken his proper place, the Holy Ampulla soon arrived at the principal door. It was brought from the abbey of St. Remi by the grand prior, in a cover of cloth and gold, and mounted upon a white horse from the King's stable, covered with a housing of cloth of silver richly embroidered, and led by the reins by two grooms of the State stable. The grand prior was under a canopy of similar materials, carried by four barons called "Knights of the Holy Ampulla," clad in white satin, with a mantle of black silk and a white velvet scarf trimmed with silver fringe which His Majesty had done them the honour to bestow upon them; they wore the knight's cross suspended round the neck by a black ribbon. At the four corners of the canopy the peers named by the King as hostages of the Holy Ampulla were seen, each preceded by his esquire with a standard bearing on one side the arms of France, and on the other those of the peer himself. The hostages took an oath upon the Holy Gospels, and solemnly swore between the hands of the prior, in presence of the officers of the abbey bailiwick, that no injury should be done to the Holy Ampulla, for the preservation of which they promised to risk their lives if necessary; and at the same time they made themselves *pledges*, responsible sureties, and declared that they would remain hostages until the return of the Holy Ampulla. According to the form followed on such occasions, however, they required to be permitted to accompany it, *for the greater safety and preservation of the aforesaid*, under the same responsibility, which was granted them. All these formalities are so superfluous that they become quite ridiculous. The Holy Ampulla, which is so conspicuous an article in the consecration of our Kings, is a sort of small bottle filled, as it is said, with a miraculous balm which never diminishes and which served to anoint Clovis. It is pretended that it was sent from heaven and brought by a dove to Saint Remigius, who died about the year 533. It is treasured in the very tomb of the ancient Archbishop whose body remains entire in a shrine of the abbey bearing his name, and is enclosed in a silver-gilt reliquary enriched with diamonds and gems of various colours.[1]

The Archbishop of Rheims being apprised by the master of the ceremonies of the arrival of the Holy Ampulla, went immediately to receive it at the gate of the church. Upon placing it in his hands the grand prior, according to the form, addressed these words to him: "To you, my lord, I entrust this precious treasure sent from heaven to the great Saint Remigius for the consecration of Clovis and the Kings his successors; but I request

1 This phial was afterwards broken to pieces upon the pavement of the abbey by the Conventionary Ruhl, deputed for that purpose. The shrine and reliquaries, broken by his direction, were sent to La Monnaie.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

you, according to ancient custom, to bind yourself to restore it into my hands after the consecratiou of our King Louis XVI." The Archbishop, conformably with the custom, takes the required oath in these terms: "I receive this Holy Ampulla with reverence, and promise you, upon the faith of a prelate, to restore it into your hands at the conclusion of the ceremony of the consecration." Having thus said, the Cardinal de la Roche-Aymon took the marvellous phial, returned to the choir, and deposited it upon the altar. A few minutes afterwards he approached the King, to whom he administered the oath—called *the protection oath*—for all the churches in subjection to the Crown; a promise which His Majesty made sitting and covered. "I promise," said the King, "to prevent the commission of rapine and injustice of every description by persons of all ranks. I swear to apply myself sincerely, and with all my might, to the extermination of heretics, condemned and pointed out by the Church, from all countries subject to my government."

After this oath, two ecclesiastical peers present the King to the assembly, and demand whether Louis XVI. is approved of for the dignity of King of France. A respectful silence, say the books which describe the ceremony, announced the general consent.

The Archbishop of Rheims presented the Book of the Gospels to the King, upon which, placing his hands, His Majesty took the oath to maintain and preserve the Orders of the Holy Ghost and St. Louis, and always to wear the cross of the latter Order attached to a flame-coloured silk ribbon; to enforce the edict against duels, without any regard to the intercessions of any Princes or potentates in favour of the guilty. The former part of this oath is of very little importance, and the second is broken every day.

When the King, for the second time, received the sword of Charlemagne, he deposited it in the hands of the Maréchal de Clermont Tonnerre, officiating as constable, who held it point upwards during the ceremony of the consecration and coronation, as well as during the Royal banquet. While the King was receiving and returning the sword of Charlemagne, several prayers were read. In one of them God was entreated that the holy monastery might experience the King's bounty, that his favours might be spread among the great of the kingdom, that the dew of heaven and the fatness of earth might furnish in his dominions an inexhaustible plenteousness of corn, wine, oil and all kinds of fruit; so that, under his reign, the people might enjoy uninterrupted health, &c.

When these prayers were finished, the officiating prelate opened the Holy Ampulla, and let a small quantity of oil drop from it, and this he diluted with some consecrated oil called holy cream. The King prostrated himself before the altar upon a large square of violet-coloured velvet embroidered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, the old Archbishop Duke of Rheims being also prostrated on his right hand, and remained in that lowly posture until the conclusion of the litanies, chanted by four bishops alternately with the choir. The following versicle occurs in those litanies:

"*Ut dominum Apostolicum et omnes gradus Ecclesiæ in sancta religione*

conservare dignevis." (That it may please Thee to keep the Sovereign Pontiff and all the Orders of the Church in thy holy religion.)

At the end of the litanies the Archbishop of Rheims placed himself in his chair, and the King, kneeling down before him, was anointed upon the crown of the head, the breast, between the two shoulders, upon the right shoulder, the left, upon the joint of the right arm and upon that of the left arm; at the same time the prelate pronounced certain prayers, the substance of which was as follows: "May he humble the proud; may he be a lesson for the rich; may he be charitable towards the poor; and may he be a peacemaker among nations." A little further on these words occur among the prayers: "May he never abandon his rights over the kingdoms of the Saxons, Mercians, people of the North, and the Cimbri."

An anonymous author says that by the word Cimbri is meant the kingdom of England, over which our Kings expressly reserve their indisputable rights from the time of Louis VIII., upon whom it was conferred by the free election of the people who had driven out John Sans Terre.

After the seven anointings the Archbishop of Rheims, assisted by the Bishops of Laon and Beauvais, laced up with gold laces the openings of the King's shirt and waistcoat, and he, rising, was invested by the great chamberlain with the tunic, dalmatic and Royal mantle, lined and edged with ermine. These vestments are of violet velvet, embroidered with gold and *fleurs-de-lis*, and represent the dresses of sub-deacon, deacon and priest—a symbol, doubtless, by which the clergy seek to prove their union with the Royal power. The King placed himself upon his knees again before the officiating Archbishop, who made the eighth unction upon the palm of the right hand, and the ninth and last upon that of the left. He afterwards placed a ring upon the fourth finger of the right hand, as a type of unlimited power, and of the intimate union thenceforward to reign between the King and his people. The Archbishop then took the Royal sceptre from off the altar and put it into the King's right hand, and afterwards the hand of Justice, which he put into the left hand. The sceptre is of gold, enamelled and ornamented with Oriental pearls; it may be about six feet in height. Upon it is represented, in relief, Charlemagne, with the globe in his hand, seated in a chair of State ornamented with two lions and two eagles. The hand of Justice is a staff of massive gold, only one foot and a half in length, adorned with rubies and pearls, and terminated by a hand formed of ivory, or rather of the horn of a sea-unicorn; and it has, at regular distances, three circles of leaves sparkling with pearls, garnets and other precious stones.

At length, however, we came to a period when the clergy cease to arrogate to themselves the right of conferring his supremacy upon the King. The Keeper of the Seals of France, officiating as chancellor, ascended the altar, placed himself by the Gospels, turning his face towards the choir, summoned the peers to the coronation in the following words: "Monsieur, representing the Duke of Burgundy, come forward to this act," &c., &c. The peers

having approached the King, the Archbishop of Rheims took from the altar the crown of Charlemagne, which had been brought from St. Denis, and placed it upon the King's head; immediately the ecclesiastical and lay peers raised their hands to support it there—a truly noble and expressive allegory, but which would be much more accurate if delegates from the people, also in the same emblematical spirit, sustained the crown. In one of the prayers at this part of the ceremony, an Oriental expression of great energy is made use of: "May the King have the strength of the rhinoceros; and may he, like a rushing wind, drive before him the nations of our enemies, even to the extremity of the earth." The crown of Charlemagne, which is preserved in the treasury of the abbey of St. Denis, is of gold, and enriched with rubies and sapphires. It is lined with a crimson satin cap, embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a golden *fleur-de-lis*, covered with thirty-six Oriental pearls.

After these various ceremonies, the Archbishop Duke of Rheims took the King by the right arm and, followed by the peers and all the officers of the Crown, led him to the throne raised upon a platform, where he seated him, reciting the enthroning prayers. In the first of these it is said: "As you see the clergy nearer than the rest of the faithful to the holy altars, so ought you to take care and maintain it in the most honourable place." On concluding the prayers prescribed for the occasion, the prelate took off his mitre, made a profound bow to the King, and kissed him, saying, "Vivat Rex in æternum" (May the King live for ever!) The other ecclesiastical and lay peers also kissed the King one after the other, and as soon as they were returned to their places, the gates of the church were opened. The people rushed in in a mass, and instantly made the roofs resound with shouts of "Long live the King!" which were re-echoed by the crowd of persons engaged in the ceremony, who filled the enclosure of the choir like an amphitheatre. An irresistible impulse gave rise to a clapping of hands, which became general, and the grandees, the Court, the people, animated by the same enthusiasm, expressed it in the same manner.

The Queen, exceedingly affected, could not withstand the impression it made upon her, and was obliged to withdraw for a short time. When she made her reappearance she in her turn received a similar homage to that just offered by the nation to the King.

While all resounded with exclamations of joy, the fowlers, according to a very ancient usage, set at liberty in the church a number of birds, which in recovering their freedom expressed the effusion of the monarch's favours upon the people, and that men are never more truly free than under the reign of an enlightened, just, and beneficent Prince. ("Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI.")

Note (*M*), *Page 96.*

The only passion ever shown by Louis XVI. was for hunting. He was so much occupied by it that when I went up into

his private closets at Versailles, after the 10th of August, I saw upon the staircase six frames, in which were seen statements of all his hunts, both when Dauphin and when King. In them was detailed the number, kind and quality of the game he had killed at each hunting party, with recapitulations for every month, every season and every year of his reign.

The interior of his private apartments was thus arranged: A salcon, ornamented with gilded mouldings, displayed the engravings which had been dedicated to him; drawings of the canals he had dug, with the model of that of Burgundy; and the plan of the cones and works of Cherbourg.

The upper hall contained his collection of geographical charts, spheres, globes and also his geographical cabinet. There were to be seen drawings of maps which he had begun, and some that he had finished. He had a clever method of washing them in. His geographical recollection was prodigious.

Above was the turning and joining room, furnished with ingenious instruments for working in wood. He inherited some from Louis XV., and he often busied himself, with Duret's assistance, in keeping them clean and bright.

Above was the library of books published during his reign. The prayer books and manuscript books of Anne of Brittany, Francis I., the latter Valois, Louis XIV., Louis XV., and the Dauphin, formed the great hereditary library of the castle. Louis XVI. placed separately, in two apartments communicating with each other, the works of his own time. Among the most remarkable was a complete collection of Didot's editions in vellum, every volume of which was enclosed in a morocco case. There were several English works, among the rest the Debates of the British Parliament, in a great number of volumes in folio. (This is the *Moniteur* of England, a complete collection of which is so valuable and so scarce.) By the side of this collection was to be seen a manuscript history of all the schemes for a descent upon that island, particularly that of Count de Broglie, and other analogous plans.

One of the presses of this cabinet was full of pasteboard boxes, containing papers relative to the House of Austria, with this ticket written in his own hand: "*Secret papers of my family, respecting the House of Austria; papers of my family respecting the Houses of Stuart and Hanover.*"

In an adjoining press were kept papers relative to Russia. The most refined wickedness produced the publication of satirical works against Catherine II. and against Paul I., which were sold in France under the names of histories. Louis XVI. collected and sealed up with his small seal the scandalous anecdotes against Catherine II., as well as the works of Rhulières, of which he had a copy, to be certain that the secret life of that Princess, which attracted the curiosity of her contemporaries, should not be laid open by his means.

Above the King's private library was a forge, two anvils, and a vast number of iron tools, various common locks, well made and perfect, some secret locks, and locks ornamented with

gilt copper. It was there that the infamous Gamin, who afterwards accused the King of having tried to poison him, and was rewarded for his calumny with a pension of 12,000 livres, taught him the art of lock-making. Gamin, in spite of his vulgarity, had brought the King to suffer himself to be treated as an apprentice is by his master in his workshop. This Gamin, who became our guide by order of the department and municipality of Versailles, did not, however, complain of the King on the 20th of December, 1792. He had been the confidant of that Prince on an immense number of important commissions. The King had sent him the Red Book from Paris in a parcel, and the part which was concealed during the Constituent Assembly still remained so in 1793. Gamin hid it in a part of the château inaccessible to everybody, where we found it. He took it from under the shelves of a secret press before our eyes. This anecdote is a convincing proof that Louis XVI. hoped to return to his château.

In teaching Louis XVI. his trade, Gamin had taken upon him the tone and authority of a master. "The King was good, forbearing, timid, inquisitive, and addicted to sleep," said Gamin to me; "he was fond of lock-making to excess, and he concealed himself from the Queen and the Court to file and forge with me. In order to convey his anvil and my own backwards and forwards we were obliged to use a thousand stratagems, the history of which would never end."

Above the King's and Gamin's forges and anvils was an observatory erected upon a platform covered with lead. There, seated in an arm-chair, and assisted by a telescope, the King observed all that was passing in the courtyards of Versailles, the avenue of Paris and the neighbouring gardens. He had taken a liking to Duret, one of the servants of the interior, who sharpened his tools, cleaned his anvils, pasted his maps and adjusted eye-glasses to the King's sight, who was myopic. This good Duret, and indeed all the servants of the interior, spoke of their master with regret and affection and with tears in their eyes.

The King was born weak and delicate, but from the age of twenty-four he possessed a robust constitution. Instances of his strength were often mentioned at Court: he inherited it from his mother, who was of the House of Saxony, so celebrated for generations for its robustness.

There were two men in Louis XVI—*the man of knowledge*, and *the man of will*. The first of these possessed very extended and varied qualifications; the King knew the history of his own family and of the first houses in France perfectly. He composed the instructions for M. de la Peyrouse's voyage round the world, which the minister thought were drawn up by several members of the Academy of Sciences.

His memory contained an infinite number of names and situations. He remembered quantities and numbers wonderfully. One day an account was presented to him in which the minister had placed among the expenses an item inserted in the account of the preceding year. "There is a double charge," said the King; "bring me last year's account and I will show it you there."

When the King was perfectly master of the details of any matter, and when he saw justice violated, he was obdurate even to harshness. A crying injustice forced him out of his own disposition; then he would be obeyed instantly, in order to be sure that he was obeyed, and to prevent any negligence in that respect.

But on important affairs of State the King *of will and command* was nowhere to be found. Louis XVI. was upon the throne exactly what those weak temperaments whom Nature has rendered incapable of an opinion are in society. In his pusillanimity he gave his confidence to a minister, and although amidst various counsels he often knew which was the best, he never had the resolution to say, "*I prefer the advice of such a person.*" Herein originated the misfortunes of the State. (Soulavie's "Historical and Political Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. ii.)

Note (O), Page 134.

Madame Campan, relating candidly and plainly what there is of truth in the anecdote since falsified by M. de Lauzun, has destroyed all the effect that his malignity could possibly intend. We shall give this anecdote, on which even he in his folly had no reason to pride himself much, and which his offended vanity has so strangely travestied:

"Madame de Guéménée came up to me and said in an undertone, laughing, 'Are you very much attached to a certain white heron plume which was in your helmet when you took leave? The Queen is dying for it: will you refuse it to her?' I replied that I should not dare to offer it to her, but that I should be most happy if she would condescend to receive it from Madame Guéménée. I sent a messenger to Paris for it, and Madame de Guéménée gave it to her the next evening. She wore it on the very day following, and when I made my appearance at her dinner she asked me what I thought of her head-dress. I replied that I liked it very much. 'I never,' said she with infinite affability, 'saw myself so becomingly dressed before.' It certainly would have been better if she had not said anything about it, for the Duke de Coigny took notice both of the feather and the phrase. He asked whence the plume came. The Queen said with some embarrassment that I had brought it to Madame de Guéménée from my travels, and that she had given it to her. The Duke de Coigny spoke about it to Madame de Guéménée in the evening with much asperity, and told her that nothing could be more ridiculous or indecorous than the footing I was on with the Queen; that to act the lover thus publicly was a thing unheard of, and that it was incredible that she should look as if she approved of it. What he said was not well received, and he began to think of contriving means to get me out of the way."

Now if Madame Campan's version be compared with that we have just read, what will be the result?—that M. de Lauzun himself offered the heron's plume, and was not asked for it; that it was worn out of mere condescension, and that in his silly presumption he dared to take that for a proof of partiality which

was mere politeness. M. de Lauzun cannot conceal his presumptuous hopes, but his Memoirs do not disclose the speedy chastisement they met with. The humiliation he must have felt when the Queen banished him from her presence for ever explains the resentment of a man generally successful in his intrigues, and anxious to indulge his self-love even at the expense of honour and truth.

Note (P), Page 139.

To a Lady.

MADAM,—I do not think that it is among the duties of a monarch to grant places to one of his subjects merely because he is a gentleman. That however is the inference from the request you have made to me. Your late husband was, you say, a distinguished general, a gentleman of good family; and thence you conclude that my kindness to your family can do no less than give a company of foot to your second son, lately returned from his travels.

Madam, a man may be the son of a general and yet have no talents for command. A man may be of a good family and possess no other merit than that which he owes to chance—the name of gentleman.

I know your son, and I know what makes the soldier, and this twofold knowledge convinces me that your son has not the disposition of a warrior, and that he is too proud of his birth to leave his country the least hope of his ever rendering it any important service.

What you are to be pitied for, madam, is that your son is not fit either for an officer, a statesman or a priest; in a word, that he is nothing more than a gentleman in the most extended acceptation of the word.

You may be thankful to that destiny which, in refusing talents to your son, has taken care to put him in possession of great wealth, which will sufficiently compensate him for other deficiencies, and enable him at the same time to dispense with any favour from me.

I hope you will be impartial enough to feel the reasons which prompt me to refuse your request. It may be disagreeable to you, but I consider it necessary.—Farewell, madam.

Your sincere well-wisher,

Lachsenburg, 4th August, 1787 JOSEPH.

To Pope Pius VI.

MOST HOLY FATHER,—The funds of the clergy of my dominions are not destined, as has been boldly said at Rome, to expire with my reign, but rather to become a relief to my people; and, as their continuation, as well as the displeasure which has burst forth upon this subject, are within the jurisdiction of history, posterity will be masters of the matter without our co-operation. This, then, will be a monument of my time, and I hope not the only one.

I have suppressed the superfluous convents, and the still more

superfluous societies; their revenues serve to support curates and to ameliorate the primary institutions; but amidst all the confidence in matters of account, which I am obliged to place in persons employed by the State, the funds of the latter have, with me, absolutely nothing in common with those of the Church. An action should be judged of only by its intention, and the results of this action can only be appreciated by their success, which will not be known for some years.

I see, however, that logic is not the same at Rome as it is in my dominions; and hence arises this want of harmony between Italy and the Empire.

If your Holiness had taken the charitable care to inform yourself at the proper source of what was passing in my territories, many things would not have happened; but there were people at Rome who, as it appears to me, would have darkness spread itself more and more over our poor globe.

You have now the brief account of the causes which have compelled my arrangements; I hope you will excuse the conciseness of my letter, on consideration that I have neither the time nor the talent necessary for discussing so vast a theme in the manner used in a Roman *museum*.

I pray God still to preserve you to His Church, and to send one of his angels before you, to prepare for you the ways of Heaven.

Your most obedient son in Jesus Christ,

Vienna, July, 1784.

JOSEPH.

To a Lady.

MADAM,—You know my disposition: you are not ignorant that the society of the ladies is to me a mere recreation, and that I have never sacrificed my principles to the fair sex. I pay but little attention to recommendations; and I only take them into consideration when the person in whose behalf I may be solicited possesses real merit.

Two of your sons are already loaded with favours. The eldest, who is not yet twenty, is chief of a squadron in my army; and the youngest has obtained a prebend at Cologne from the Elector, my brother. What would you have more? Would you have the first a general, and the second a bishop?

In France you may see colonels in leading strings; and in Spain the Royal Princes command armies even at eighteen; hence Prince Stahremberg forced them to retreat so often that they were never able all the rest of their lives to comprehend any other manœuvre.

It is necessary to be sincere at Court, and severe in the field; stoical without obduracy; magnanimous without weakness; and to gain the esteem of our enemies by the justice of our actions: and this, madam, is what I aim at.

Vienna, September, 1787. JOSEPH.

(Extract from the unedited letters from Joseph II., published at Paris by Persan, 1822.)

Note (Q), Page 160.

Maurepas (Jean-Frédéric-Phelippeaux, Count de), sprung from a family originally of Blois, and acknowledged noble from 1399, was the son of Jerome, Minister and Secretary of State, and grandson of Chancellor de Pontchartrain, whose father and grandfather also held the same office; so that these places remained in their family for 171 years (from 1610 to 1781). The Count de Maurepas, who was born in 1701, was a Knight of Malta before he was of age. At fourteen he was appointed Secretary of State, in the room of his father, who had just resigned. The Marquis de la Vrillière was deputed to execute the office and to train up the young minister—who was related to him, and shortly afterwards became his son-in-law—to the business of his post. The Count de Maurepas lost his father-in-law in 1725, and then, and not till then, began his administration, which extended over several large provinces, over Paris, the Court and the navy. He was at that time but twenty-four; and thus early did he betray the levity, carelessness and frivolity of disposition, which continued, uncorrected by either the lessons of disgrace or the maturity of age, throughout the whole course of a conspicuous career, which Nature and fortune combined to prolong to a very advanced period. He is thus described by one of his contemporaries: "Superficial and incapable of steady and profound application, but blest with a degree of intelligence and a quickness of perception, which in an instant unravelled the most complicated knot of any affair, his experience and address made amends in Council for his want of study and reflection. He was prepossessing and easy, supple and insinuating, flexible, fertile in stratagems for attack, resources for defence, feints to elude, evasions, repartees to laugh down serious opposition, and expedients for retrieving false steps and surmounting difficulties: he seized, with the eye of a lynx, the weak points or the singularities of men; was master of the art of imperceptibly drawing them into his snare, or leading them into his views; and of the still more formidable talent of ridiculing everything, even merit, when he wished to depreciate it: finally, the art of enlivening and simplifying the labours of the Cabinet, made M. de Maurepas one of the most seductive of ministers."

He was looked upon as a great statesman merely because he had written four malicious verses against a hated favourite. "If," says Marmontel, "to teach a young Prince how to conduct business lightly and adroitly, to sport with men and things, to make reigning an amusement, had been all that was requisite, Maurepas was certainly the man for the purpose." Perhaps it was hoped that age and misfortune had given him greater solidity, constancy and energy of character; but, naturally weak, indolent and selfish, fond of his comforts and of rest, desirous that his old age should be honoured and quiet, carefully avoiding everything that could sadden his evening's meal or disturb his slumbers, scarcely believing in the self-denying virtues, and considering pure public spirit as mere ostentation or chimera, careless of any conspicuous merit in his

administration, making the art of governing to consist in conducting all things quietly, and ever consulting considerations rather than principles, Maurepas was, in his old age, just what he had been in his youth—an agreeable man, intent on his own advantage, and a courtly minister. ("Biographie Universelle," vol. xxvii.)

Note (R), Page 183.

Marie Antoinette could not be accused of having, when on the throne, falsified the favourable idea formed of her virtues while she lived in a less elevated rank. She continued to manifest in the interior of her Court the same aversion to etiquette. She gave up neither her walks nor her visits to Paris. Excepting on days of ceremony, she liked to dress in the plainest manner, but the air of dignity for which she was remarkable rendered it easy to guess her rank.

This plainness began to be warmly censured, at first among the courtiers and afterwards throughout the rest of the kingdom; and, through one of those inconsistencies more common in France than elsewhere, all the while the Queen was blamed she was imitated to a folly. There was not a woman but would have the same undress, the same cap and the same feathers as she had been seen to wear. They crowded to one Madame Bertin, her milliner; there was an absolute revolution in the dress of our ladies, which gave a kind of consequence to that woman. Long trains and all those shapes which confer a certain nobleness upon dress were discarded, and, at last, a duchess could not be distinguished from an actress.

The men caught the mania. The upper classes had long before given up feathers, tufts of ribbon and laced hats to their lackeys. They now got rid of red heels and embroidery, and were pleased to walk about our streets in plain cloth, short thick shoes, and with knotty cudgels in their hands.

Many got into degrading scrapes in consequence of this metamorphosis. Mixed with the mob, and bearing no mark to distinguish them from the common herd, it so happened that some of the lowest classes got into quarrels with them, and in conflict with the rabble the man of rank had not always the superiority. It was thus that the second order destroyed the respect which had always been paid to it, and hastened that reign of equality which proved so detrimental to it.

These changes produced a still more serious inconvenience in their powerful influence over morals; for, on the one hand, there was too strong a taste for the manners and habits of the common people as well as for those democratical maxims which tend to bring all to a level, and, on the other, the common people were habituated to contempt, insubordination and insolence. This is a forcible lesson for those who reign. They too often forget that they do nothing if they know not the temper of the people they govern perfectly well; and that it sometimes is with customs adopted from foreigners as it is with certain plants, which, by mere change of climate, become poisonous. ("History of Marie Antoinette," by Montjoie.)

Note (S), Page 186.

The Queen showed herself as little the slave of ceremony in her choice of amusements; theatrical performances took place in her inner apartments. She condescended to take characters, and those characters were not always of the most dignified description; she also played in comic operas. This sort of amusement was, like her plainness in dress, blamed and imitated. All classes of society imbibed a taste for theatrical representations. There was not a man of rank, a financier, nor even a citizen in easy circumstances, who would be without his theatre, or who would not copy the behaviour of actors while in it. Formerly a private gentleman would have been disgraced if suspected of metamorphosing himself into an actor even in his own circle. The Queen having, by her example, put an end to this salutary prejudice, the very head of the magistracy, unmindful of the dignity of his place, got by heart the lowest comic parts and performed them.

The mania, as it became general, gradually filled up the chasm which had always separated actors from the other classes of society. They were associated with more freely, and public morals gained but little by the connection.

The Queen got through the characters she assumed indifferently enough. She could not be ignorant of this, as her performances evidently excited little pleasure. Indeed, one day while she was thus exhibiting herself, somebody ventured to say, by no means inaudibly, "Well, this is playing royally ill." The lesson was thrown away upon her, for never did she sacrifice to the opinion of another that which she thought indifferent in itself or not absolutely forbidden to her.

Louis XIV. had a similar taste. He danced upon the stage, but he had shown by brilliant actions that he knew how to enforce respect; and, besides, he unhesitatingly gave up the amusement in question from the moment he heard those beautiful lines in which Racine pointed out how very unworthy of him such pastimes were.

The Queen was not equally tractable. When she was told that, by her extreme plainness in dress, the nature of her amusements and her dislike to that splendour which ought always to attend a Queen, she gave herself an appearance of levity which was misinterpreted by a portion of the public, she replied with Madame de Maintenon: "I am upon the stage, and, of course, I shall be either hissed or applauded." ("History of Marie Antoinette," by Montjoie.)

Note (T), Page 188.

Franklin was born at Boston, in New England, on the 17th of January, 1706. His father was a tallow-chandler, and he himself was brought up to that trade. At the age of fourteen, burning with a thirst for information, he left the paternal roof for Philadelphia, and succeeded in procuring admission into one of the two printing-houses then in that place. There he lived for a twelvemonth upon bread and water, in order to enable himself to buy those books which he required for studying the sciences. His progress and his discoveries, particularly in natural philosophy, procured him a high

reputation. It is known that to him we are indebted for the invention of lightning rods, and for the power of fearlessly attracting and directing the fire of heaven. Study did not occasion him to neglect his fortune. For a long time he got his livelihood by printing and bookselling. Esteemed by his fellow-citizens, he became Postmaster-General for North America, a lucrative place. He still held it when he appeared in February, 1766, before the English House of Commons on the question as to revoking the stamp duty. He firmly maintained the right of the British Colonies, as being unrepresented in the Parliament of England, to tax themselves. ("Historical Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. iv.)

In the same work we afterwards find the following particulars:

"Messrs. Deane and Franklin, deputies from the insurgents in 1777, lived at Paris without retinue, without splendour and without ostentation. They showed a citizen-like plainness. Dr. Franklin was very much sought after and constantly entertained, not only by his scientific brethren, but by all who could persuade him to visit them; for he did not easily suffer himself to be drawn out, and lived in a state of privacy, which was supposed to have been enjoined him by his government. He dressed himself in the very plainest manner. His physiognomy was fine, and he constantly wore spectacles. He had but little hair, and always wore a fur cap, no powder; yet an air of cleanliness, linen perfectly white and a brown coat formed the whole outward ornament of his person. His only weapon was a stick, which he carried in his hand.

"Powerfully solicited by Silas Deane and Franklin, the Court of France began to take an interest in insurgent America. Beaumarchais, who intrigued with the Count de Maurepas, knew how to profit by circumstances. He was privately authorised to trade in arms with the English colonies. They were partly indebted for the unexpected advantage of the warlike stores necessary for their earliest campaigns to the influence and activity of that agent. Beaumarchais gained immense sums by selling to them at a dear rate his zeal and services, and laughed at the accusation, whether well or ill-founded, of having sold to them worn-out arms and the worst stores of all kinds.

"Mr. Deane, tired out by the delays and even excuses of M. de Sartine, then Minister of the Marine, wrote to him that unless within forty-eight hours he made up his mind to get the treaty of alliance between France and North America signed, he would negotiate with England for a reconciliation. He adopted this hasty and irregular course without the participation of his colleague. The moment Dr. Franklin heard of it he thought all was lost. 'You have offended the Court of France and ruined America!' exclaimed the philosopher. 'Be easy until we get an answer,' replied the negotiator. 'An answer! we shall be thrown into the Bastille.' 'That remains to be seen.'

"After the lapse of a few hours, M. de Sartine's chief secretary made his appearance. 'You are requested, gentlemen, to hold yourselves in readiness for an interview at midnight. You will be called for.'

"'At midnight!' cries Dr. Franklin the moment the secretary had gone. 'My prediction is verified; Mr. Deane, you have ruined all.'

"They were of course called upon at the appointed hour. The American envoys got into a carriage and reached a country house five leagues from Paris, where M. de Sartine chose to receive them, the better to hide this step under the veil of mystery. They were introduced to the minister, and the declaration so imperiously demanded by Mr. Deane was instantly signed.

"The American deputies returned to Paris in triumph, and Franklin confessed that in politics patience was not always the only thing to be relied on.

"When the loss sustained by the United States of America was made known in France on the 11th of June, 1790, Mirabeau ascended the tribune of the National Assembly and spoke thus:

"'Franklin is dead; he is returned to the bosom of the Deity. The sage for whom the two worlds contend, the man claimed both by the history of science and that of empires doubtless held a high rank among the human species. Long enough have political bodies notified the deaths of those great only in their funeral eulogies; long enough has the etiquette of Courts proclaimed mourning for losses unregretted—nations should mourn for their benefactors alone. Congress has ordered throughout the Confederate States a two months' mourning for the death of Franklin. Would it not be worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to contribute to the respect paid in the face of the universe to the rights of man, and, at the same time, to the philosopher who has most contributed to spread the assertion of them all over the earth? The ancients would have raised altars to that powerful genius who, for the good of mortals, grasping in his mind both heaven and earth, learned how to subdue the thunder of the one and the tyrants of the other.'

"The National Assembly unanimously decreed a public mourning for three days.

"The municipality of Paris, desirous to do marked homage to the memory of a man who was animated by the genius of science and the love of liberty, had his funeral oration pronounced by the Abbé Fauchet, President of the Council-General of the Commune, in the immense and superb rotunda of the corn-market, in the midst of which a funeral trophy was raised. The whole interior of the rotunda was lined with black; a candelabra attached to each pillar, a row of lamps above the cornice, and an amphitheatre all round the building filled with auditors in mourning, presented a sight equally majestic and solemn. The National Assembly attended by deputation."

Note (*U*), *Pages 203, 205.*

The King (of Naples) having attained his eighteenth year, married Maria Caroline of Austria, daughter of the illustrious Maria Theresa (1768). His marriage held out hopes to the Neapolitan nation that Austria would thenceforward no longer aim at the throne of Naples, and would long leave them at rest. But from

that moment the influence of the Cabinet of Madrid ceased. England and Austria had combined their interests, and the former by her commerce and the latter by alliances had already assumed the most powerful control over the affairs of Italy. Austria did not neglect the ready means offered by fortune of securing her own influence over the Court of Naples. It was stipulated in the contract of marriage between Ferdinand and Caroline that after the birth of their first son the young Queen should be admitted into the Council, form a member of it, and even have a deliberative voice there—a privilege which she did not fail to claim as soon as she was entitled to it. It was then, though too late, that Tanucci saw the error he had committed in not opposing such a clause with all his strength. He endeavoured, however, to elude it, but the Queen, equally penetrating and ambitious, and daily gaining an ascendency over her husband, discovered the cause of the obstacles thrown in the way of her views by the improvident minister, and determined to get rid of him. Tanucci was very soon turned out of office, mortified even to disgust and tortured with regret (1777). Like so many others who preceded him in the most perilous of all careers, he withdrew to end those days which he had, however, spent honourably in retirement. Though the Court was unthankful, the people were grateful, and even to this day his memory is held in veneration. He was the Sully or the Colbert of the country.

The Queen had the address to select an easy man, who would lend himself to her views. The Marquis de Sambuca was appointed to succeed the fallen minister; and thus, according to the not uncommon course, mediocrity filled the place vacated by merit. From this moment the Queen's power and influence were firmly established.

Never did any kingdom stand more in need of a naval force than that of Naples. Even if it were not of consequence to her for the protection of commerce, and for securing the communication between the Two Sicilies, it certainly is indispensable, both to repress the audacity of the African pirates and to prevent those barbarians from attacking the security and quiet of the Neapolitan shores. The necessity of either forming a new marine force, or improving that already in existence, was obvious. The first step was to find out a skilful naval tactician for the office of Minister of Marine; but the government was unwilling to take one either from Spain or France. The Chevalier Acton had served some time in the navy, but he had experienced mortifications in the service, and had left it. He was proposed to the Queen, and was accepted.

This officer at that time commanded the naval force of the Duke of Tuscany. He had acquired some reputation in various expeditions against the people of Barbary, and especially in an enterprise against the Algerines, undertaken by the Spaniards, Neapolitans and Tuscans in conjunction. Still young, ambitious, but without genius, and knowing little more than navigation, he was gifted, by way of compensation, with great docility and much adroitness; and by seconding the designs of the Queen, to whom he owed his good fortune, he was not long in entering upon what is called a brilliant career.

Caroline, who was born ambitious, had the same spirit of innovation as her brother Joseph, without possessing either his talents or philosophy. She wanted his masculine perseverance and firmness of disposition. She first ordered that certain roads requisite for internal commerce should be opened, and in order to defray the expenses created a tax, which was annually to bring in 300,000 ducats; but these useful works were suspended almost as soon as begun. The produce of the new tax was diverted to other purposes, and although it was to have been only temporary, the receipt of it was continued.

However, Acton was entrusted with the administration of the navy. A regeneration, or rather a new creation, of the whole Neapolitan marine was expected from him, and he began with a most grievous error. The great object of a navy at Naples should be the protection of trade—which mainly consists in exportation of the produce of the country—against the Barbary Powers. Acton was wholly intent upon giving ships of the line and frigates to a State which principally needed small vessels that draw little water, and are capable of following the pirates wherever they might retreat, into creeks and the most confined harbours. This mistake cost the nation considerable sums, as the small vessels which it possessed already, and which, armed as corsairs, had become truly formidable to the African pirates, were sacrificed with singular imprudence.

In spite of the ill-success of these innovations, alterations and what were termed improvements were always going on in the Court of Naples, and a reform in the military department began to be thought of. According to the ordinances of Charles III., the army was not to consist of fewer than 30,000 men; but, as almost always happens in time of peace, when government does not keep a watchful eye upon the army, the effective soldiers did not exceed half the prescribed number, that is to say, 15,000 men. The Chevalier Acton, having procured for himself the administration of the army as well as that of the navy, increased the number of soldiers, but made no change in the prevailing ruinous system, and took no pains to introduce discipline and good order among the troops.

But before we trace the Minister Acton's methods of re-organising the army, let us glance over the political events which occupied the Court of Naples for the eight or ten years preceding the period when it was taking a part among the Powers in league against the French nation.

Doubtless the King of Spain did not see without uneasiness that since an Austrian had entered the Council of the King his son, he himself had lost every atom of influence there; and that England favoured any scheme prejudicial to France, to which latter country so many circumstances, and particularly the interest of commerce, ought strongly to attach the kingdom of Naples. But Charles III. for a long time contented himself with merely advising or re-monstrating with moderation, either by letter or embassy. He soon found it necessary to speak out like an incensed father, and indeed almost like a master.

France was accustomed to buy timber in Calabria; Acton

prevented France from taking any more of it out of the kingdom, upon pretence that it was wanted for the navy he was forming. The Court at Versailles dissembled its resentment.

Just at this time happened the dreadful earthquake in Calabria, by which so many thousands of persons lost their lives, and so many others remained without shelter or food. Upon the news of this disaster, the Court of France, forgetting all grounds of offence, despatched a frigate laden with wheat to enable the King of Naples to afford prompt assistance to the wretched inhabitants of the desolated districts. The minister drily refused a gift which certainly had nothing injurious in its nature, and which could not be otherwise than disinterested. So indiscriminate is hatred!

This line of conduct towards France so irritated King Charles that, abandoning his system of forbearance, he ordered his son to dismiss a minister who thus abused his confidence. Acton, supported by the favour of the Queen, defied the King of Spain's anger, and his orders were disobeyed. The favourite came off in the contest with increased strength. Austria and England were then the only Powers received with warmth or consideration at the Court of Naples. The envoys of Spain and of France met with rebuffs, and often insults. ("Memoirs of the Kingdom of Naples," by Count Gregory Orloff, vol. ii.)

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